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# AROUND AND ABOUT SOUTH AMERICA

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BY

FRANK VINCENT

AUTHOR OF

'THE LAND OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT,' "THROUGH AND THROUGH THE TROPICS,"

"NORSE, LAPP, AND FINN," "IN AND OUT OF CENTRAL AMERICA,"

"ACTUAL AFRICA,"

JOINT AUTHOR OF "THE LADY OF CAWNPORA," ETC.

*WITH MAPS, PLANS, AND ILLUSTRATIONS*

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TO  
H. M. DOM PEDRO II.,  
EMPEROR OF BRAZIL,  
SCHOLAR AND SCIENTIST, PATRON OF ARTS AND LETTERS,  
STERLING STATESMAN AND MODEL MONARCH,  
WHOSE REIGN OF HALF A CENTURY HAS BEEN ZEALOUSLY AND SUCCESSFULLY  
DEVOTED TO PUBLIC INSTRUCTION, INDUSTRIAL ENTERPRISE,  
AND THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY THROUGHOUT THE VAST AND OPULENT  
"EMPIRE OF THE SOUTHERN CROSS,"  
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THE AUTHOR.

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## PREFACE.

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MY recent journey through South America included visits to all the capitals, chief cities, and important sea-ports; expeditions into the interior of Brazil and the Argentine Republic; and ascents of the Paraná, Paraguay, Amazon, Orinoco, and Magdalena Rivers. It covered about thirty-five thousand miles, and forced me to realize that our great southern continent contains twice the area and half the population of the United States.

It has been my aim and aspiration to grasp salient features and emphatic characteristics, and to delineate them with a careful conciseness that shall beget a correct and lively general impression.

The difficulty of carrying out this design within so comparatively small a space will at once be perceived by the discriminating reader, and will, I hope, induce him to extend to the present volume the same leniency which both press and public have bestowed upon my former contributions to the universal and ever incomplete library of travel, adventure, and discovery.

POSTSCRIPT.—The unexpected change of government in Brazil, which has just occurred, found this narrative already in type, and hence it is published as originally written. Nothing, however, has been asserted of the Empire which

ought to be revoked; while for the Republic one should not vouch until time and trial have demonstrated its fitness and stability.

In the words of Dom Pedro, "I shall always have kindly remembrances of Brazil and hopes for its prosperity."

F. V.

NEW YORK, *November, 1889.*

# CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PREFACE . . . . .	V

## CHAPTER I.

### OUTWARD BOUND.

The Acapulco's lonely voyage—San Salvador is now Watling Island—Aspinwall Harbor and the town itself—The French town of Christophe Colomb—Fever, filth, and flood—South American revolutions—How ringleaders are treated—Features of the railway to Panama—M. de Lesseps's interoceanic canal—French settlements and mammoth excavations—Wages of laborers—The canal might possibly have been completed in the year 2018—Hacks at Panama—General characteristics of the town—Matters of interest to the archæologist and architect—Cosmopolitan population—Idiots on parle Français, and also English—A newspaper in three languages . . . . .	1
--	---

## CHAPTER II.

### ON TO GUAYAQUIL.

Muskets and cutlasses give piratical remedies—Panama Railway extortion paralleled—My first attempts in Spanish—They fail beyond my most sanguine expectations—Reptiles and birds in the Galapagos Islands—Why species unknown to other parts of the world exist there—An Ecuadorian Botany Bay—Variation upon Alexander Selkirk—Scenes in the Gulf of Guayaquil—Features of the town of that name—Sample-rooms and señoritas—Preparations for going over the Andes to Quito—Advantage of taking your board and lodging with you—How Guayaquil fever affects one—Chimborazo by moonlight—Ecuador's only railway—Traversing tropic jungles at the rate of ten miles an hour—Forests impenetrable even to sight—Puerile muleteers and gentle mules—Other qualities of the Ecuadorian animal—Two soups for dinner—Lack of culinary cleanliness . . . . .	9
--	---

## CHAPTER III.

### OVER THE CORDILLERA.

The seven racial varieties in South America—Indian population of Quito—Intense cold experienced at night—The ruined city Latacunga—A	
--	--

two million dollar road—Shivering on the equator—A diligence drawn by mules—Brutality of postillions—Volcanoes along the route—The approach to Quito—Complexions and costumes there—Architectural traits—The women and their mantillas—Democracy in church worship—Army uniform—Lucifer in state presiding over the tortures of Avernus . . . . .	19
---	----

## CHAPTER IV.

## QUITO—PARADISE OF PRIESTS.

System of the Andes—Situation of Quito—Rectangular arrangement of the streets—Climate—Peculiarities of the cemeteries—The penitentiary—Strange manner of apportioning justice—Ecuadorian vicissitudes—Market produce—Congressional buildings—Monasteries of Quito—A paradise for priests, a pandemonium for the public—Religious paintings—Effigies of the virgin—Unique furniture—America unrepresented in Quito—Foreigners in business—Place they hold in society—Apathetic natives—Importance of investing in real estate—Hard and soft dollars—Depreciation of the paper money of Quito—No foreign physicians there—Telegrams paid in postage-stamps . . . . .	28
--	----

## CHAPTER V.

## BREAKFASTING IN AN ACTIVE VOLCANO.

Quito's hospital—Lung and throat troubles prevalent—Lunatics and lepers—Educational opportunities—Pichincha, or the boiling mountain—View from the summit—Difference between the Andes and the Himalayas—Brother volcanoes of Pichincha—Detailed description of it—A good breakfast is not less good inside its crater—Returning to Guayaquil—Violence of tropical rains—Bad roads—Abruptness of the landscape changes—Plantations alternate with jungles—Chicha, guarapo, and sugar-cane juice contrasted—Military bands at Bodegas . . . . .	37
--	----

## CHAPTER VI.

## COASTWISE TO CALLAO.

Approach to Payta—Appearance of the dilapidated town—Rich inland country—The railway to Piura—The coast of Peru and Bolivia—Description of a <i>balta</i> —A few small villages—Memories of Incas—Pacasmayo—Samanco—Views on the Pacasmayo—Comparison with Norwegian scenes—Casma and Supc—The town of Huacho—Foreign merchants—Callao—Appearance of the roadstead—Interior of the city—English and American railways—Lima—A national anniversary—Lima ladies—Horse-races—General Iglesias—General Cáceres—Revolutions smoldering beneath public festivities . . . . .	45
--	----

CHAPTER VII.

LIMA.

	PAGE
The famous cathedral—General appearance of this celebrated building— Its interior—Poor carvings and paintings—Pizarro's bones—View of the city from Cerro de San Cristobal—Tram-cars and hackney-coaches —Roofs and balconies—Uninflammable brick—The fire-brigades— Houses of Congress—Statue of General Bolivar—Hall of Senators— Hall of Deputies—Principal market—National Library—Column of the 2d of May, in memory of the Peruvians who fell in the battle of Callao Bay in 1866—The 2d of May hospital, an institution any country might be proud of—The Oroya Railway—Revolutionary com- plications—Circulating mediums—The mint—The Esmeralda—Alame- da de los Descalzos—The general cemetery, or Panteon . . . . .	53

CHAPTER VIII.

GLIMPSES OF THE PERUVIANS.

Lima's public gardens—Pavilion of the President—Promenade ground of the Lima belles—Residences of the wealthy—Advantage of one-story houses—Rich and luxurious appointments—House-rent and cost of furnishing—Mode of life—Foreign education—Beauty of the young girls—The duenna—The masking mantilla—Señoritas and cigarettes— Female culture—Depressing climate—Typical religious procession— Social amenities of the saints—The church-bell nuisance—The theatre in Lima—Bull-Ring—Clubs—Ball-room . . . . .	64
---	----

CHAPTER IX.

RAILROADING ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

Mollendo—Its uninviting aspect—Railway between Mollendo and Arequipa —Places by the way—Steepness of the hills—Misti, Charchani, and Coropuna—The sand-dunes—Bearding Nature in her fastnesses—Mr. J. M. Thorndike's residence near Arequipa—The railway headquarters— The cathedral—Railway companions—The famous Verrugas bridge on the Oroya Railway—Some engineering particulars—Ubina's—Llamas, alpacas, and vicuñas—Paucity of inhabitants between Arequipa and Puno—Mirage—Lakes Saracocha and Cachipuscana—The highest point on the railway . . . . .	72
---	----

CHAPTER X.

THE ADVENT OF STEAMER NAVIGATION.

A Peruvian curiosity—The Anonymous Company for Exploration of the Inca Sepulchres—Lake Titicaca—Remains of the naturalist James Orton— Copacabana—Sorata, Huani Potosi, Illimani—The Andes east of Lake Titicaca—The port of Chillaya—The journey to La Paz—Abundance
--



of sheep and cattle—Situation of La Paz—The Grand Plaza—Native passion for gambling—Parisian costumes in vogue—Hall of Deputies—Incipient cathedral of the Greek order of architecture—Troops in La Paz—Constant exercise and discipline . . . . .	81
--	----

## CHAPTER XI.

## LA PAZ—THE QUAIN.

Population—View of the city from an adjacent bluff—Stage-road and mule-trails—Kerosene-lamps—Absence of sidewalks—Scarcity of wood—Position of the Alameda—Suggestion with respect to statues—Bustling streets—A large market—Great display of vegetables and fruit—"Yankee notions" in full force—Flower-women—Mode of contracting for bouquets—Hotels—Señor Manuel Vicente Ballivian—Thirty-five hundred books and pamphlets all about Bolivia—"Barba Azul" at the theatre—Style of dress at the opera—Newspapers well represented—The Banco Nacional—Trade with Europe—Product of the silver-mines—Those of Potosi still fertile . . . . .	89
---	----

## CHAPTER XII.

## VOYAGING TO VALPARAISO.

Environ of La Paz—Bare feet of the women—Native music and dances—A scene of general ebriety—Gambling very popular—A pathetic instance of intoxication—The Aymaras—Dr. H. H. Rusby—From Molleño to Valparaiso—Arica—Pisagua—Iquique—Tocopilla—Obija—Autofagasta—Caldera—Coquimbo—Valparaiso as seen from the sea—The harbor—Statue of Lord Cochrane—Female conductors on the tram-cars—Juan Fernandez—A pleasure-trip there—Robinson Crusoe's look-out—Commemoration tablet . . . . .	98
--	----

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE CAPITAL OF CHILI.

The railway to Santiago—Vino del Mar—Cerro de Santa Lucia—Benjamin Vicuña Mackenna—Plaza Independencia—The Capitol—Monument in memory of the holocaust at the Jesuits' church—Botanical and Zoological Gardens—Large foreign element in Santiago—Sworded policemen—En route for Montevideo—The overland routes from Chili to the Argentine Republic—Snow-houses—Proposed Uspallata railway—Status of Chili—Her revenues and foreign trade—Matched against Peru—Leaving Valparaiso—Aconcagua as seen from the harbor . . . . .	107
---	-----

## CHAPTER XIV.

## FIORD AND FUEGIAN.

Lota—Señora Cousifio, the wealthiest woman in Chili—Labor omnia vincit—The "Countess of Monte Cristo"—She is worth hundreds of millions	
---	--

	PAGE
of dollars—Chiloe—The Chonos Archipelago—Wellington Island—Messier Channel—Surrounding scenery—Mount Stokes—Fantastic Chilian mountains—How they contrast with others—Chilian bays and inlets—The Fuegians—They are by no means a beautiful or attractive race—Their favorite mode of barter—Their tastes in general—Could their children become civilized ? . . . . .	117

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE GLOBE'S SOUTHERNMOST TOWN.

Melancholy localities—The Strait of Magellan—Cape Froward and Cape Horn—Neighboring mountains—Punta Arenas—Its products and population—Strange vicissitudes that make people drift there—Ostrich rugs—Contrast between the western and the eastern half of the Strait of Magellan—False impressions about Terra del Fuego—Its climate less rigorous than Canada's—The Yahgans and the Onas—Contrast of the two tribes—The Falkland Islands—Cape Pembroke—Stanley Harbor—Appearance of the settlement—Alfred the Little—O Snobbery, how many absurdities are committed for thy sake ! . . . . .	127
--	-----

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE FORLOREN FALKLANDS.

Consuls and vice-consuls at Stanley—Execrable climate—Sunday is kept there with true British rigidity—The Falkland group—Good harbors abound—Cattle and products—Lafone's negotiations—John Davis—De Bougainville—Beginning a lonely voyage—Patagonia not so utterly dreary as supposed—Soil and population—Difference between the Fuegians and the Patagonians—The ostrich and the rhea—Ostrich rugs cheap there—Ostrich-culture needed—Pumas and condors—The Argentine Government paying increased attention to Patagonia—A railroad from Bahia Blanca to San Luis in contemplation . . . . .	136
---	-----

## CHAPTER XVII.

### MONTEVIDEO—THE ATTRACTIVE.

The Paraná and the Rio de la Plata—Bay of Montevideo—El Cerro—The city of Montevideo—Its position—Gunboats of many nationalities—Architectural aspect of the town—Large foreign element—The cathedral clock—Grand plaza—Government Building—Paso Molino—Basque music—The opera-house—Ocular flirtation—Feminine street fashions—General Santos—Uruguayan soldiers—Peculiarity of their uniform—Strange method of making recruits—Do prisons create patriots ? . . . . .	143
---	-----

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## THE METROPOLIS OF THE RIVER PLATE.

PAGE

On to Buenos Ayres—The "Norte" and the "Pampero"—Queer river-craft—The city of Buenos Ayres—Streets and sidewalks—North American names—Parisian splendor of shops—The Exchange—Cosmopolitan characteristics—Plaza de la Victoria—Statue of General San Martín—Municipal buildings—The Recoleta—Mural burial not used—Handsomed villas—Banks—Theatres—The Politano Argentino—The city of La Plata—Public buildings there—Pampas—Importation of reapers—Inexpensive railways—Level nature of the country . . . . .	151
--	-----

## CHAPTER XIX.

## TOWARD THE HEART OF THE CONTINENT.

A wonderful rocking-stone—Similar ones nearer home—Glacial action places them—Matto-Grosso—Prevailing style of river-vehicle—Rosario—Paraná—Goya—Gran Chaco—The camelotes—Alligators and carpinchos—Asuncion—Effects of the war—Palace of Lopez—Hotel Hispano-Americano—How the city is laid out—Mediavie-Oriental aspect—The women outnumber the men—The town-hall—Custom-house—Unfinished opera-house—Cathedral—Absence of male worshippers—A solitary monument . . . . .	159
---	-----

## CHAPTER XX.

## A COUNTRY OF WOMEN.

Preponderance of market-women—Great variety of produce—Buyers carry home their purchases—Dress of women—Handsome girls and ugly hags—Smoking universal—Indian blood among Paraguayans—The currency—Salient features of the cemetery—Genuine grief and perfunctory praying—The town of Paraguari—Its situation—Its means of communication with other places—Proposed route—Orange-women—Corrientes—It is not without a statue to Liberty—Biblioteca popular—Indisputable evidences of civilization . . . . .	167
---	-----

## CHAPTER XXI.

## ON THE TRAIL OF THE JESUITS.

Difficult voyaging—Banks of the upper Paraná—Procrastination of the natives—A coach like the Swiss diligence universally used in these parts—Character of the landscape—The Gaucho—Between Itusaingo and Posadas—Songless birds—Posadas—Encarnacion—It is a street rather than a town—The reducciones—Abdon Ahumada—Incidents of travel—Swarms of butterflies—Hard life for civilized travellers—Primitive bathing-house—Ingenuous natives—Scantiness of female costume . . . . .
---

—Every kind of ornamentation popular—Why do mosquitoes exist?—	PAGE
The river Iguassu—Señor Adam's garden—Qualities of the Paraná	176

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE NIAGARA OF SOUTH AMERICA.

The mouth of the Iguassu—Making up a party for the falls—Wild animals along the shore—The Tupi Indians—Plague of insects—Jerked beef good for the hungry—Pursuing sleep under difficulties—We begin the hard part of our journey—Rock-climbing at 115° Fahr.—Bearding the jaguar in his den—The carrapato, the pest of the forest—The jigger likewise unendurable—Rewarded at last with a view of the great falls—They constitute the Niagara of South America—Prototypes of the "Canadian" and "American" cataracts—A roar that can be heard twenty miles—I christen them "Daly Falls," in honor of the President of the American Geographical Society	186
---	-----

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### A PARAGUAYAN RANCH.

Exact position of the Daly Falls—Through-express routes non-existent in South America—Messrs. Uribi's establishment—A typical Paraguayan farm—Enormous ant-hills—Yerba forests—Primitive life of the Indians—A ride through the forest—Delightful life on Tupurupucu ranch—Ox-carts with yerba-maté—All but a duel—San Tomé—It contains the ubiquitous plaza—On the way from San Borje—Railways, present and prospective—Itaqui—Maté and cigarettes—How the former is served—Sipping through silver tubes—Gathering and preparing maté for consumption	195
--	-----

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### DOWN THE URUGUAY.

Aimé Bonpland—His work—Restauracion—Ceibo—Monte Caseros—Concordia—Paysandu—Fray Bentos—Liebig's famous meat-extract factory—More than twenty-five hundred thousand cattle slaughtered by the company in twenty years—The matador—How animals are lassoed and killed—Incredible velocity with which bullocks are slain and sliced—Process of making the extract—Eight million jars sold annually—On to Rio de Janeiro—Dangers of La Plata—Superiority in some respects of French, Italian, and German steamers	204
---	-----

## CHAPTER XXV.

### RIO DE JANEIRO.

The harbor—Sugar-Loaf Rock—Beautiful appearance of the city from the water by night—Corcovado—I see the harbor by moonlight, starlight, gaslight, and daylight—Difference between Rio Janeiro and Valparaiso
--

--Large ironclads--Narrow streets--Picturesque houses--Singularity of the signs--Tramways and public vehicles--The great show-sight of Rio--Physical and mechanical attributes of the road to Corcovado--An opportunity Théophile Gautier would have improved--A pass that outdoes any on Mount Washington or the Righi--The wondrous panorama that is unfolded--A mid-air vision that takes away the breath--Emotions aroused by the outlook from the top of Corcovado . . . 212

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## STREET SCENES.

Their inexhaustibility--Morbid curiosity of the Brazilians--With them staring is a fine art--Nonchalance of store-keepers--The people are inquisitive rather than acquisitive--A splendid residence sacrificed to curiosity--Nuisance of music practice--Meager appearance of the white Brazilians--Coolness of neighboring hill-resorts--Yellow fever--Proportion of deaths--Causes of yellow fever and small-pox--Bad drainage, lack of fresh air, stagnation of water, corruption of garbage--Apparent extravagance of prices--The *real* explanation--Rio's market--Negresses--Turkey-sellers--Milkmen--The Carnival--Danger of wearing a silk hat--Merry maskers--Toleration of customs that should be obsolete . . . . . 221

## CHAPTER XXVII.

## PUBLIC BUILDINGS AND GARDENS.

Botanical Gardens--Their situation--An arborescent gallery--Wonderful Royal palms--Campo Sant' Anna--Cascade Grotto--Small influence of the priesthood in Brazil--Features of a grand requiem--Few handsome public edifices--The splendid Misericordia Hospital--Supervised by Sisters of Charity--Academy of Fine Arts--The Dom Pedro II. Theatre--Military band of seventy-five mulattos--The Emperor's box--Complexions of the audience--Results of miscegenation--His Majesty arrives amid silence--Distribution of prizes--A local poet shines--The public reserves its enthusiasm for comic operas . . . . . 231

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

## ENVIRONS OF RIO.

National Library--National Museum--Contributions by foreign naturalists and savans--Dr. Ladislau Netto--Astronomical observatory--Historical, Geographical, and Ethnographical Institute of Brazil--Tijuca--Whyte's Hotel--The "Chinese View"--Petropolis--A Brazilian Governor's Island--Raiz do Serra--Various languages that assail one's ears--Foreign ministers make Petropolis their summer home--It resembles an old German town--Theresopolis--Organ Mountains--The Switzerland of Brazil--Piedade--Beautiful scenery . . . . . 242

# CONTENTS.

XV

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL.

PAGE

San Cristoval, the Emperor's palace—His Majesty receives me—Dom Pedro described—His tact, energy, culture, and humanity—His pleasant recollections of the United States—His address, while in this country, before the American Geographical Society—A democratic emperor—Brazilian royalties—Dom Pedro's intellectual and physical activity—Untiring manner in which, both at home and abroad, he admits alternately the claims of business and pleasure—Princess Isabella—Size of Brazil—National finances—The Riachuelo, the admiral's flag-ship—The Brazilian navy—The monitor Javari—Discomfort of a voyage on such a vessel . . . . .	252
---	-----

## CHAPTER XXX.

### THE PROVINCE OF SAN PAULO.

The richest coffee region of Brazil—Scenery along the road—Position of San Paulo—Headquarters of the coffee interest—Campinas—Manor-houses—Ignorance, indolence, loveliness, and content of the women—Brazilian slavery—Provisions of 1871—Later legislation—Contemplated revolt in 1886—Causes of dissatisfaction—Immediate and unconditional emancipation granted in 1888—Festivities on May 18th, 19th, and 20th of that year—Civic and educational processions—Free theatrical performances—Santos—Views from the summit of Serra do Mar—Unhealthiness of the seaport—The Barra . . . . .	259
---	-----

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### A TRIP TO MORRO VELHO.

The province of Minas-Geraes—Proposed tour—A splendid ride in the Celeridade—Along the Piabanha—Valley of the Parahybuna River—Railroad and steamboat lines—Queluz—A town more dead than alive—Doctors practice medicine "pour passer le temps"—Prevalence of lepers—Hippolyte, the guide—Habits of muleteers and cart-drivers—Ouro Branco—Terrific thunder-showers—Rough specimen of a Brazilian pousada—Laced bed-linen amid filth and squalor—A knifeless dinner—Caxones—Strange ecclesiastical emblems upon crosses—The latter became disheartening on account of tragic associations ascribed to them . . . . .	267
--	-----

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### DOWN THE GREAT GOLD-MINE.

Congonhas—It is a hamlet, but nevertheless contains a theatre and a cathedral—Mr. George Chalmers, superintendent of the San Juan del
---

Rey Mining Company—Descending the Morro Velho mine—The manner in which the trip is made—Rumblings and reverberations inside the mine—The air is pure, but the environment is pandemoniac—Gangs of men singing while at work—Doré and Dante would have been at home there—Dynamite in constant demand—The way you reach daylight again—Contented troglodytes—Colored people at the Casa Grande—Africa let loose—Baiting the bull—Slaves speak their native language—Ceaseless clatter of the mills—"Timbuctoo"—Mine and mills employ 1,500 persons of nine nationalities—The gold troop . . . . . 276

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

## ON THE RIO DAS VELHAS.

Between Morro Velho and Jaguará—Sabará—Santa Luzia—A closet bedroom like those in New York flats—An automatic corn-smasher—Jaguará—The buildings going to ruin—Bats and owls have it all to themselves—Method of catching serpents—Amenities of convict life in Santa Luzia—Hotel-keeping in Brazil—Ouro Preto—Mules and horses in Brazil contrasted with those of Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia—The roads and wayside inns—The peak of Itacolumi—Ouro Preto consists chiefly of one thoroughfare . . . . . 285

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

## CIRCLING BACK TO RIO.

A Tyrolean town suggested—Ouro Preto is the capital of one of the finest provinces of Brazil—Municipal buildings—Brazilian sense of time—Church of Antonio Dias—School of Mines—Off for Teixeira—Mariana and San Sebastian—Apparent preponderance of negroes—Europeans in Minas-Geraes—Yankee clocks and sewing-machines—Bread and eggs not to be had for the asking—Noise and shallow politeness of people at the hotels—From Teixeiras to San Geraldo—A crooked railway—Remarkable bit of engineering—The distance to Canto Gallo—Over the mountains thither—Route to Nictheroy—Nova Friburgo—Serra da Boa Vista—The Fell system of railway—The peak of Tijuca—Nictheroy—An exquisite panorama wherewith to close the day . . . . . 294

## CHAPTER XXXV.

## THE SECOND CITY OF BRAZIL.

Farewell to Rio—Bay of Bahia—Situation of the city—Residences on the bluff—No public buildings of special merit—Open-air market—Muscular development of the negroes—Sedan-chairs—Mediæval streets—The old Government House—The Municipal Hall—The plaza and its surroundings—Tramways in Bahia—Rio Vermelho—The "seven stations"—Public Garden—A favorite promenade—Cachoeira—Landing

the mail in a bottle—Mr. Joseph Mawson, Superintendent of the Brazilian Imperial Central Bahia Railway—Along the course of the Paraguassu River—Caverns not made by man—Diamond-washings . . . 304

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ON THE SAN FRANCISCO.

From Bahia to Penedo—Aracaju—President's palace—House of Delegates—Piassabossu—Penedo—It exports cotton, sugar, and hides—Steep streets—Beggars in abundance—Religious procession—The people are religious but untheological—How Good Friday was observed—Effigies of Judas Iscariot—From Penedo to Piranhas—Propria—Traipu—Threading the tortuous San Francisco—Pão d'Assucar—Apparent inaccessibility of Piranhas—Absence of good hotels—The railway from Piranhas to Jatoba—Horses and mules still employed for transportation—People of Piranhas—Pedra do Sino, or bell-stone . . . 315

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE KING OF RAPIDS.

From Piranhas to Sinimbu—Rapids of Paulo Affonso—The vaqueiro and his family—Vai-vem—Seven great cataracts—Inferno and Arcadia combined—"Emperor's View"—Vampire Grotto—Locality for a prospective Cataract House—The village of Jatoba—It is without a hotel—How travelers may fare—Cataracts of Itaparica—Resounding roar—Lawless character of Jatoba and Piranhas—Capital punishment non-existent in Brazil—Parisian clock in Piranhas—Love-songs through the night—The town of Maceio . . . . . 326

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE "CITY OF THE REEF."

Pernambuco—It possesses the essential characteristics of a city—Country-houses of rich merchants—Recife—Custom-house and Arsenal of War—President's house and gardens—Theatre—School of Fine Arts—Hospital of Dom Pedro II.—House of Deputies—Cemetery—Public market—Building of the Commercial Association—Sugar and cotton interests—Private residences in Pernambuco—Village of Oaxangá—Great variety of vegetable produce—New reservoir and water-works—Olinda as a suburb—Predominance of churches and convents—Theological seminary—Palmares—Mandioc and beans—The engenhos, or sugar-mills—Cape Saint Roque—San Luiz—Pará . . . . . 335

CHAPTER XXXIX.

AN EQUATORIAL EMPORIUM.

Pará is also called Belem—Its situation—Public market—Botanical Gardens, so-called—Pretty dwelling-houses—Variable climate—Large



opera-house—A leaderless band—Audiences enter and exit en masse—Manrico passes round the hat—Bragança—Forest intricacies and luxuriance—Vagaries of tree-growth—Mr. E S Rand's gardens—Amazonian passenger-line—Idleness of the voyagers—Amazon Valley, the country of hammocks—Beautiful specimens on the Rio Negro—Peculiar character of the Amazon—Magnificent scene at the mouth of the Xingu—A botanist's paradise—Palms in exhaustless varieties . . . 311

## CHAPTER XL.

## UPON THE SEA-LIKE AMAZON.

Daily deck-washing—Invisibility of the captain—Expertness of the pilots—Abundance of local travel—The two-mouthed Xingu—The Amazon a veritable "ocean-stream"—Largest river in the world—Three fourths of Brazil tropical—Birds—Santarem—Obidos—It seems almost like a cemetery—Piratical-looking craft—Wind and current on the Amazon—Pirarucu—The Amazon assumes new names at particular points—Manãos—Zinc market-house—Brazil Street—Elastica—Newspapers—Hackney-coaches—Cafés—Billiard-saloons—Barber-shops—Botanical Museum of Amazonas—Works on Brazil—Dr. J. Barboza Rodrigue—Beef-cattle—Method of hoisting bullocks on board steamer—The longest way round, the shortest home—I cross the equator for the twelfth time . . . . . 355

## CHAPTER XLI.

TO THE GUIANAS *via* BARBADOS.

Roadstead of Bridgetown—Government offices—Narrow sidewalks—Buildings of all sizes and shapes—Church of England cathedral—Parliament Houses—Assembly and Council Chamber—Library—Albert Hall—Hastings, an English garrison-post—Barbados as a sanitarium—English residences—Sugar-mills and wind-mills—Paucity of trees—Colerington College—Coast of British Guiana—Demerara River—Georgetown—Berbice—Great variety of races represented—Tower Hotel—Use of canals in Georgetown—Large stores amply stocked—Tramways—Choice of churches and clubs—Sea-front of British Guiana—Immigration—Sugar estates—Provinces and parishes—Governor and Court of Policy—Governor's "contingencies" . . . . . 366

## CHAPTER XLII.

## A BRITISH COLONY.

Fine public buildings wanting in Georgetown—Law Courts—The Public Building—Market—Roman Catholic Cathedral—British Guiana Museum—Royal Agricultural and Commercial Society—Newspapers and magazines—Government House—Promenade Gardens—Drives—Sea-

wall—Botanical Gardens—Victoria Regia—Climate—Georgetown settlement—British Guiana—Mouth of the Essequibo—Wood-cutting and stone-quarrying—Bartica Grove—Penal settlement—Up the Demerara—Negroes and creoles—Macusi Indians—Gold-mining—The Royal Dutch West-India Mail—Surinam—Administration Building—Government House—Paramaribo . . . . .	376
--	-----

### CHAPTER XLIII.

#### PARAMARIBO AND CAYENNE.

Churches and cemeteries—Jews an important factor—Climate—Police—Fire-engines—Dress and appearance of the women—Ball at the Government House—Pyjamas—Imported ice—Dutch architecture—Public garden—Colonial Council—Circulating libraries—Club—Cayenne—How it looks from a distance—Magasin général—Vultures clean the streets—Gowns of Creole women—French garrison—Enfant Perdu—Kaw Mountains—Gold quartz—Cabbage-Palm Square—Double palm-tree—Gendarmerie—Government House—Semaphore—Levé—Gulf of Paria—La Brea—Port-of-Spain . . . . .	385
---	-----

### CHAPTER XLIV.

#### TRINIDAD AND UP THE ORINOCO.

Hospitals and asylums in Port-of-Spain—Queen's Park—Botanical Gardens—Pitch Lake of La Brca—San Fernando—Asphaltum—Pitch volcanoes—Orinoco line of steamers—Accommodations on them—Macareo River—Character of the Orinoco—Barrancas—Las Tablas—El Callao—Prairie fires—The delta—Bolivar—Steamers at anchor—How the city of Bolivar is supplied with water—El Respirero—Bust of General Guzman Blanco—The "Illustrious American Regenerator"—Gambling on shipboard—Vingt-et-un—Birds along the river . . . . .	396
--	-----

### CHAPTER XLV.

#### THE BIRTHPLACE OF BOLIVAR.

Island of Margarita—Tortuga—Roadstead of La Guayra—Government work—Macuto—The Coney Island of Venezuela—Appearance of La Guayra from the ocean—Absence of vegetation—Dwellings of negroes—Streets—Equestrian statue of General Blanco—Offer of an English company—Imported British rolling-stock—Heavy rains—Skillful engineering—Zigzag—Caracas—Manner in which it is laid out—Peculiar nomenclature of the streets—Orientation necessary to the stranger—Carriage-hire—The telephone in use—French and Spanish cookery—Paseo Guzman Blanco—Profuse supply of vegetables—Stone sun-dial belonging to Humboldt—Statue of Bolivar—Handsome public buildings—Statues of Vargas and Cajegal—Government buildings—Federal Palace—Opera-House—Teatro Caracas . . . . .	405
---	-----

## CHAPTER XLVI.

## GENERAL GUZMAN BLANCO.

PAGE

Panteon Nacional—Attachment of Venezuelans to Bolivar—National Museum—Caracas ladies—Their dress and appearance—Influence of Blanco—He pervades Caracas—George Washington not forgotten—Welcome given to General Blanco—The latter's birth and education—How he became instructed in politics—Became Vice-President and Secretary of the Treasury—Provisional President—His influence upon public instruction and the development of the country—He spends millions on public works—Revises the civil, military, and penal codes—He retires, but is recalled—He extends the boundaries of the republic—Two thousand public schools attest his devotion to education—He is the friend of railways, telegraph lines, electric lighting, and telephones—His masterly management of the finances—Riches and houses of Blanco—Wealth of Venezuela—Puerto Cabello—Willemstad—A Dutch colony—Curaçao—Santa Marta—Sierra Nevada—The Magdalena . 415

## CHAPTER XLVII.

## A WEEK ON THE MAGDALENA.

An impracticable custom-house—Salgar—Barranquilla—Mule hackney-coaches—Yeguas—Caracoli—Steamers on the Magdalena—Value of mosquito-netting—State-rooms—Pilot-house—Very mixed meal—A stampede for the table—Lightning-like ingurgitation—Tortuousness of the Magdalena—Mompos—Floods—The Indians like the water's edge—Character of the Magdalena—Bay of Cartagena—Calamar—Mercantile fair at Magangué—Banco—Wild animals in the forest—Profusion of towns and villages—The river people—Aborigines—Andes—Orcana—Canoe-traveling—Railway to Pamplona and Socorro—Angostura . 426

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

## THE ANDES AGAIN.

Honda—Pendulum-boat—Mules for mountain travel—Dress of the men—Guaduas—Roadside inn—Chicha—Villetta—Agua Larga—Cone of Tullima—Facatativa—The grand plaza—Omnibuses—Plain of Bogota—Guadalupe and Monseratte—Position of Bogota—Badness of the best hotel—Prevalence of goitre—Costly mule-road—December in Bogota—Conspirator cloaks—Fondness for black—Cathedral and public buildings—Pilgrimages—The great square of the Constitution—Capitol—Mud houses and iron gratings—Diversity of house-fronts—Absence of carts and carriages—Sedan-chairs—Kerosene-lamps in the streets—One line of tramway—Chapinero—Horsemanship—Amusements. . 436

CHAPTER XLIX.

SANTA FE DE BOGOTÁ.

PAGE

The mint—Coins in circulation—Paper currency—Churches—La Tercera— Statue of General Mosquera—Senate and House of Representatives— Revolutions in Colombia—How people live there—School of Fine Arts —A regiment of boys—The paradise of generals—Military oddities— President's body-guard—National Museum—National Library—Astro- nomical observatory—New opera-house—Newspapers—Muzzling the press—Folletins—Tequendama Falls—Their location—How to reach them—Features of the scenery—Landscape lineaments—A cataract that jumps six hundred feet.—Tolima and Ruiz—View up the Magda- lena—Steep staircases—The straw in my saddle almost eaten by my mule—Munchausen-like, but true . . . . .	446
---	-----

CHAPTER L.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

The Colombian's extraordinary conception of business—No stamps procur- able at the mailing-place—Hotel-bills—Detention of steamers—Exag- gerated politeness—Trade with Barranquilla—Fifteen stops for freight —Cartagena—The bay—Groves of cocoanut-palms—Coolie Town— Aspinwall—Danger of fire—Iron steamer-warehouses—Arcade style of sidewalks—Multifarious shops—Gambling in all classes—Currency— Communication with the rest of the world—Chinese shop-keepers— Panama—The canal more destructive to human life than the railway —Three hundred million dollars spent—The most gigantic financial disaster of the nineteenth century—A fabulous enterprise—I conclude my travels with quick and multitudinous glimpses—A blessing on my readers . . . . .	455
INDEX . . . . .	465



## ILLUSTRATIONS.

---

	FACING PAGE
H. M. the Emperor of Brazil . . . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Llamas, Ecuador . . . . .	20
Professional Mourners . . . . .	29
President Caamaño . . . . .	32
Chimborazo from a Height of Fourteen Thousand Feet . . . . .	42
General Cáceres . . . . .	51
Panorama of Lima . . . . .	55
Viaduct of Verrugas, Oroya Railroad . . . . .	59
The General Cemetery of Lima . . . . .	62
A House Entrance, Lima . . . . .	65
A Lima Belle . . . . .	67
The Fandango of Peru . . . . .	69
Silver Head from an Inca Cemetery . . . . .	81
Copacabana, Lake Titicaca . . . . .	88
Crusoe's Lookout (with Commemorative Tablet) . . . . .	106
View from the Principal Square of Santiago . . . . .	109
Puerto Bueno, Smyth's Channel . . . . .	120
Fuegians at Home . . . . .	124
A View in the Strait of Magellan . . . . .	128
Patagonians and their Tent . . . . .	141
General View of Montevideo . . . . .	144
A Private Residence, Buenos Ayres . . . . .	154
The Famous Rocking-Stone of Tandil . . . . .	159
The Daly Falls, Ignessu River . . . . .	192
The Daly Falls; a Near View from the Brazilian Side . . . . .	194
View of the Entrance to the Harbor of Rio Janeiro . . . . .	212
View from the Summit of the Corcovado . . . . .	212
Statue of Dom Pedro I. . . . .	216
By Rail to the Corcovado . . . . .	218
A Market-Woman . . . . .	227
A Part of the Avenue of Royal Palms . . . . .	231
A Profile of the Avenue of Royal Palms . . . . .	233
Four Pretty Sisters . . . . .	238
The Palace of San Cristoval . . . . .	252

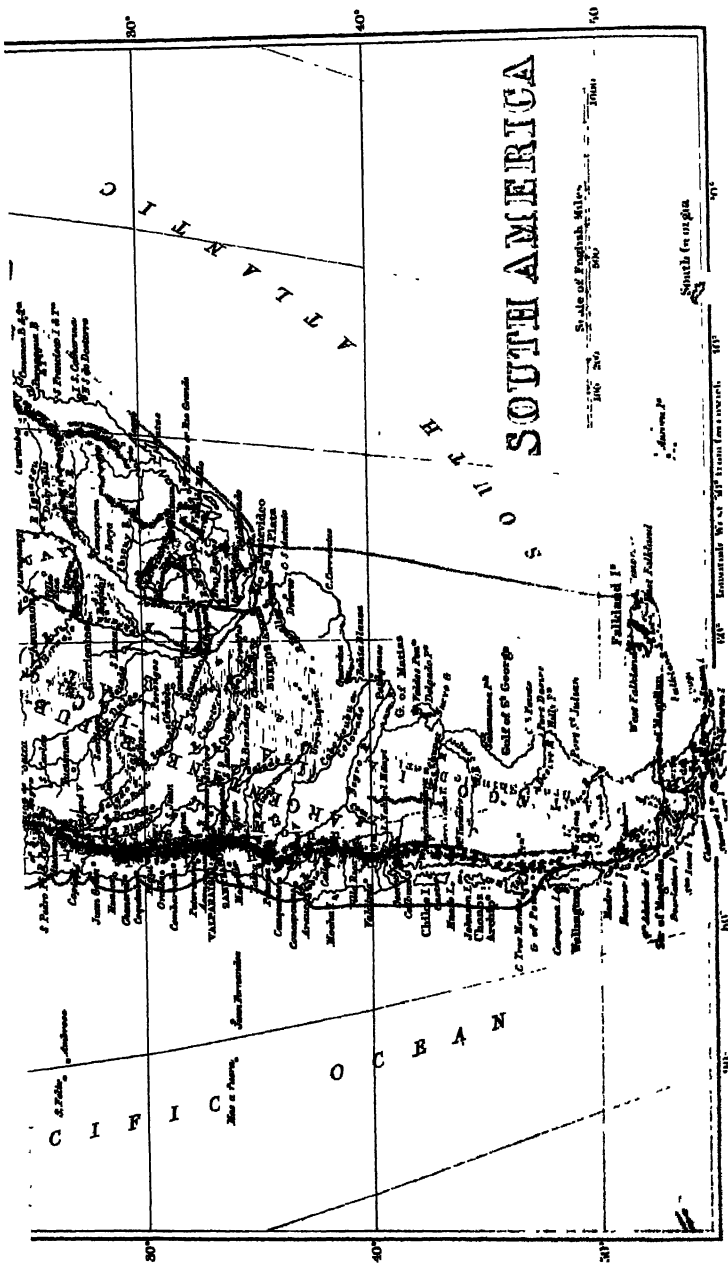
	PAGE.
The Empress of Brazil . . . . .	255
The Brazilian Ironclad Riachuelo . . . . .	257
Pines, Minas-Geraes, Brazil . . . . .	267
Wooden Images in a Church at Congonhas . . . . .	276
A Wealthy Negress . . . . .	297
General View of Bahia . . . . .	305
A View from the Public Gardens . . . . .	311
The King of Rapids . . . . .	328
The Reef and Harbor of Pernambuco . . . . .	335
A Chinese Immigrant, Georgetown . . . . .	373
Colonial Produce, British Guiana . . . . .	377
A Paramaribo Creole . . . . .	386
A Cayenne Creole . . . . .	390
A Big Tree in a Public Square, Port-of-Spain . . . . .	396
A Hindoo Coolie, Port-of-Spain . . . . .	400
Scene on the Railway from La Guayra to Caracas . . . . .	409
General Guzman Blanco . . . . .	418
Magdalena River Steamboats . . . . .	427
Colombian Horsemen . . . . .	437
A Business Street of Bogota . . . . .	444

## MAPS AND PLANS.

Map of South America, with Routes of the Author . . . . .	1
Situation of the Argentine Republic in South America . . . . .	151
Chart of the Bay of Rio Janeiro . . . . .	211
The Map of Brazil and the Chart of the Bay of Rio Janeiro . . . . .	248
Chart of a Section of the Lower Amazon . . . . .	352
Plan of the Railway from La Guayra to Caracas . . . . .	407







# AROUND AND ABOUT SOUTH AMERICA.

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## CHAPTER I.

### OUTWARD BOUND.

ON June 10, 1885, the well-appointed and ably commanded Pacific Mail steamship *Acapulco* sailed from New York, numbering the present writer among her passengers. Most of us were bound for the Isthmus of Panama, the steamer conducting us to the well-known commercial port of Aspinwall. The distance is two thousand miles. We traversed it in nine days—rather slow travel when the Atlantic is skimmed in six; but doubtless the Pacific Mail Steamship Company finds it more profitable to lodge and board its passengers for a long period than to waste the extra coal that would be required for a short one. Our voyage was no exception to those usually experienced in the tropics, where a good steamer, with good company, makes dullness a dream. In the days there is the exhilaration of brightness and breeze; in the nights, the balm of coolness and repose. If the moon be large and brilliant, her fantastic glory gives an invitation to romance. This might easily have been our case, though it was not, and through the entire route scarcely a dozen vessels appeared, to relieve for a moment the *Acapulco's* loneliness.

The first land we beheld was that part of the New World which Columbus, thirty-five days from Spain, in his ninety-ton pinnace, named San Salvador. To geographers it is now more prosaically known as Watling Island. It is one of the

most fertile of the Bahamas, producing sub-tropical fruits, grain, and roots in lavish abundance. It was a treat to gaze, even from a distance, upon an island, the discovery of which, nearly four centuries ago, has proved the greatest blessing of the kind the world has known. Passing the eastern extremity of Cuba, we were soon greeted by the flaming stars of the Southern Cross, the most splendid constellation of the southern heavens. Numerous flying-fish and tiny nautili in their boat-like shells betoken an entrance into another and stranger zone. A few uninteresting islands, right and left, did not at the moment enhance this strangeness, as we performed the practical duty of dropping our mail-bags into whale-boats, which put off to us from solitary lighthouses. But soon the purple mountains of Hayti loomed grandly from the east, and then, crossing the Caribbean, we saw no more land until the famed Isthmus of Panama faintly looked at us from the vanishing-point which unites water and sky.

We entered Aspinwall Harbor at six in the morning. A few men-of-war, a dozen passenger-steamers, and half a dozen ships, rode lazily at anchor. Behind them were the ruins of the town, which had been recently burned by the Colombian rebels, and in the distance stood the thickly wooded hills. The only wharf untouched by the fire was that owned by our steamer's company. We landed and took a walk. Our sea-legs had begun to envy the art of the pedestrian. The town is situated upon the western side of Manzanilla Island, which itself lies at the northeastern corner of Limon Bay. This island is perhaps three miles long and two broad, and has been artificially joined with the mainland by a narrow neck of soil. The northern terminus of the Panama Canal is at the head of Limon Bay. Upon a point of land extending into this bay, about half a mile from Aspinwall, is the French town of Christophe Colomb, which has sprung up since the inception of the canal. It is a much more healthy location than that of Aspinwall, which is scarcely a foot above the sea-level, and is a neat little settlement of two-story houses, with macadamized and well-drained streets. Here stands a

colossal bronze statue of "Columbus and the Indian." This and a plain granite shaft to the memory of the three founders of Aspinwall—William H. Aspinwall, Henry Chauncey, and John L. Stephens—at the opposite end of the island, near the sea, are about the only artistic embellishments of a town which, first and last, is only a side station on one of the great highways of commerce. It is almost useless to add that Colomb is peopled entirely by canal employés. Vast stores of canal-digging implements and machinery are here collected, some under cover, but the greater part exposed. The town had apparently been built upon level, marshy ground, with its houses reared upon brick and wooden piles. Thousands of Jamaica negroes were busily engaged in erecting all sorts of temporary shanties. The depot having been burned, the trains of the Panama Railroad departed from a random point in the street. The yellow fever was raging, and three corpses, borne on canvas litters, passed me in my walk and prepared me for the sight of a score of cheap wooden coffins lying in a row in an old freight-house. The streets were filthy and everywhere flooded with water, the heat was intolerable, and I only wondered that any human beings could live, to say nothing of their keeping well, under such adverse conditions.

In an old church about thirty of the late rebels were confined as prisoners of war, and guarded by as sorry a looking lot of native soldiery as I ever saw in any land. Two of the prisoners, found guilty of firing Aspinwall, had been hanged, but it was considered doubtful whether any severe punishment would be meted out to the others. The continued revolts and miniature revolutions of the disaffected South American states would soon become less frequent if stern and speedy retribution—such as death by hanging—should be administered to the leaders. But the authorities, instead, treat their distinguished prisoners to champagne, and free them on parole. As these malcontents are simply professional freebooters, if a rebellion is suppressed in one state or in one part of a state, they at once set forth for any place,

neighboring or distant, where another rebellion may happen to be in progress. The governments are often bad, but these riotous outbreaks seldom embrace many of the intelligent, sober-minded citizens. The rebellions never result in any good. Their ringleaders are not patriots, but men intent only upon personal power and aggrandizement by any means, however foul. The best remedy for these evils would be strong central governments, with sufficient power and inclination to preserve the peace and compel the observance of law and order. But, unfortunately, the existing governments are generally too weak or too vacillating to take such measures.

The railway to Panama is forty-seven miles in length, and tickets have to be purchased on board the trains. Twenty-five dollars in gold was charged for a through passenger—an extortionate monopoly of fifty-three cents per mile, which made it the most expensive railway in the world. Four passenger trains run each way daily, the express requiring three hours to make the trip. Personal baggage is very dear, and must be paid for at the rate of thirteen cents per pound. Of the thirty stations on the railway, the express stops at fewer than half, and many of these seem to be only negro hamlets of palm-thatched huts. The cars, of which there are two classes, those of even the first not equaling the appointments of an ordinary American car, are made in Philadelphia, and the locomotives in Paterson. The engineers and conductors are whites, and generally Americans; the firemen and brakemen are Colombians or negroes. Our train was filled with a most cosmopolite crowd, and smoking was universal, even in the first-class cars. The line of the railway is very sinuous. For about one third of the distance the country is undulating and swampy, while the remainder is diversified by hillocks and small rivers. For the purposes of the railroad, a width of about fifty feet is kept cleared through the very dense tropical jungle which covers the isthmus. The predominant trees are cocoa-palms, bananas, bread-fruits, papayas, and bamboos.

The famous interoceanic canal of M. de Lesseps follows

generally the line of the railway, which it twice crosses. It was to have run in a general northwest and southeast direction, and be forty-five miles in length, or two miles less than the railway. It was expected to be twenty-eight feet in depth and one hundred feet wide at its bottom. There were to be five stations on the canal, where ships might pass each other, and five other intermediate stations. The Isthmus of Panama extends in a general east and west direction, and is extremely hilly, covered with virgin forest, and full of large and small rivers. As the center of the isthmus is in about  $9^{\circ}$  of north latitude, in the "rainy season" the deluge is terrific, and all these rivers and streams rise suddenly and flow furiously, with disastrous and readily conceivable effects. The dividing ridge of the isthmus is about fifteen miles from the Pacific. From this point, in the same course as that in which the canal is being built, the Chagres River runs to the Atlantic and the Rio Grande to the Pacific. To restrain the waters of the Chagres, which has been known to rise forty feet in the rainy season, and which the canal has to cross about a dozen times, twenty huge and massive dams will have to be constructed. The Rio Grande, however, is crossed but once, and that near its mouth. In the dividing ridge of the isthmus a great regulative reservoir is being formed by damming the Chagres at that point, a lake being enlarged and otherwise fitted for that purpose. Upon the hills hereabout are very extensive French settlements, the little cottages with wide, projecting roofs being erected upon brick or stone pillars six feet in height, and placed in situations most exposed to the sun and air. Some distance from the Pacific terminus it was intended to excavate a large interior port like that at Aspinwall, which opens directly into the Bay of Limon. Continuing from that point, the canal was to enter the Pacific, not at Panama, but three miles to the southwest, and a channel would have to be excavated nearly to a distance of three miles—in fact, almost to the islands south of Panama, where the Pacific Mail steamers have a coaling and repairing station. Of course, the entire line has

been carefully marked out and cleared of jungle, but no part of it is wholly completed. Work has not been continuous from either end, but has been expended at intervals in sections. Here you see trenches dug and dirt trains running upon temporary tracks; there possibly a huge digger eating quietly into a hill-side. I saw one mammoth excavator from Springfield, Mass., belonging to the American Contracting and Dredging Company, at work digging through a rocky hill with as much ease apparently as if it were simply raising oozy mud from the bottom of New York Harbor. The dimensions of this great dredge were: Length, one hundred and twenty feet; breadth, sixty-five feet; and height of tower, seventy-five feet. Here were vast heaps of tools and machinery piled around warehouses of material; there rows of huge dormitories for laborers. The latter were mostly negroes from Jamaica and other West India islands and from the cities of the Spanish Main. At the time of my visit fifteen thousand of them were said to be at work, in addition to more than two thousand foreigners, mostly French, serving as surveyors, engineers, machinists, superintendents, and clerks. All were well paid and promptly. The ordinary laborers got one dollar and twenty cents a day, operating engineers from ninety to one hundred and twenty dollars a month. Belgium furnished the greater part of the machinery, and Belgium and Germany most of the mechanical engineers.

At scarcely any point of the line will you find anything resembling what you imagine to be a canal, but instead the whole country seems turned upside down; everything appears crude, rough, and unfinished. The reader will please understand that I am giving the observations and impressions of my first visit in 1885. That the canal would some day be completed, I thought improbable; but, if it should be, it seemed wholly impossible that at such an enormous outlay it could prove a financial success. But when was it likely to be finished? Who knew? About as many men were engaged upon it as could be conveniently handled and fed. The climate, of course, was very much against the European employés,

thousands of whom had died since the work began. That very sanguine and vivacious veteran, M. de Lesseps, first appointed the year 1888 as the period of the opening of "*la grand canal du Panama*." But this, it should be remembered, was when he was on his travels in search of subscriptions. He has since postponed the occasion to 1890. The French engineer-in-chief told a friend of mine that he estimated that about one thirty-second part of the whole work was done at the time of my first visit in 1885. Active labor was begun in 1881; so at this rate of progress it would require one hundred and twenty-eight years to complete the canal! There seemed a strong probability that before many years the money would run short and the work droop and languish, until either the sea-level project was exchanged for one with locks, or else possibly the governments of several rich and powerful nations would unite in the completion of the most gigantic and daring design of man upon this globe. A later review of the work will be found in my last chapter.

On alighting from the train at Panama, crazy little hacks carry you over ill-paved, and, at the rainy season, very muddy roads, beyond the wretchedly dirty and bad-smelling outskirts of the city. Thence you pass through narrow and crooked ways, between rows of two-story and three-story houses, whose projecting balconies sometimes nearly touch each other across the street, and at last you enter the cathedral plaza. On one side of this is the office of the "*Compagnie Universelle du Canal Interocéanique*," on another the bishop's palace, on still another the cathedral, and on the fourth the Grand Central Hotel. This is the best hotel in Panama, a great four-story building, which has on the ground floor a large American bar-room and barber-shop and a spacious dining-room paved with marble. Up-stairs is a commodious public parlor with a waxed floor and cane furniture. Bedrooms either have exterior openings upon the streets or interior ones upon a court-yard. The huge caravansary is lighted with gas, and the Saratoga price of five dollars a day is charged for very inferior lodging and worse board. The



city, of very old Spanish origin, is built upon comparatively level ground, on a narrow peninsula extending out into the Pacific Ocean, or rather the Bay of Panama. At the extreme eastern point of this peninsula are still standing the walls of the old citadel. They are built of brick and faced with cut stone. They are thirty or forty feet in height and twenty-five in thickness, and notwithstanding their great age still remain in good condition. Their top, provided with masonry seats, forms a needed promenade and cool lounging-place of an evening. The slowly combing waves of the Pacific dash in huge rollers against the foot of the walls, and you have a fine view, not only seaward, but toward the islands where anchor the coasting steamers, as well as toward the wooded and very irregular hills of the isthmus. But the city of Panama itself I found intolerably hot, damp, and dirty, with little of special interest for the traveler, unless he were an archæologist or architect. In the latter case he would like to study the cathedral, in the former the old fort. The cathedral is an ancient edifice, with two towers, the cupolas of which have an edging of oyster-shells by way of ornament. Upon the façade are thirteen full-length statues of alleged saints. The interior of the cathedral is extremely plain, both walls and altars, and is enriched with no fine paintings or carvings.

The Isthmus of Panama is credited with a population of about 200,000; while Panama city contains some 20,000, mostly cosmopolites like those found in Aspinwall. The English and French languages are everywhere spoken, and the best stores, restaurants, and bar-rooms are managed in either the French or the American fashion. There is a very good daily newspaper, called the "Star and Herald," which consists of eight pages, a third of it being printed in English, a third in French, and a third in Spanish. Moreover, these three sections are adapted to the interests of the separate classes of readers represented by the respective languages, in that they do not contain altogether the same matter, except, of course, the important cable and telegraphic dispatches. The paper sells for ten cents, silver.

## CHAPTER II.

### ON TO GUAYAQUIL.

FROM Panama I took one of the (British) Pacific Steam Navigation Company's vessels for the chief seaport of Ecuador. She was the *Ilo*, a steamer of about fifteen hundred tons burden, upon whose upper deck, running flush from stem to stern were a double row of commodious state-rooms and a large and finely-upholstered dining-saloon, the whole surrounded with ample room to promenade. The hatchways, with steam winches for loading and unloading cargo, were placed nearly at the sides of the steamer instead of along the center, as is usual. This novel arrangement had several advantages for the passengers. Above the roof of the dining-saloon and state-rooms an awning was spread, and from this elevated position a good breeze and an extended view were readily obtainable. As a slight testimony to the prevailing lawlessness and insecurity of life in the South American states, our steamer carried a stand of muskets and cutlasses in the pilot-house, precisely as was formerly the custom with vessels exposed to predatory visits of Malay pirates in the East India and China Sea navigation. There were on board about thirty passengers, bound for various towns along the coast, but mostly for Guayaquil and Callao. The first-class fare from Panama to Guayaquil, a passage of but little more than three days, was one hundred and two dollars, American gold! This was the most expensive voyage that I remember ever to have made in any part of the world. It was a fit companion to the Panama Railroad extortion just experienced. But when did a monopoly have a conscience?

As I was rapidly nearing the lands of Pizarro and Almagro, I thought it well to begin at once the practice of the pure Castilian which I flattered myself I had recently acquired with considerable zeal and effort in New York. My first victims were unsuspecting sons of Peru and Chili, who waited upon table, and whose profiles I was sure I had seen on some terra-cotta pitchers in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. They listened to me anxiously but kindly, frequently repeating my questions with an accent different from mine. This I attributed to the fact that they had not before had the good fortune to hear their dulcet tongue spoken with such purity as by the natives of Madrid, Manila, Havana, or New York. I was not hurt—I only pitied the unsophisticated descendants of the Incas. But when occasionally I received an answer in curt English to my precise and melodious Spanish, I marveled greatly that they did not understand better their own language, and should prefer to address me in one hardly known to themselves and now so rapidly fading from my memory. I frankly admit that I wondered, but I was not utterly crushed—as the reader might with great show of reason suspect—for the above linguistic experience is not unfamiliar to the circumnavigator.

On the 23d of June we crossed the equator. Eight hundred miles to the westward of the mainland of Ecuador, and under the line of the equator, lie the Galapagos Islands, an archipelago of a dozen mountainous and almost barren islands of volcanic origin, which, though mostly uninhabited, belong politically to the Republic of Ecuador. A very interesting feature in this lonely group is that furnished by the singularity of their indigenous animals. Species abound of reptiles and birds quite unknown to every other part of the world. Among them are twenty-four species of land birds, a remarkable kind of turtle, a gigantic tortoise, two extraordinary species of lizards, and several peculiar snakes. The nearest allied forms to these isolated species are found upon the distant mainland. But still more remarkable than the fact of these species being unknown to every part of the

world, is the circumstance that some of them are restricted to certain islands of the group, with species allied but quite distinct on another island. The clew to the explanation of these peculiar phenomena of geographical distribution will doubtless be found in the fact that the islands are separated from each other by deep channels, with strong currents, and, being volcanic, and having emerged from the sea, must have been separately elevated by subterranean forces and can never, at any time, have been closely connected with the adjoining continent, or with each other. They were probably peopled by their present stock of animals at so very remote a period as to have allowed time for much variation in the characters of the species. Intermigration has been prevented by the above-mentioned reasons, and so an isolated development of a most interesting and instructive character has been brought about by natural means and great lapse of time. A penal colony of Ecuadorians was once planted on one of the larger islands of the group. But the convicts revolted, killed the governor, and escaped, leaving behind pigs, cattle, donkeys, and horses. No one was suspected to have lived there since that time. But a party from the Albatross Expedition were rather surprised, when they visited the island, to come upon another Alexander Selkirk, a man nearly naked, carrying a pig on his back. He was quite as surprised as they, and was at first in great fear; but finally they got him to talk. His hair and beard had grown to great length, and he had lost all notion of time. He said that some years previous he had come from Chatham Island, another of the group, with a party in search of a certain valuable moss; that he had deserted his companions, who had gone off without him, and that since that time he had been alone. He had lived on fruits and herbs; had captured wild cattle by setting traps for them; killed them with a spear made by tying a pocket-knife to a stick, and from their hides made a hut. He was glad to see men again, and asked to be taken back to Chatham, which, of course, was granted.

We soon entered the Gulf of Guayaquil, and, turning

about, headed toward the north. The country in sight was level in the foreground, with pretty, wooded hills stretching away in the distance. At our fore was now hoisted the Ecuadorian flag—three broad, longitudinal stripes, yellow, blue, and red, typifying, it was understood, that the blue ocean now separated bloodthirsty Spaniards from the yellow gold of Ecuador. We pass two national men-of-war, merely small trading-steamers of about five hundred tons burden each, without armor-plating, and mounting only a few small guns. Then came some ships, but no merchant-steamers. A little farther on we anchor near the shore and abreast of the market-place of Guayaquil. All that appears of the low-lying, level city from the gulf is a long row of houses of yellow and white bamboo and stucco, and of varying altitudes, with tiled roofs and piazzas, large windows fitted with green Venetian blinds and bamboo or canvas awnings. The buildings are generally arranged as stores below and dwelling-rooms above. The sidewalk passes through a corridor of the buildings, as is usual in Ecuadorian towns. A few twin church-towers, of odd, Oriental styles, rise in different directions. On a hill east of the city there seems to be a small fort. Along the bank runs a tramway with double-decked cars drawn by mules. Donkey-carts and loaded pack-mules pass. A brass band is heard, and I see a slow procession headed by a priest, and a great wood and tinsel figure of the Virgin Mary borne upon the shoulders of six men. The object of this religious parade is to take up a collection to help build a church. While observing that subscriptions do not seem to flow in any more rapidly than they do at home under the incitement of stained glass, flowers, and an organ voluntary, my attention is suddenly drawn to a huge alligator, fully fifteen feet in length, swimming with horrible, gaping jaws down the swiftly running tide of the gulf.

The captain of the port and other Ecuadorian officials come off to our steamer, all with great display of gay bunting and uniforms, and no deficiency of self-appreciation. Native fruit-sellers, with huge boat-loads of bananas and pineapples,

also approach and beg eagerly for patronage. Going on shore I am passed through the custom-house with a hurried examination of my baggage, and soon find a comfortable room in the "Hotel de Europa." Guayaquil is not only the commercial seaport of Quito, the capital, but of all Ecuador, and in walking through the streets—many of them paved and lighted with gas—I am struck by the very great variety and general good quality of the merchandise exposed for sale. The number of drinking-shops, where fiery liquors are sold, is, however, disproportionately large. On most of the leading thoroughfares are mule tram-cars. From behind the curtains of many of the deep, latticed balconies, which hang midway over the streets, I often caught glimpses of flashing black eyes, velvety cheeks of pearly hue, raven tresses, and cherry-ripe lips. This was all that was vouchsafed me, for the *señoritas* of Ecuador, as of Old Spain, are extremely coy. One of the churches has such a very Chinese-looking pair of pyramidal towers, that I half expected to find some natives of distant Cathay lounging about its carved wooden portals. I called at a neighboring bamboo convent and was cordially received by some of the old *padres*. Their cells were bare of furniture, as usual, though the walls were covered with religious pictures and texts. A great number of empty brandy-bottles were hidden behind a door, and some of the red-faced and very corpulent old monks showed only too plainly where the contents had recently gone.

The old route to Quito was first by steamboat, seventy miles up the Guayas River, in one day, to a town called Bodegas, and then one hundred and sixty-five miles in seven or eight days, on mule-back, over the flank of Chimborazo and the lofty table-lands of the valley, to the capital. But a new route, which I proposed to follow, permitted two other varieties of travel—namely, railroad and diligence. This led almost directly eastward, over the Andes, until we reached the great valley of Quito, when we proceeded nearly due north to our goal. I was fortunate enough to have as companions on this journey Mr. Kelly, the contractor, and Mr. Mali-

nowski, the engineer, of the new railway. Mr. Kelly has already had considerable experience in railway construction in Central America, while Mr. Malinowski is one of the best-known men in his profession in South America, having been engaged with Mr. Meiggs in the building of the famous Oroya Railroad from Lima eastward over the Cordillera. He had been employed at a large salary to lay out the new Ecuadorian line toward the great central highway of the country and possibly to Quito itself. Both of these gentlemen were fine linguists, thoroughly conversant with the customs of the natives and with the best methods of traveling, and I was greatly indebted to them for many hints on what proved to be a hard and exhausting trip. My preparations for mountain-travel were soon complete. I procured a saddle, with metal stirrups, stout crupper and breeching, bridle, lariat, a pair of spurs with rowels fully two inches in diameter, rubber and woolen *ponchos* or cloaks, rubber cover for a huge felt hat, canvas leggings, leather gloves, and stout shoes. A revolver was worn more for intimidation than because the need to use it was probable. A large gunny-bag contained the entire mule outfit. Then my clothes were snugly packed in two mule-trunks—stout, tin-covered boxes, about twenty-four inches long, fifteen wide, and fifteen deep; these were not to be opened until I reached Quito. A small leather bag contained material for use upon the road. The native inns are without exception ill-furnished and filthy, and their food and cooking are not at all adapted to foreign palates. So it would be well for the traveler, who wishes some degree of comfort, to take a supply of canned food and wines, together with knives, forks, and plates. Nor would a mattress and pillow come at all amiss.

We left Guayaquil on the evening of Friday, the 26th, in a diminutive high-pressure steamboat, bound eastward to a little town called Yaguachi, on a small river of the same name, which flows into the Guayas, and where the railway begins. I had not been on board an hour before a severe headache, from which I had suffered all the afternoon, sud-

denly developed into a sharp attack of the Guayaquil fever—a sort of bilious fever, accompanied with terrific pains in the crown and back of the head, in the small of the back, and in the thighs. Severe vomiting ensued. My pulse mounted with fearful rapidity, and some of the Ecuadorian passengers were at first of the opinion that I was afflicted with the dreaded yellow fever. In fact, a bad bilious fever resembles, in the beginning, a mild attack of Yellow Jack. During the night I was delirious, but in the morning the fever had greatly abated, though the pain in the head continued, and I was too weak to stand. I took at once a strong purgative and afterward powerful doses of quinine. When the first sharp attack came on, the Ecuadorians gave me a great quantity of the strong native brandy, called *aguardiente*, made from sugar-cane. This stopped the pain in the back but rather increased that in the head. However, it was a relief to have such severe pain in one place instead of two.

The Guayas River was muddy, and ran with a swift current, which bore along many small floating islands of reeds and flowers of varied species, which perhaps resembled the *chinampas* of Montezuma's Mexico. The banks seemed almost uninhabited; they were low, and covered with a dense growth of bananas, plantains, and palms. In the distance were many gracefully outlined and jungle-clad hills. We had a remarkably fine view by moonlight of the great Chimborazo, from its very summit down to the snow limit. The appearance of this wonderful mountain has been so often described that I will merely say that its solitariness and massiveness are the qualities which most impress one. It is nearly covered in a winding-sheet of purest snow and ice, though the tempests seem to have bared great streaks on its rugged sides. When upon the plateau of Quito, we are nearly two miles high, which greatly dwarfs Chimborazo, Cotopaxi, and the neighboring Andean giants, so that our unusually clear view from the level of the sea showed the celebrated mountain to the best advantage. We reached Yaguachi about midnight, and found a good supper ready for us in the sta-



tion-house of the Southern Railway of Ecuador, and a little later comfortable sleeping-rooms in the second story of the same building. We had advanced about fifty miles.

The next morning at daybreak we entered the cars of the first and only railway yet built in the Republic of Ecuador. This railway was then about fifty miles in length, and has since been extended twenty miles more. It is a narrow-gauge line, with steel rails, and very diminutive cars and locomotives, which were built in Pennsylvania. As upon the Isthmus of Panama, the engineers are foreigners, the firemen and brakemen natives. But one trip a day is made, the train in which we went not returning until the following day. The rate of speed is about ten miles an hour, though even this is occasionally somewhat reduced by accidents to the rolling-gear, the steam becoming low, or some other avoidable mishap. There are no cuttings or fillings of any extent on the whole line, and the grade is easy except for a short distance near the mountains at the eastern extremity of the line. You cross about fifty small streams on wooden bridges. The road traverses a magnificent tropical jungle throughout its entire extent. The vegetation largely represents the bread-fruit, banana, India-rubber, papaya, cacao, coffee, pineapple, orange, lemon, mango and cocoa-palm. The forest is so dense that not only can you not make a way into it, but you can not even look into it. Creepers and climbers extend in every direction, hang from every limb, and cover every trunk. They cross each other, they run parallel like telegraph wires, they interlace and braid the smaller shrubbery, until it seems like a solid mass of glossy verdure. Very many trees are covered with orchids in various gay colors, a splendid blood-red predominating. At the terminus of the railway we found our saddle-mules and donkeys for the baggage waiting in the care of muleteers. Here ensued a scene of great confusion and a long delay. As with all tropic children, an immense amount of discussion about the veriest trifles had to be indulged in, and very many wrangles had to be calmed and adjusted. Then we break-

fasted in a neighboring house—a simple bamboo structure raised upon wooden piles and having a thick, straw-thatched roof. The breakfast consisted of the popular native dish, potato-soup—not bad, but still not very nutritious; broiled chicken, fresh killed and therefore tough; eggs fried in cocoanut-oil; and a most delicious large pineapple. Then we were off through the virgin forests, up hill and down dale, fording raging mountain torrents, crossing frail bamboo bridges, scrambling along precipices, toiling in and out of gluey bogs, and brushing through tangled thickets. A great part of the road was simply a series of holes, a foot or so in depth, worn and hollowed by rain and much travel, and in and out of which our mules had to step with most laborious slowness. We were mounted, however, upon good stout animals that possessed all the surety and safety of step peculiar to their race. They are extremely gentle creatures, rarely having even the expected attribute of obstinacy. Their memory is exceedingly imperfect, and requires to be continually jogged with the spurs. The natives, when riding, play a constant tattoo upon the flanks of their mules, in order to obtain uniform and satisfactory progress, though they always allow the animals to select the part of the road which they prefer. A good mule in Ecuador is more expensive than a good horse. Donkeys are employed in the transport of baggage, and good donkeys will carry as much as a mule can, or two hundred and fifty pounds. As they wear no head-gear, they are not led, but are driven in troops by mule-teers. About a dozen of them were required to carry all our baggage. We rode slowly forward, with magnificent forest and mountain views on every hand, until at dusk we reached the farm-house of a friend of Mr. Kelly's, where we stopped for the night. Round about the country was planted with coffee, sugar-cane, and orange and lemon trees. A primitive press for extracting the juice of the sugar-cane, and a huge copper caldron for boiling the liquid, were located near the house. The master was absent on business in Guayaquil, but his daughter, a beautiful girl of eighteen, made us

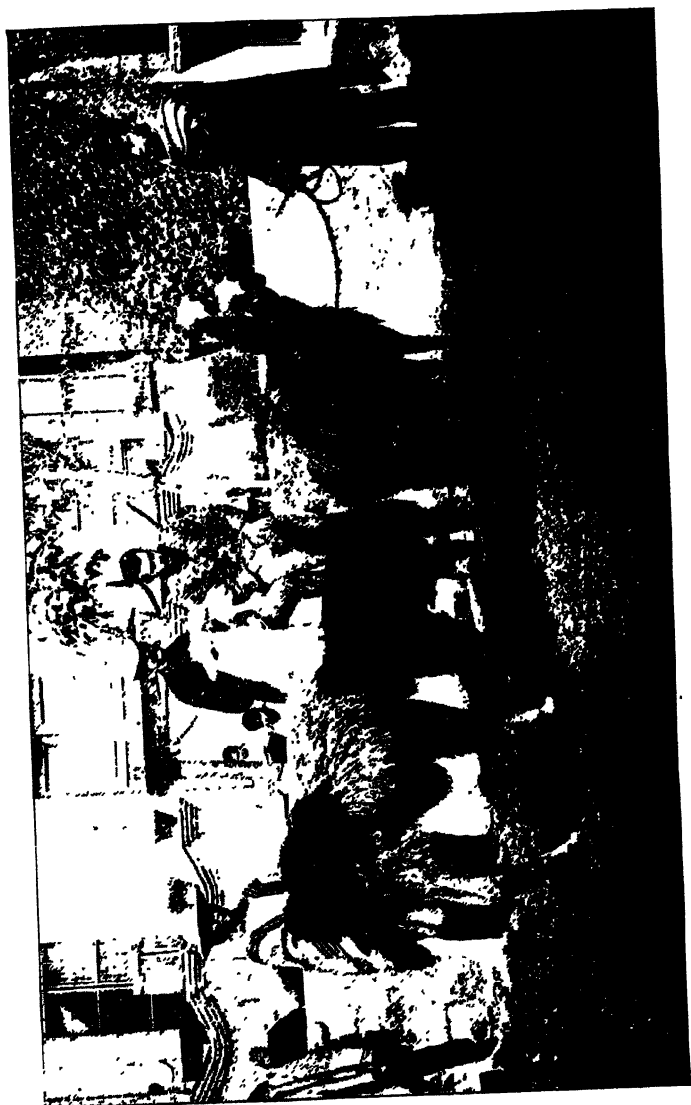
most welcome and did the honors with a native grace that elicited the warmest praise from even such old campaigners as my critical companions. In the absence of her father the young lady was administering the entire estate, and it was extremely interesting to watch her direct half a dozen men in their diverse duties in as many minutes. She treated us to some very fair food, though it is generally necessary for foreigners to acquire a liking for the products of an Ecuadorian kitchen. Into nearly everything are put cheese, garlic, and oil or fat, and of course the frying-pan is in frequent request. They have an odd practice of serving two kinds of soup at a meal, the second coming near the conclusion, and being followed perhaps by a sweet—some sort of cake or jelly. They keep strong coffee-extract already prepared in a bottle, and serve it at your discretion with hot water or boiled milk. A proper degree of cleanliness is lacking, both at table and in bedrooms, but it is quite the same in all Spanish countries—in the Philippine and West India Islands, and even in European Spain herself.

## CHAPTER III.

### OVER THE CORDILLERA.

WE went on early in the morning and experienced a day of terrible roads and wild torrents, but with most magnificent scenic treats. The views of umbrageous valleys and huge hills more than repaid me for the rough travel. All nature was on a tremendous scale; even the hillocks were several thousand feet in height. At night we reached a small Indian village far up among the hills, and found quarters in a wretched wayside inn. This building was of sun-dried mud, with a straw-thatch atop. We had but two very small rooms, and both were full of spiders, fleas, and other insect pests. We improvised a dining-table out of an empty provision-box, and put down our beds in the inner room, virtually a cellar with a mud floor. On awakening in the morning, I spoke of a rat which had playfully coursed about my head during the night; but one of my companions said it must have been a mouse, for the room was really too small to admit a rat. I sighed deeply, and turned over for another nap. On our arrival in the village, a market was in progress in the plaza or great square. The Indians had for sale barley, maize, meat, and oranges. The mestizoes, or half-castes, that I had seen since leaving Guayaquil reminded me strongly of the Siamese in facial appearance and, to some extent, in their good-natured but apathetic manner. Most of the people in Ecuador, and the rest of South America as well, belong to the mixed races. They are, for the most part, inoffensive and uncivilized. To be precise, there are actually seven racial varieties in South America: 1. Foreigners, among whom are

Spaniards and Portuguese. 2. Creoles, descendants of Europeans and North Americans settled in the country. 3. Mestizoes, offspring of Europeans and North Americans and Indians. 4. Mulattoes, offspring of Europeans and North Americans and negroes. 5. Zamboes, offspring of Indians and negroes. 6. Indians. 7. Negroes. The whites, who are, of course, the ruling class, are principally the descendants of the early Spanish settlers in all the countries save Brazil, where the settlers were Portuguese. The Indian population of Quito and its neighborhood are descendants of the aboriginal tribes. They are still more apathetic than the mestizoes. They are also shorter and stouter, with broad faces and great shocks of strong black hair. Their language is the Quichua, one of the most polished and widely diffused of all native American tongues, formerly spoken everywhere in the empire of the Incas. They wear coarse cotton shirts and trousers, and the always graceful and picturesque *poncho*. The *poncho*, it is hardly necessary nowadays to describe, is simply an oblong piece of gay-colored woolen stuff with a small slit in the center, through which the head is thrust. On their feet they wear straw sandals, or more generally go barefoot. The women, who are no better-looking than the men, wear a long skirt of a coarse, dun-colored fabric. They do a great part of the heavy loading and unloading of merchandise, which rather unsexes them and makes them prematurely old. As we entered the market, the priest and a number of young men were engaged in playing a game astonishingly like our popular lawn-tennis. The priest we found not only to be sadly in need of a bath and clean clothes, but of temperance principles as well, for he was exceedingly drunk. He assumed so important an air that we could scarce repress our smiles in his very face. Near here I first saw the gentle and useful llama, the peculiar beast that figures upon the escutcheon of Peru, and the only native domesticated animal in South America. They move with a most graceful, swan-like motion, and resemble somewhat the camel, though inferior to it in size, strength, and intelligence. They



*Llama, Ecuador.*



will carry loads of about one hundred pounds fifteen miles a day. Their only weapon is their saliva, which is very acrid, and which they eject in a similar fashion to that employed in his self-defense by our very pretty but also very unsavory skunk.

The next day was a hard one of mountain scramble, continually ascending until we left the forests behind, and found instead vast fields of coarse grass and stunted shrubs. The cold was intense at night, which we were compelled to pass in a mud-hut hardly fit for cattle, and one of my companions suffered from the rarefaction of the air. The hard ground was our floor, and piles of hay laid on boughs our luxurious couches. We awoke quite stiff from the cold. As we journeyed on, the hills were swept by furious winds. The Indians, clad in goat-skin trousers, had adopted the profession of shepherds, and large flocks of sheep and goats dotted the hills, while cattle, large and sleek, lent a homelike aspect to the landscape. After traversing some very dreary plains, at noon we reached the old ruined city of Latacunga, and rattled through its desolate streets to the inn. Latacunga has suffered so much from earthquakes that it is even now half in ruins. The houses are built of pumice, and are but one story in height. Leaving this town, we entered upon a very fine carriage-road, the work of a former Ecuadorian President, G. Garcia Moreno. This road, which runs to the capital, Quito, cost two million dollars. It is about thirty feet in width, with a deep ditch on each side. It was not necessary to macadamize it, for the clay of the country packs almost as solidly as rock. In certain steep inclines, however, it is paved with cobble-stones, as are the bridges—handsome arches of stone and brick most substantially built—and also the twenty miles of it nearest the capital. At night we reached a place called Chuquipoyo, on the southeastern flank of Chimborazo, which from the inn piazza seemed startlingly near, as well as almost insignificantly small and easy of ascent. It should be noticed that Chuquipoyo is nearly thirteen thousand feet above sea-level, and that the atmosphere at this



altitude is remarkably clear. I was afterward similarly deceived, and to my cost, in ascending Popocatepetl. From where I spent the night, also at an altitude of about thirteen thousand feet, it seemed as if one might get to the summit easily in a couple of hours; but it was an eight hours' severe climb. At Olnquipoyo we all suffered greatly from the peculiarly penetrating quality of the cold atmosphere. We were almost immediately on the equator, and yet we shivered with two heavy blankets beneath and five over us. In the morning we went northward, across a vast treeless desert, swept by furious winds and gusts of fine sand, past a deserted village called Mocha, and on again until, early in the afternoon, we reached Ambato, the interior town next in importance to Quito, or the third town of the republic. The houses are built of sun-dried brick, whitewashed, and their roofs are covered with red tiles. We struggled up a long street, narrow but nicely paved, and with a central gutter, to the chief inn, but it had no better accommodation and was no cleaner than the others. Here we found the diligence which was to take us to Quito. It was an English-made coach, holding eight inside and six outside passengers, drawn by six mules, and driven by a coachman assisted by two postilions. As we had engaged nearly all the seats, we decided to detain the coach until the following morning, to await the arrival of our baggage, coming on the slow donkeys, and also to obtain a night's rest, which we all sadly needed. In the evening the native governor called upon us and presented us with a bottle of champagne.

We made an early start, our baggage being heaped on top of the coach, one of the postilions blowing a bugle, and the coachman driving furiously along the narrow streets of the town. Reaching the open country, it was interesting to notice the native method of driving the mules. For the wheelers a short whip is employed, for the next pair a long-handled one, while the leaders are peppered by one of the postilions, with unerring aim, with pebbles stored in the coachman's box for that express purpose. All these instiga-

tors, together with shouts, exhortations, anathemas, shrill whistling, and blowing of the bugle, are kept up unremittingly from the beginning to the end of each stage, whether it is ten or twenty miles in length. Should the mules flag from a gallop, or a swift and steady trot, or even drop to a walk, as they are naturally constrained to do at the foot of very steep hills, the postilions dismount and running, one on either side, deal such fearful blows with their coarse whip-lashes of bull's hide that I almost feared the poor little brutes would be bisected. They were certain to arrive at the end of the stage horribly chafed, bleeding, and utterly exhausted. The diligence company does not provide suitable mules for the service, although it is well able to do so, since but one trip a week is made, and the charge is six dollars for an inside and four for an outside seat. A first-class passenger is allowed only twenty pounds of baggage free, and for extra baggage must pay at a high rate. The distance from Ambato to Quito is seventy-five miles, and the time allowed two days. We enjoyed always splendid views of the sharp, smooth cone of Cotopaxi upon our right, the steep and jagged Illiniza upon our left, and behind us the massive dome of Chimborazo. We had sent a courier forward to engage fresh mules at an inn nearly opposite, and not five miles distant from the base of Cotopaxi, which has the same deceptive appearance of accessibility as has Chimborazo from Chuquipoyo, but upon arriving we were surprised to find that our order had been ignored. This caused us a delay of a night, and we suspected that the courier and landlord had "put their heads together" to compel us to patronize the inn. During the afternoon we had passed an enormous flow of lava, rocks, and sand, the eruption from Cotopaxi in 1868. Once we were obliged to dismount and walk for a long distance, where a great stone bridge and the road had been torn away. In the plain before Cotopaxi there is a huge, smooth mound, of oval shape, which the natives claim was reared by the old Incas in honor of some of their divinities. It seems almost too enormous for such an explanation, for it is very much larger than those of our old Indian mound-

builders in the Western United States. We were favored with a view of Cotopaxi by moonlight—a magnificent sight, with its sides of vari-colored lava, its long patches of black sand, and its great fields of the purest white snow and blue ice.

At daybreak we were off with fresh mules and a mounted horse, attached to our team simply by his tail as leader, and in this odd manner he proved a powerful aid. We had a long and weary ascent, and then began gradually to descend into a beautiful green valley that bore quite a resemblance to valleys that may be found in the northern part of England. There were smooth, velvety meadows, well-cultivated fields, and hedge-rows for fences. We breakfasted in the vestibule of a native inn with this lovely scene before us, and then hurried on to the end of our journey. The road was now paved, and we had another long and winding ascent, and then the number of pack-trains we met, the number of natives traveling on their prancing and caracoling steeds, and the more frequent collections of huts, betokened our near approach to the capital. Before us rose the volcano of Pichincha, the summit of which is only five hours' travel from the metropolis, while away to the right loomed the double-domed Antisana and square-topped Cayambi. Not long afterward faintly appeared the red roofs and white walls of Quito, and soon we were rattling through the Indian suburbs and along the narrow streets of low, two-story houses, their little balconies full of people to see the coach pass—the great event of the week. I bore a letter of introduction to a Danish gentleman, who had been ten years in Quito, where he had made a large fortune as a druggist. This gentleman very kindly engaged for me two large rooms on one of the principal streets, with a native boy to take care of them and to bring me coffee and rolls early in the morning. For the more substantial meals of breakfast and dinner he offered me a seat with a party of English and French speaking friends, at the best restaurant of the city, a French establishment. When one has not his own cook, this is the approved method of living, there

being no hotel as we understand the term—that is, no place where both rooms and meals are furnished. For use of the restaurant I had to pay one dollar, for my rooms two dollars per day. The latter were large and well furnished, according to the Spanish, or, more precisely, Ecuadorian idea of comfort and elegance. In my parlor there was a lavish display of glass-ware, porcelain vases, trinkets, and paper flowers. There were as many as five small tables in the room. Two large windows opened upon balconies overlooking the street. The bedroom had but one window, tilted with iron bars like a prison-cell, and open toward the court-yard. A noticeable feature of the doors was their enormous locks, with keys four inches long and weighing a pound or more. Since, on account of the petty thieving prevalent, the rooms must be kept locked, the carrying of one of these Bastile rivals becomes almost necessary, though exceedingly irksome. A stone staircase from the street, and a brick-paved corridor, ornamented with flowers, gave access to the rooms.

At last I am settled in Quito, just three weeks and two days from the time of leaving New York city—one day being spent in Panama and two days in Guayaquil. The time occupied on the journey from Guayaquil to the capital was seven days, and the distance thus traversed about two hundred miles. Here in Quito, before I set out to make any special study of the place, I am struck by the lighter complexion of the people than of those dwelling nearer the coast. This is explained by their living at a greater altitude rather than by their possessing purer strains of blood. The next striking peculiarity is the dress of the men, or perhaps I should say the full-dress of the gentlemen, who wear high black silk hats, black broadcloth frock-coats, black kid gloves, and carry ornamental canes. These indications of other and very different civilizations seem about as much out of place as would Hindostanee turbans or Indian war-plumes. Always noticeable and interesting are the horsemen and their beautiful horses. One hardly knows which to admire the more, the perfect seat and pose of the rider or the perfect form and gait of the animal.

The following day being the Sabbath, I visited the cathedral, where high mass was being celebrated in presence of the archbishop and a consistory of bishops. The cathedral occupies one side of the principal square, and opposite is the palace of the archbishop. On the north side is the Capitol, and on the remaining side the private residence of an old and very wealthy Spanish family. The plaza or square is laid out with flowers and shrubs and paved paths, which intersect each other at a central stone fountain. The outside view of the cathedral is more quaint than imposing. There is a large green-tiled dome, and a façade with small windows and a piazza. The doors are covered with carvings and huge metal bosses. Inside the flooring is of brick, while the roof is of carved wood richly gilded or painted red. A number of very large paintings of no great merit cover the walls. The altar displayed the usual tawdry collection of flowers, candles, pictures, and effigies, and the stalls of the bishops were ranged about it in horseshoe-form. As is usual in all churches, both Protestant and Catholic, the greater number of the worshippers were women, though here they were of every shade of color and of every social grade. Some of the upper-class young girls were pretty, though I looked in vain for the ravishing beauties I had been told to expect. Their stature is rather below the average of their North American sisters. They wore red or blue dresses, high-heeled kid slippers shod with metal, and always the picturesque black shawl or mantilla, richly embroidered in silk, and, though worn coquettishly over the head, yet not concealing the face, which frequently displayed traces of paint and always of powder. Rings adorned their fingers, but no other jewelry was visible. The elder women were clothed wholly in somber black, and frequently covered all the face save the eyes. These women had doubtless outlived their beauty. Almost every woman carried a prayer-book, and a prayer-cloth or stool on which to kneel. Occasionally these necessary articles would be borne by a servant. The women wear neither hats nor gloves. The gentlemen, in addition to the dark clothes al-

ready spoken of, wore black cloaks of a fashion that reminded me of the conventional "heavy villain" in the theatres at home. This resemblance was increased by the flashing black eyes, fierce mustache, or forked beard. I could not avoid observing the democratic footing of the congregation. The dirtiest *poncho*-covered Indian jostled the most aristocratic cloth-cloaked *hidalgo*, the daintiest *señoritas* and the women who tend cattle knelt together in the same chapels. A fine organ, artistically handled, and a competent choir, furnished the sensuous music always provided in Catholic churches. As I left the cathedral a battalion of native troops passed on its way to the Jesuit church, and I followed. The Ecuadorian army numbers about a thousand men and boys, part stationed in Guayaquil and a part in the capital. The troops are neatly uniformed in blue cloth with red facings and trimmings, and armed with old Remington rifles. Many of the cartridge-boxes also came originally from the same place, and were plainly marked "U. S." The battalion was largely composed of boys, marshaled without any reference to size. It was preceded by a brass band of about thirty instrumentalists and was followed by about twenty buglers. The step was very quick, and the band played very fair music, which sounded comparatively fine as it reverberated through the arches of the church. This church has a remarkably handsome carved façade. It is about the only example of really beautiful stone carving remaining in Quito. The great wooden doors are also elaborately carved, though in a more modern style than the façade. The altar is very massively and richly gilded, and the walls of the nave are ornamented with raised tile-work pictures which are very effective as seen from below. Near the door is a remarkable picture of the tortures of hell. Lucifer is seen sitting in state upon his hell-hounds, and directs the infernal proceedings. The offense of each victim is painted in plain letters near him. The tortures consist in being devoured by various animals, pierced by knives, in being made to swallow melted lead, and in other ingenious inventions of delirious cruelty.

## CHAPTER IV.

### QUITO—PARADISE OF PRIESTS.

THE system of the Andes is the longest in the world, though not the highest, that being the Himalaya. The Andes lie in parallel ranges, which inclose elevated valleys. This plateau and mountain section are from one hundred to two hundred and fifty miles in width. Quito lies nearly at the northern extremity of a valley, or, more properly, of an elevated plateau, which extends from the borders of Peru to the United States of Colombia, a distance of about four hundred miles. This plateau, which is nearly two miles above the sea-level, has an average width, throughout, of about forty miles, and is shut in from the rest of the world, as it were, by the giant ranges of the Cordillera, one of which I had crossed in my journey from Guayaquil. Entering upon the plateau, I found a "right royal" road, lined with gigantic sentinels of rock and ice and snow, many of them the loftiest and most famous peaks in the world. From one of the neighboring hills I obtained a good general view of the city, which slopes gradually toward the east and extends over the spurs of several hills that cause very abrupt irregularities of surface. It is laid out nearly at right angles, with neatly paved streets but very narrow sidewalks. Each landholder is obliged every day to brush that part of the public thoroughfare before his property. He is also compelled at night to display a candle, and with these alone is the city lighted, save in the great square, where kerosene-lamps are substituted. A fine of forty cents for each offense is imposed upon those who neglect to sweep or illuminate their portion







*Professional Mourners.*

of the public streets. Quito has a decidedly monotonous appearance as viewed from an eminence. There are only three or four church edifices and towers to vary the dull uniformity of the houses; and the streets themselves, rarely more than twenty feet in width, make but slight marks of division. The roofs of most of the houses project over the narrow sidewalks, thus affording some shelter to pedestrians in the rainy season. The streets seem always filled with people, both on foot and on horseback, and the many-colored *ponchos* worn produce a gay effect. Several of the more wealthy residents possess carriages. I saw the President and his family taking the air in an elegant barouche, and the Vice-President walking in the conventional funeral black which seems so incongruous in such a latitude, with such primitive surroundings. The climate of Quito, which lies nearly under the equator, is delightful—a spring the year round.

One morning I visited one of the cemeteries, where the poor are consigned to the ground and the rich inclosed in mural vaults or niches, as in Italy and other European countries. I found a great excavation in the hill-side, which had been bricked around and arranged in three terraces of niches, each of the latter numbered and just large enough to hold a coffin. When the bodies are thus disposed of, the tombs are sealed and covered with the customary inscriptions. Should the rent for these niches be in default for two years, the bones may be removed from the coffins and thrown into a general receptacle like a cistern. I saw several coffins whose contents had been unceremoniously disposed of in this manner. One would suppose that such a threat of ejection would be unnecessary among people with means above abject poverty, but I was informed that this was not the case, and that frequently the bodies of the rich found their way at last to the common grave. A neighboring chapel is reserved for masses for the repose of the souls bodily represented in the cemetery. Near by is a large brick building, filled with cells in which during Lent many of the pious ladies and gentlemen of Quito spend days in flagellation and other ascetic

practices, as a slight atonement for the frivolities of their lives during the preceding year.

Not far from the cemetery is the penitentiary, a large brick and stone building, guarded by troops, and surrounded by a wall twenty feet in height. It was erected by an English engineer a few years ago, and seems admirably adapted to its purposes. Six long and narrow "wings," three stories in height, converge at a central, dome-covered building, whence the guards may have a clear view of all that is passing in them. One building is reserved for women. Altogether there are some five hundred cells, which average eight by five feet in size, with brick floors and small barred windows. During times of revolution the prisoners are largely of a political type, but ordinarily they are confined for theft and murder. The murders are often the results of street brawls committed under the influence of liquor. The women, strange to say, are imprisoned for similar crimes. The men, as with us, are obliged to work out their salvation with some trade, such as candle-making, tailoring, and carpentering. As an illustration of the extraordinary changes of fortune seen every day in Ecuador, the officer who showed me through the penitentiary was once himself confined in it and for the grave crime of murder. He had struck a man, who had died from the effects of the blow. He was tried, but finally pardoned, and is now in possession of an easy situation, with a comfortable salary. The natives take such and similar changes of fortune very philosophically. To-day a man may be a colonel in the army, a recognized position, with good pay; to-morrow a revolution puts the party to which he belongs out of power, and he suddenly finds himself a nobody, without rank and without money. He, however, does not repine. He smokes his cigarettes, he wears smart clothes, he struts as proudly as before, and patiently awaits his opportunity. It may be ten years before this comes, but time is no object to him, and he is almost certain to get to the top again. An Ecuadorian is apt to experience many such strange buffetings of Fate. In returning to the city

I passed a large market held in one of the principal squares. The people were mostly Indians, covered with gay-colored *ponchos*, who had brought upon their donkeys produce of all kinds from the neighboring farms. There was a great quantity of grain and vegetables, not so large a supply of fruit, and but comparatively little meat. The people squatted upon the ground, with their supplies grouped about them. Everything was sold by bulk, either in simple handfuls or in basketfuls. Nothing was weighed. The principal products were wheat, barley, maize, beans, potatoes, guavas, oranges, and apricots.

The next day I visited first the Capitol, a long, columned structure of brick and stucco, situated upon the northern side of the grand square. On the ground floor are common wine-shops, on the second the post and telegraph offices, and on the third the two halls of Congress. The Senate-chamber is a small, plain room, ornamented by a few portraits, with a double row of benches facing each other and extending to a simple tribunal covered with red cloth. Two senators are elected from each province, making a total of twenty-five. The representatives sit in a larger and if possible even plainer room. The arrangement of benches is the same, and the number of their occupants sixty. The Ecuadorian Congress is in session for only two months every year. In the left wing of the Capitol is the office of the President of the Republic. I was so fortunate as to be presented to him, to the Vice-President and to the Minister of War, being first kept waiting a few moments in an antechamber, and then ushered before these magnates by an aide-de-camp in brilliant uniform. The room was long and narrow, with crystal chandeliers, heavy draperies at the windows, an ordinary carpet on the floor, mirrors, book-cases, and tables in the corners, maps and pictures upon the walls, and a large oil-painting of the Virgin Mary opposite the seat of the President. That gentleman, upon my entrance, rose and cordially shook hands with me. His name was J. M. P. Caamaño. He was a medium-sized man, with mustache and side-whiskers, dressed

in black, and with a very pleasant expression and engaging manner. He asked me many questions about my proposed journey in South America, made suggestions concerning that portion of it relating to Ecuador, offered to assist me in any way in his power, and concluded with a special invitation to his house. The President of Ecuador is elected for four years, and his salary per year is twenty-four thousand dollars of the Bank of Quito, or about twelve thousand of American money. The terms of office of the presidents of the South American republics vary, though four years is the general limit; in Chili it is five years, while in the Argentine Republic and Colombia it is six years. The only republic in the world that holds a presidential election every other year is Venezuela. President Caamaño is a very rich man, owning large sugar and cacao plantations. He is patriotic beyond the Ecuadorian measure, and devotes the greater part of his salary to education and other methods of furthering the enlightenment of his people. Though fully conscious of the value of a liberal movement, he is, by force of circumstances, a conservative in his methods. He has, however, but little personal power, and all his acts must be ratified by Congress in order to become laws. There have been several revolutions in Ecuador since my visit, and during one of these President Caamaño was obliged to flee from the capital to Guayaquil, and one of his aides was shot down at his side.

There are very many monasteries in Quito, and one of them, that of San Francisco, is perhaps the largest in the world. With its church it occupies an entire square, and has, besides, rich farms in the neighboring country, upon which it depends for its revenue. Within the city establishment were many quadrangular buildings inclosing fine gardens, with flowers and fountains, where the friars take exercise and into which they may look from their cells. The adjoining corridors are hung with rows of printings of all sorts of biblical legends and myths of the early Catholic Church. The friars of this convent wear a yellowish-white cowl and cassock. Walking about were many young boys who were



*President Caamaño.*



studying for the priesthood, fourteen years' novitiate being necessary to attain that dignity. I climbed the tower to see the bells, one of which was very old and very large. It was suspended from two immense beams by about a hundred doublings of a bull's-hide rope. There were half a dozen other bells of varying sizes and tones. These were all beaten from without. In Quito all day long the bells are kept jingling or tolling for some religious ceremony or other, in some one of its score of churches, and to this are frequently added the braying of bugles and the din of military bands. It is a veritable paradise of priests—there are said to be over four hundred in the city—but something of a pandemonium for the laity. Bishops and priests and friars are always to be seen upon the streets. The bishops walk slowly along, bestowing their blessings right and left, or giving their great seal-rings or gloved hands to be kissed by the simple-minded Indians, who kneel at the curbstone in such numbers as almost to block the travel and traffic of the street. It is very largely the contributions of the poor Indians which support the ecclesiastical institutions. This contingent is always present in great numbers in the churches and is the most devout among the devout. It greatly delights in the external pomp and parade of religion, and superstitiously venerates ecclesiastics of all denominations.

The copying of old religious paintings is a special industry of Quito. I visited one of the artists, who is so famous that he does not depend for his bread upon saints sold by the square foot, but also paints landscapes and portraits in a very creditable fashion. All work of this sort is remarkably cheap. A capital life-size portrait may be had for twelve dollars, American gold; while huge copies of old theological masterpieces may be obtained for one dollar and upward, literally being sold by the area. Effigies of the Virgin Mary and the saints, carved in wood and covered with lace embroidery, are also numbered among Quito manufactures; but neither display much taste in design or cleverness in execution. A lost art is that of marquetry, a kind of mosaic, executed in hard



and curiously grained wood, and other material, inlaid and arranged in an infinite variety of patterns. A rich gentleman whom I visited had all the furniture of his library of this kind of workmanship. The basic structure was a dark wood resembling polished mahogany, and the figures and ornamental work were of a lighter colored wood like maple. There were designs combining plants and animals, very beautiful arabesques, and fancy borders of all sorts. This style of furniture is of course very valuable.

Only three European ministers reside in Quito—the Papal nuncio and the representatives of France and England. America is not even represented by a *chargé d'affaires*, though at Guayaquil we have a consul-general, who visits the capital when necessary. No American interests need attention in Quito, and few American ships visit Guayaquil. About fifty foreigners do business in Quito—French, Italians, and Germans. A foreigner is exempt from taxation, and not only is freely allowed to establish himself in business and make all the money he can, but is generally courted by native society and treated with great deference. Most of the resident foreigners are either wealthy or on the road to wealth. The natives are too apathetic to successfully compete with them in any kind of business, and the Indians are still worse than the creoles. A friend of mine long resident in Quito told me that once, on returning from a morning ride in the country, his horse floundered into a deep mud-hole, and, not being able by any means to extricate him, he feelingly appealed to some Indians who were passing to lend their assistance. The natives merely laughed at him, and said that they must be off on their way to Quito. He offered them fifty cents apiece, but they paid no attention, and started off. Seeing this, he became desperate and fell upon them with his horse-whip. This had the desired effect, and his horse was saved. "You see," he concluded, "the native does not understand or appreciate kindness. A request, in order to receive attention, must be accompanied by hard words and often by a blow." Foreigners generally invest

their earnings in real estate, the value of which in a country of chronic revolutionary tendencies, fluctuates less than that of any other form of investment. As there is a Bank of Ecuador at Guayaquil, so there is a Bank of Quito at the capital, and both are chartered by the state. The bills, which are usually of one and five pesos, or native dollars, in value, are small and very tastefully engraved by the American Bank-Note Company of New York. But strange to relate, the paper money of the bank at the sea-coast—the chief port of Ecuador, and only five days' travel from Quito—is at a premium of twenty-five per cent in the certificates of the bank in the interior, while the bills of the latter do not pass current in Guayaquil. I think this difference between capital and seaport of the same country is quite unparalleled. In such a wretched and moribund condition is the currency, that there are what they call hard and soft dollars in Quito, the former having one hundred cents and the latter but eighty. So poor or so dishonorable is the Government, that it is either unable or unwilling to pay the comparatively small sum of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars which it owes the Bank of Quito. It may be said to be totally bankrupt. It of course promises ; but natives are not misled by these half as much as are the sanguine and trusting foreigners. The foreign debt of Ecuador is about two million dollars, and this is mostly held by English capitalists. A great deal of the silver of Quito does not pass current in Guayaquil. Much counterfeit money has to be guarded against, and coins of certain dates, containing excessive alloy, are refused. Colombian money is accepted only at a discount, and Bolivian silver not at all. It is hard to prognosticate how far the paper money of Quito may depreciate. At the time of my visit forty-three dollars of it were gladly exchanged for a United States twenty-dollar gold-piece. The occupations of foreigners in Ecuador are naturally diverse. Several of them are engaged to build railways and highways for the Government, others own cacao-plantations, but most are employed as retail merchants in the capital. The drug business is one of the

most lucrative. No foreign physicians are discovered in Quito, but native ones abound. These send their patients with prescriptions to the drug-stores, where their wants are attended to, but no boxes or bottles are supplied. Each customer must bring all such articles from home. No accounts are kept; it is a strictly cash business. But, even if you have money, you can not always use it. In sending a telegram I had to pay in postage-stamps, that being the singular rule of the Government office. On the telegraph blank a warning was printed that no dispatches which might offend morals would be received. I was greatly relieved when mine was accepted.

## CHAPTER V.

### BREAKFASTING IN AN ACTIVE VOLCANO.

THE residence of the English minister, situated upon the outskirts of the city, I found a pleasant retreat. A lofty wall with a peak of tiles incloses beautiful gardens of trees, shrubs, flowers, and walks. The adobe house, two stories in height, occupies three sides of a quadrangle, upon which the gate immediately opens. Here in the court-yard a fountain plays, a monkey swings from a long hide rope, beautiful peacocks spread their tails in extremest pride, a huge stuffed condor and other birds adorn the piazza-posts, antlers gleam from the walls, and cheery glimpses are had of office and dining-room on one side, and of parlor and bedrooms on the other. Like so many other Englishmen, the minister is devoted to outdoor sports, as guns and dogs, whips and spurs, and a lawn-tennis court abundantly testified.

Quito is well supplied with a hospital; for, notwithstanding the fact that its climate is so nearly perfect—like the month of May in the Northern United States—yet so great are the changes from the hot sun of midday to the chills of evening, that pneumonia and other lung and also throat troubles are very prevalent. Upon entering a gentleman's house, I was always advised to retain my hat, and it is not customary for gentlemen calling in the evening to remove their cloaks. The hospital has about five hundred beds. It is under the direction of French Sisters of Charity. There are also a lunatic asylum and a retreat for lepers. The lunatics are well cared for, having comfortable cells and suitable food. The lepers, though of course housed by them-

selves, are allowed to marry. They were a piteously horrible-looking set, who leered and grinned at me behind the barred windows. There is an observatory in Quito, well supplied with instruments of good quality, but it lacks a director, and no astronomical work is at present being done. A large theatre is in process of erection. The rich men of the capital prefer sending their children to Paris or London to obtain education, though Quito owns a college. The court-yard of this building is filled with flowers, surrounding a central fountain, and the students may be seen walking up and down the corridors repeating their lessons aloud. The library consists mostly of old books in Spanish, Latin, and French. The museum contains a small collection of stuffed animals, insects, minerals, shells, and corals. There is a good chemical laboratory.

In company with a Quito friend and an Indian guide, I made a visit of a couple of days to the celebrated peak of Pichincha, which has the deepest crater and is the highest continuously active volcano in the world. It is not visible from the capital, but may be reached by five hours' ride to the west. Pichincha, in the Indian language, signifies the "boiling mountain." Leaving the city in the late afternoon, we rode about half the distance to the summit, over several of the minor ridges southwest of Quito, and remained overnight in a small farm-house. At four the next morning we mounted our horses for the remainder of the ascent. The trail was exceedingly steep, and slippery from recent rains, and both of us had disagreeable and dangerous falls. But, as we steadily ascended ridge after ridge, we were rewarded by splendid views of the valley and ranges of minor hills behind us, and of huge snow-capped peaks at great distances on every side. The rich and fertile valley of Quito was prettily diversified with fields of wheat, barley, and clover. Here and there were small villages, and between them detached farm-houses, each with its little assemblage of out-buildings. We were soon above the clouds, which began to fill some of the valleys with their silvery fleece, which once

or twice we mistook for a lake glistening in the morning sun. We had passed beyond the zone of trees, and, entering that of stunted shrubs, saw just before us nothing more of life save coarse grass. Even up to the very brim of the crater there were numbers of animals—rabbits, humming-birds, a few condors, and at least one fox. The cone of the volcano several times loomed directly before us, but, as usually happens in the translucent atmosphere of great altitudes, we seemed constantly nearing without prospect of touching, like the notorious asymptote that mathematicians love. But finally we succeeded. The last part of the ascent, though very steep, may be made by horses and mules to the actual edge of the crater. The long, jagged outline of the summit is composed of rough, bare rocks, whitish sand, pumice, and ashes. For a considerable distance below the top we threaded our way between huge boulders and masses of conglomerated lava—the field of stones which all the volcanoes of Ecuador possess in common. We dismounted a few moments before reaching the summit, in order to place our saddle-horses in a sheltered nook, but the mule bearing our breakfast we led into the crater with us.

The great distinguishing feature of Ecuador, as of all the other countries on the west coast of South America, is the gigantic mountain system. Before leaving home I erred, I think, in company with many others, in my general idea of the arrangement and appearance of the Andes. I imagined, as with the Himalayas, that there were long ranges of snow-crested mountains, from which occasionally arose the peaks celebrated in geography and history. But this is wrong, at least in so far as the peaks of Ecuador are concerned, for her ranges are rarely topped with snow, and are, comparatively speaking, low, while the loftiest summits are almost universally isolated. Hence the astonishing yet charming effect produced by low ranges of green hills, above and far beyond which appear, at almost every angle of the compass, the glistening cones or domes or jagged points of world-famous peaks. It is said that in some places the Andes are sinking,

and, if so, a connection may be hypothetically traced between the frequent earthquakes and certain of these subsidences. The city of Quito is known to have sunk twenty-six feet in one hundred and twenty-two years; the peak of Pichincha two hundred and eighteen feet in the same time; and the farm of Antisana, one of the highest of human habitations, one hundred and sixty-five feet in sixty-four years. The squeezing of the crust of the earth produced by such shrinkages must cause violent dislocations in the surrounding regions. Hence the earthquakes that appall the world.

The air was clear as crystal, and the firmament of a very delicate deep blue. In view was a half-circle of great, snow-capped mountains, their giant flanks rising from velvety green pastures and enormous fields of yellow grain. In the eastern Cordillera stood first, beginning at the south, the terrible volcano of Sangai. Then came tapering Cotopaxi, saddle-shaped Antisana, rugged Sincholagua, and square-topped Cayambi streaked with snow over its dark rocks, nearly twenty thousand feet in height, and standing exactly on the equator. In the western Cordillera, nearer at hand, we had a momentary glance at Chimborazo, as this leviathan disclosed his face. The much smaller but neighboring peak, Carahuirazo, called the wife of Chimborazo, came next, and then jagged Iliniza; while conical Cotacache approached close to Pichincha. Within a radius of fifty miles from Quito, and all visible on a clear morning from the summit of Pichincha, are a score of Andean monarchs, whose names, however, are not as well known as those just mentioned.

It would be easy to give, in barometrical, linear, and geometrical measurements, exact details of Pichincha, defining its topography; but the impression of a first view is more difficult to be conveyed in writing. Even with the assistance of a quotation from Dante's "*Inferno*" (always a stock reference in describing volcanoes), the task is not easy. The highest crest of the mountain is nearly sixteen thousand feet above sea-level, and the crater itself being about twenty-five hundred feet deep, its bottom is still four thousand

feet above Quito. There is, however, no fear of a flow upon the capital, should another great eruption occur, for a vast rent toward the west opens upon the fertile Ecuadorian province of Esmeraldas, into which the contents of the volcano would undoubtedly make their escape. The crater, as it may at present be viewed, is about one mile in diameter at top, and perhaps fifteen hundred feet at bottom. This great gulf is an imposing and awful sight. The precipices of gray and reddish trachyte, the gigantic crags with knife-like edges, the sulphur banks, the yellow and white sand, the black rugged cliffs, and the heaps of scorixæ, make a weird picture not readily forgotten. Near one corner springs a small river which was once strong enough to tear its way through the rim of the crater and rush forth, a mad mountain torrent, toward freedom and the Pacific. The chief signs of life on the occasion of my visit were the steam issuing from fissures, and a powerful odor of sulphur as the wind wafted it toward me from time to time. The descent into the abyss is perilous and laborious, as its steep sides—standing mostly at an angle of forty-five degrees—are largely composed of loose rocks and sand, so that the dislodging of a single small stone may produce something more than a miniature avalanche. After a leisurely breakfast down in the crater, away from the wind, we proceeded to inspect special parts. About the highest pinnacles snow is always found in the clefts of the rocks. This is carried to Quito and utilized in the preparation of ice-cream. We left the crater at ten o'clock and, after a hard ride, reached Quito at two in the afternoon.

On July 13th I left Quito on my return journey to Guayaquil. I took the coach as far as Ambato, where I was fortunate enough to be invited to join a party of Ecuadorians who were also going down to the seaport. The native method of riding is more amusing than tiresome. They go at a gallop for about an hour, when a halt of ten minutes is made, in which to drink a small cup of sweetened spirits and to smoke cigarettes or cigars. Before we reached Chuqui-



poyo it had become quite dark and was raining heavily, but our break-neck speed was not a bit slackened. It was a novel experience to be riding at a gallop, and not able even to see your horse's ears. The next morning we started before daylight for Guaranda, a town on the opposite side of Chimborazo, over a spur of which, fourteen thousand feet in height, it was necessary for us to pass. Once we lost our way, but, dawn breaking, soon found it again. It was a long and dreary ride over barren wastes and grassy slopes, up and down, on, on, seemingly without end. The wind on the flanks of Chimborazo sometimes blows with the force of a hurricane, but we were fortunate in experiencing a mist, which prevented the wind, but also obscured the sun. We reached the town of Guaranda just before the beginning of a tropical rain of the most extraordinary violence I have ever seen. The streets suddenly became rivers, and it was impossible for us to continue our journey until morning.

We soon reached the beautiful and justly famed valley of Chimbo, with its fertile fields of varying shades, and now we had left behind the great snow-fields of Chimborazo, shining serenely in their dazzling whiteness. After reaching the western rim of the valley, we began to descend over a bad road, which soon became worse. It had apparently at one time been paved with huge blocks of stone, but the severe winter rains and incessant travel of man and beast had jumbled these into inconceivable confusion. Over them and between them and around them we were compelled slowly to find our way. Once or twice the road was so steep and slippery that we had to dismount and let our mules slide down inclines a couple of hundred feet in length. Still, down, down we went, on foot or on mule-back, over and around the unending spurs, and into and out of the valleys, until darkness came on, and after all we had not reached our destination. We nevertheless proceeded, our guide leading at what seemed to me in the obscurity to be a very dangerous pace. We had had most beautiful views all the day, and would doubtless have seen the Pacific, but for the clouds which lay before us like a



*Chimborazo from a Height of Fourteen Thousand Feet.*



vast ocean of bright white foam. We slept for the night in a miserable village inn, and went on again at daylight. We had now once more reached the tropics, had left far behind the temperate table-land of central Ecuador. We had arrived in the land of hammocks—those abodes of mental as well as physical inertia. We passed through immense plantations of coffee, cacao, oranges, bananas, and sugar-cane. One of the most striking characteristics of the small Republic of Ecuador is the abruptness with which one passes from the wheat and barley fields of the interior to the palms and cocoanuts of the coast. The landscape quickly changes from that of a New England farm to an East Indian jungle. The climate of Quito is cool, uniform, and healthy for European settlers, but Guayaquil is hot, moist, and insalubrious. We stopped frequently, at the farm-houses, for drinks, now of *chicha*, a native beer somewhat like our lager in taste and strength; now of *guarapo*, a sort of sweet and rather palatable beer; again of fresh sugar-cane juice, most refreshing to a heated and tired rider. It is said that in summer, during the rainy season, the roads are all but impassable; that then there is no travel save by the mail-carriers and those few whose business is too urgent to be postponed. I had an inkling of how difficult this sort of travel must be, for we had to make many miles through a tract of morass where the rocks and holes and rivers and mud were something terrible to contemplate and worse to experience. The mules could not always keep their feet, often sank up to their bellies, and were unable to progress much faster than a mile an hour. We had our skin torn by the bushes, our feet and legs bruised by the rocks, and our clothes covered and hair matted with the mud. We passed many troops of mules and donkeys transporting merchandise of all sorts to the capital. The expense of carrying heavy articles in this manner is, of course, very great. For a portion of a small boiler one hundred dollars was the freightage. We reached Bodegas, the head of winter navigation on the Guayas River, about five one afternoon, and were glad to learn that a small steamer

would leave the next day at noon for Guayaquil. In the evening two military bands alternately played in the largest square, and all the town was there to hear. With German compositions the native musicians grapple in vain, but with Spanish songs and dance music they are more successful. We amused ourselves on the way down the river by shooting alligators, which greatly abound. We frequently saw half a dozen huge fellows lying on the banks and looking at a distance like the trunks of old trees. They are difficult to kill, but after much practice we succeeded in dispatching a few.

## CHAPTER VI.

### COASTWISE TO CALLAO.

ON July 23d I left Guayaquil for Callao, and on the very same steamer as that in which I had come down from Panama, it having in the mean time made a round trip north and south. We had only two or three cabin but many deck passengers. These last are generally supplied with food by the steamer, but have to arrange their own sleeping accommodations, either in hammocks or upon their baggage. At eight in the morning we reached our first station in Peru, the little town of Payta, approaching its almost landlocked roadstead through vast schools of young porpoises, hundreds of thousands of sea-birds, many huge turtles, and a few small whales. The sea-birds, a sort of large duck or gull, predominating, were so gorged with fish that they could scarcely rise from the water in order to avoid the steamer, and their first effort before attempting this was to disburden themselves of the acquisition. The shore in the vicinity of Payta consists of great bluffs of yellow sand. Not a tree or sprig of vegetation of any sort is in sight. So barren, indeed, is the country hereabout, that a story is told to the effect that a man having painted a tree upon his door was hardly surprised that it was devoured by some passing donkeys, it being the only green thing in the place. In a little corner of the bay, upon a plain at the base of the yellow bluffs, lies the equally yellow and utterly dilapidated town. We anchored near a United States man-of-war, and some Portuguese and Peruvian ships, and proceeded at once to load with coal from a hulk belonging to the steamer company, and to dispatch our cargo

to the shore in large lighters. Though Payta itself seems insignificant and desolate, the country inland is very rich in agricultural products, and boasts some towns of manufacturing importance. The Peruvian port-officers visited us, as the Ecuadorians had done in Guayaquil, with ostentatious display of uniform and bunting, the national flag having red, white, and red vertical stripes, with the arms of Peru in the center. Upon landing, one finds merely a poor, tumble-down collection of grass-thatched, one-story huts, of adobe and bamboo, packed tightly upon narrow, irregular, unpaved streets. In one place is a railway-station, whence a train is dispatched every day about twenty miles up one of the fertile valleys of the interior. It is the intention to continue this railway twenty miles farther, to the town of Piura, which stands in the midst of a blooming oasis. This railway was originally built for the Government by a Danish contractor, but it is now owned by the well-known American house of Grace Brothers & Company, brokers and commission-merchants, of Lima, Callao, and Valparaiso. There being no water in Payta, one of the duties of this little railway is daily to bring in a proper supply. We left the yellow town, with its background of tawny sand-hills, early in the afternoon, and again headed toward the south. During the night we passed a small village where, strange to say, the vernacular of some Chinese immigrant coolies, who had settled there, was understood by the native inhabitants. This is an important and interesting fact in connection with the theory of Asiatic migration across the Pacific.

Early in the morning we anchored in the roadstead of Pimental, itself only a little cluster of huts, but the port for a fertile district inland. It is so all along the coast of Peru and Bolivia. Such of the land as is seen from the ocean is arid and without vegetation; but from the ports, railways or lines of mules pass up into the productive valleys and bring down rich freight for the steamers. At Pimental we loaded chiefly cotton, though there were also ox-hide bales of tobacco. Here our cargo was brought by a curious sort of lighter called

a *balsa*. This is simply a raft of great timbers, with a single mast supporting a large oblong sail. It is navigated by half a dozen men, and will sail very fast with a favorable wind. It is steered by four men with long paddles. Upon the middle of this primitive craft, raised a couple of feet on transverse beams, covered with grass, reposes the freight. These *balsas* are literally unsinkable, and frequently make long coasting voyages. Going on about ten miles, we reach Eten, scarcely more than an iron pier, nearly a mile in length, from which a railway runs into the interior. When there is not much business, these steamers frequently call at three or four ports in a day. We reached Pacasmayo, the next station, late in the evening. Morning disclosed a solitary circular roadstead, with another iron pier, about a mile in length, leading to the sandy shore, and a small mud and bamboo village beyond. Near Pacasmayo are some very extensive ruins, which it is said even the Incas found in a dilapidated condition when they came into the country. There are also several of the huge mounds which the Incas themselves, not less than the Aztecs in the United States and Mexico, were so fond of rearing. A railway runs from Pacasmayo to the town of Santa Magdalena, which is in a very fertile region. Still farther to the eastward is situated the city of Cajamarca, which has twelve thousand inhabitants and is historically noteworthy as being the spot where the last of the Incas, the unfortunate Atahualpa, was murdered by the brutal Pizarro. In this place are still shown the jail where Atahualpa was confined, and the block upon which he was beheaded, the room he proposed to fill with gold in exchange for his life, the baths, and other reminiscences of the lordly Incas. Pacasmayo is the Pacific port through which that rich district of northwestern Brazil, called Amazonas, and the head-waters of the Amazon, are generally reached by merchants, traders, and transcontinental travelers. The route is by mule over the sub-hills to the Huallaga River, whence there is uninterrupted steam navigation to Pará, at the mouth of the Amazon, a distance of over three thousand miles. The next port



at which we called was Samanco, whose two-storied custom-house was situated at the mouth of a little green valley, though all around were bare, brown hillocks and mounds of sand, that vividly recalled the Nubian Desert.

The views of the lava-like coast range, in coming down from Pacasmayo, were very fine. Though there are no fiords, and though these mountains are very much higher than the highest Norwegian mountains, yet the generally steep and sterile appearance continually reminded me of the coast range of Norway. The many scenes of utter desolation, chaotic confusion, and peculiar loneliness, are quite analogous. The effect of viewing them, range behind range, is here, as in Norway, greatly to increase their actual altitude. But here, with a powerful sun, the profiles of the mountains are much more distinct, and the varying lights and shadows of their ridges, valleys, and summits render the panorama much more picturesque. In Norway all is grim and somber, here it is in part bright and vari-colored. In places very charming effects are produced by a flat, green shore, beyond which are stretches of sandy hillocks, then low lines of brown and black hills, deeply furrowed, and still farther away lofty violet-colored ranges of the mighty Andes, with broad oceans of fleecy clouds below their top-most ridges. Over all burns a heaven of the purest blue. Many of the peaks are but sparsely snow-capped. Nearer the sea are dull-brown lava hills, without even a spear of grass showing in any of their numerous depressions from base to summit. The mountains are all remarkably precipitous. Those which stand more immediately upon the coast look for all the world as if they had been directly thrown up from neighboring volcanic craters. Many huge caverns have been worn by the sea into their gray and black bases. The different colors of some of the stratified rocks present a very marked contrast to these. We called at the microscopic port of Casma, and next came Supe, situated on a circular harbor, like most of the other towns at which we had touched.

Our last stop before reaching Callao was Huacho ; and here I varied the monotony of the voyage by again going on shore, being carried upon the shoulders of natives through the high-rolling surf. The town I found to be of mud and bamboo houses, but a single story in height ; streets irregular and narrow, but with sidewalks made of sections of hard trees, after the style of our "Nicholson" pavement. The chief plaza had a fine fountain, surrounded by beautiful flowers. On one side was the large cathedral, with a cylindrical roof of bamboo and mud. The shops contained a fair variety of goods. There were a number of foreign merchants—Italians, French, and Germans. I ascended the tower of a church for a panoramic view. In the distance were many groves of tropical trees, here and there the farm-houses of large sugar estates, and beyond them the hills, the everlasting hills. This range, it is almost needless to add, one sees from Panama to Cape Horn, the coasting steamers rarely losing sight of it for many hours at a time. The scenic order is always the same : it is first the sandy plain, then the coast range, then the elevated plateau, then the loftier line whose eastern slope gradually declines to the vast undulating plains and forests of Brazil.

The following morning at daybreak, six days out from Guayaquil, we arrived at Callao, and anchored in a "forest of masts." In the roadstead were half a dozen foreign men-of-war, among them the noted Chilean cruiser *Esmeralda*, which I afterward visited, and twenty or thirty steamers, among them six or eight belonging to the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, and laid up to await more prosperous business than just then offered. The city of Callao, lying upon a level plain, was only partly discernible, yet it had a look of business activity very different from anything I had yet seen on the west coast, and reminding me at once of home. The many smoke-emitting factory-chimneys ; the three-story brick houses ; the locomotives and cars of the two railroads which run hourly to Lima ; the hundreds of boats, lighters, and steam-tugs—all betokened a higher civilization than I had

yet witnessed. I was soon taken ashore and landed upon a splendid stone mole. Of the two lines of railway leading to the capital, one belongs to an English, the other to an American company. I selected the English, intending to return by the other. The cars are divided into two classes, in both of which smoking is universal. Leaving Callao, we passed over a great plain, sterile at first, but afterward covered with grass and various other vegetable produce. A pleasant diversity to the general level was the appearance of two or three convents, with their neatly whitewashed buildings and walls, through whose gates were seen beautiful gardens of brightly blooming flowers. Arriving at Lima, I soon found the "Hôtel de France et Angleterre," with its comfortable rooms and capital French *cuisine*. The hotel was a very rambling sort of affair, with many court-yards and many rooms. The center of the largest court-yard was full of flowers, shrubs, and vines, around which, standing in the open air, were two rows of dining-tables. There were tables in inner rooms, also, upon the ground-floor. The corridors were all paved with brick tiles, and filled with tubs of beautiful flowers. In the second story were the lodging-rooms, with doors and windows opening, as usual, upon the court instead of the street. You pay a fixed price per day for the rooms, but for meals you may arrange on either the European or American plan. As soon as I was settled in my rooms, an agent of the police called upon me with printed blanks to be filled up as to my age, nationality, religion, business, home, destination, etc. I arrived at Lima in the rainy season, though but little rain ever falls in the city itself. Being the middle of winter, I found the weather cool enough for woolen clothing. The anniversary of Peruvian independence was being celebrated. This was in commemoration of the overthrow of Spanish authority and Peru's organization into a republic. The city was in gala dress, so far as bunting goes, and, in addition to the national banner, one saw everywhere the flags of other nationalities; chiefly however, those of France, Germany, and Italy.





*General O'Carroll.*

Horse-races are given at some distance out of the city, and to these I was invited by a friend who came down on the steamer with me and who is engaged in business in Lima. An hourly train conveyed visitors to the track, a half-mile stretch. From a seat in the grand stand I saw the houses of Callao, the shipping in the roadstead, and the ocean beyond, as well as the spires of the churches and many of the dwellings of Lima. Foreigners were out in great force. The Lima ladies were generally dressed in the very latest French styles, with accompaniments of paint and powder. But what shall I say of the races? Nothing in praise, certainly. They were all of the running description, and but little attention was paid by the jockeys to skill of any kind. A military band occasionally favored us with waltzes and other lively music. In the midst of the racing a number of richly uniformed personages, with a large, mounted staff, rode up to the grand stand, cap in hand, while the entire throng rose and the men lifted their hats. The President of the Republic, General Iglesias, had arrived, together with his Minister of War and Padre Tovar. They were given seats in the center of the grand stand. Iglesias was a man of medium size, slightly built, about sixty years old, with furrowed forehead and face, bright eyes, gray mustache and hair. He was dressed in a general's uniform, and smiled grimly to those among the spectators whom he recognized. General Cáceres, who was at that time disputing the presidency with Iglesias, was believed to be somewhere to the eastward of the capital, in the mountains. Six months before, he had been in command of Arequipa, the second city of Peru in numbers and in political importance. At the period of my visit, the government troops were unable to dislodge him. The greater number of the citizens of Lima and all the remaining people of Peru were interested in the success of Cáceres, as they did not approve of the policy of Iglesias in making peace with Chili. It was said, also, that were it not for Chilian influence and the presence of the famous ironclad *Esmeralda* at Callao, Cáceres would be able, with such re-enforcements as he would be sure

to receive, to march upon Lima and readily capture it. Chili, after the terrible thrashing she had recently given Peru, was still greatly dreaded. To see the gay *fêtes* of the day, one would not have dreamed that revolutions were in progress at different points in the country, and that the great mass of the Peruvians were in favor of an immediate overthrow of the authorities. The subsequent events by which Cáceres victoriously entered the capital are too well known to require recapitulation. General Cáceres, who is now President, is a clever tactician and a statesman of more than average ability, besides being a true patriot who commands the sympathies and confidence of his countrymen.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### LIMA.

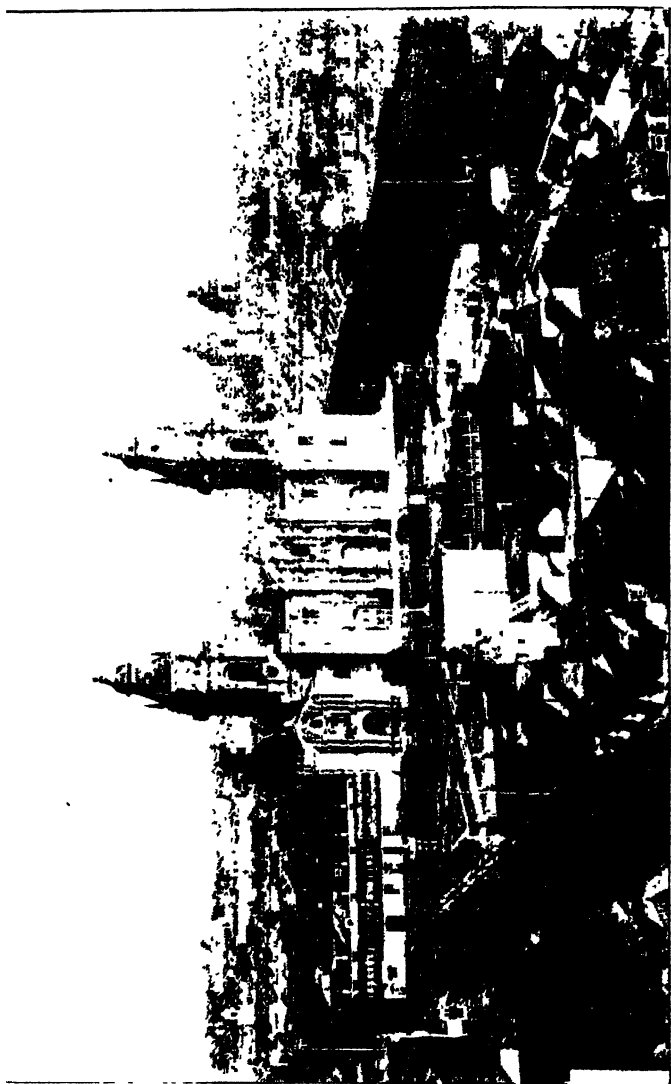
ON the morning following my arrival, having been awakened very early by the clanging and banging which in all Spanish towns the world over call the people from bed to church, I took the hint and started forth to visit the famous cathedral, which occupies the southeastern corner of the Grand Plaza. In the immediate vicinity are government buildings and the shops of petty merchants. The shops are merely square boxes, with no means of exit save their front doors, and no light except by the same route. They contain admirable displays of goods, and seem to embrace every variety of business. Especially noticeable are the shops of the money-changers, the jewelers, and restaurants and saloons of all kinds, kept generally by Frenchmen or Italians. The plaza is neatly paved with cobble-stones. In its center is a small octagonal garden having a tall bronze fountain topped by a figure very like that of the Bethesda fountain in Central Park, New York. There are also some marble statues, of mediocre merit, and several marble settees. There are a few trees in the plaza, but they, as well as the flowers, suffer greatly from lack of a fertile soil and an adequate supply of water. The plaza and gardens at night are illuminated by many circles and rows of gas-jets. At this time all Lima congregates to promenade and listen to a military band, but during the day it is the great cathedral which rivets the eye of the traveler. Being raised six feet or so upon a marble terrace, with its yellow, time-stained walls, its quaint architecture, and gracefully proportioned towers, it produces a very charming effect



from a distance. A nearer view somewhat dispels this illusion ; for, although much of the oldest part of the façade, with its pillars of red marble, its niches filled with statuary, and its ornamentations generally, yet remains, most of the modern additions are in brick and wood and stucco. The upper portions of the towers are wholly of wood and stucco. The interior is greatly diminished in grandeur by an inclosed choir, though the great height of the ceiling, with its groined arches colored in white and gold, produces a good effect. At either side are the usual number of chapels, filled with wretched wooden carvings, poor paintings, tinsel *bric-à-brac*, and Virgin Marys with huge silver crowns and crinoline of heavy, gold-embroidered silk. The high altar is remarkably plain, though accommodating some handsome silver candlesticks. In the choir is a very fine, large organ. The stalls here are elegantly carved with full-length figures of saints and bishops. In the crypt are the embalmed remains of the great Francisco Pizarro, transferred from the old cathedral, which was built on the same site in 1607 by the valiant *conquistador* himself. They lie on a moldy shelf beside the body of the good viceroy Mendoza. Pizarro's bones are fast crumbling to dust, and the few remaining pieces of skin which still cling to them, dry and withered as they are, are rapidly disappearing under the inroads of eager relic-hunters.

From the summit of one of a range of hills, called Cerro de San Cristobal, a short distance to the north, the best panoramic view of the city and its surrounding mountains may be obtained. It is then seen that Lima lies upon level ground, near a small river, the Rimac, which is quite dry during most of the year, but so swollen at times, by the melting of the snow in the mountains, that its banks have to be walled with great stones. It is crossed by three bridges, and a small section of the capital lies to the northeast of it. Lima is laid out at right angles. The streets are about twenty feet in width, and paved with cobble-stones ; the sidewalks are rarely more than three feet in width. A curious and awkward custom is that of giving the streets a new





*Interior of Lima*

name on each block, so that you have to remember the same street under a score or so of names. Tram-cars run in the chief thoroughfares. Native owners introduced them. A ride in them costs the equivalent of two and a half American cents. There are also hackney-coaches like some of those in New York ; they are remarkably cheap and in universal demand. For one passenger, a ride to any part of the city costs but ten cents ; or, the coach being hired by the hour, it can be kept all day for fifty cents. The city is lighted by gas supplied from huge brackets attached to the walls of about every fifth house. The houses, generally built of mud and bamboo, are but two stories in height, with balconies which are inclosed by small panes of glass, and which, in the upper stories, project so regularly over the street as to form for pedestrians an almost continuous protection from sun and rain. Some of the older of these balconies are made of a hard, dark wood, which is intricately and beautifully carved ; and these, together with the varying colors with which the houses are painted, make the street vistas very picturesque. The roofs of the houses are flat, and usually utilized as lounging-places on sultry nights. In the suburbs the houses are but one story in height, built with enormously thick walls of unburned brick. Their unflammable character makes a fire in Lima almost unknown, and its dangerous spread impossible. Nevertheless, proper precautions have been taken. There are two Peruvian fire brigades, well supplied with steamers, old-fashioned pumping-engines, hook-and-ladder accessories, and other excellent miscellany, though the necessary horses are not stabled upon the brigades' premises, but at some distance in other streets. A few of the foreign nations so liberally represented in Lima also have each an engine-house.

During my stay in Lima I of course visited most of the public buildings. Facing one of the many little plazas of the city, which contains a fine statue of General Bolivar, surrounded by plants and flowers, stand the Houses of Congress, the one styled the Hall of Senators, the other that of Deputies. I paused for a moment to observe the equestrian statue,

in which the attitudes of both horse and rider are very spirited and natural. The horse career: on his hind-legs, like the famous one of Peter the Great in St. Petersburg. The forward part of the horse is hollow, and the hind-legs and tail are solid, in order to preserve a very difficult equipoise. On the marble pedestal are beautiful bas-reliefs, in marble, of well-known battles in which Bolivar was the hero; an inscription to him, as the liberator of Peru; and the date of erection of the monument, 1856. The Hall of Senators I found to be simply a long, narrow room, with papered walls, and a plain wooden desk at one end. The ceiling, built of a fine dark wood, and intricately carved, could not be more out of place than with such miserable surroundings. The entrance and ante-rooms are also of the meanest character. A great contrast to the Hall of the Senators was that of the Deputies, on another side of the same plaza. This is situated in a large, single-story building, with broad corridors, and a court full of flowers and statues. The chamber is long and narrow, but with a lofty ceiling. It is ornamented in white and gold, a gay carpet is upon the floor, and there are two hundred red-leather chairs arranged in three rows for the deputies. Galleries are provided for the diplomatic corps, and at one end is a half-concealed gallery for women. In the center, at one side, are two highly ornamented chairs of state, surmounted by the arms of Peru.

The principal market of Lima is a large, single-story building, occupying an entire block. There is an exterior row of dry-goods and notion shops, kept mostly by Italians, who thus hope to catch the custom of some of the great numbers of people who have to visit the market. The wooden roof is raised above the walls, thus affording ample light and ventilation. The floor is of asphalt. The stalls are arranged in long rows, with cross-walks. The general appearance is unlike our markets, in that the venders—even the butchers—are nearly all women, and each variety of produce is stored by itself. Fish are kept in rows of large stone tanks, supplied with pipes of running water. There seemed to be a

great profusion of every sort of food, which was sold at very cheap rates. The vegetables and fruits were especially interesting, embracing, as they did, the best-known products of two zones.

The National Library is a fine, large building, in the usual quadrangular style, and two stories in height. The librarian, Señor Ricardo Palma, who has quite a foreign as well as local reputation, as a writer on Peruvian traditions, was good enough to show me through the institution. In the large entrance-hall is the best-known example of modern Peruvian art, "The Obsequies of Atahualpa," by Monteros, a canvas about thirty by twenty feet. This was formerly preserved in the cathedral, and during the late war was taken away to Santiago by the Chilians, but was afterward returned, in good condition, at the request of Señor Palma. The library is entered through handsome large iron gates, and consists of long, communicating rooms—three sides of the quadrangle. The ceiling and book-cases are in plain dark wood, and the books are screened by wire doors. At present there are only about thirty thousand volumes. These are upon all subjects, in all languages, and mostly bound in fine leather. The Chilians robbed this library of many thousands of volumes and rare old manuscripts. One room, however, is still full of manuscripts, and another of valuable old portraits of the viceroys and former presidents. It is the only collection of pictures open to the public in Lima. The library is supplied with a commodious reading-room, and Señor Palma's office is full of excellent and costly paintings.

Besides the equestrian statue of General Bolivar, already mentioned, there is another specially attractive work of art, the Column of the 2d of May. It is erected in memory of those Peruvians who fell, though victorious against the Spaniards, in the battle of Callao Bay in 1866. It will be noticed that this monument is named, in the popular French fashion, by mentioning only the day of the month on which the event commemorated took place. In Peru such a plan will scarcely create the confusion found in the many holidays of France.

On the western boundary of the city, beyond the dwellings, in the center of a large plaza near one of the boulevards laid out by the great railway magnate, Henry Meiggs, stands this graceful monument, a fluted shaft of white marble, on a massive granite base, with battle tablets of brown bronze, while above are yellow bronze female figures, typical of war and peace. Still higher are many ornaments in green bronze, and the column is topped by a large gilt figure of Victory, almost exactly like that of the German trophy near the Brandenburg Gate of Berlin. The entire monument is about seventy-five feet in height. The pure white of the marble and the different shades of bronze produce a very pleasing effect.

The most splendid public building of Lima is undoubtedly that styled the 2d of May Hospital. It occupies an entire block, and is certainly one of the largest and best-appointed general hospitals I have seen outside of Europe, save possibly that in Rio Janeiro. The original cost was one million dollars. It has seven hundred beds, but at the time of my visit there were but three hundred inmates. Though the diseases treated are naturally very miscellaneous, those of the lungs seem to predominate. The hospital is under the charge of about twenty French Sisters of Mercy, with a Mother Superior. The visiting physicians are all native Peruvians. Entering, through huge bronze gates, beneath an imposing arch of brick and white stucco, I walk upon a marble pavement to a large court-yard, filled, as usual, with flowers and plants surrounding a fountain. Directly opposite the entrance is a small chapel with a handsome sculptured pediment and a gracefully swelling dome, under which, by all odds, the most beautiful altar in Lima is to be seen. It is of pure white marble, with gold and silver ornamentation, several good statues, and a marble railing. Radiating from the great circular garden are twelve huge wards, each named in memory of some saint, and containing a double row of simple iron bedsteads. The floors are of asphalt, and light and air are freely admitted by large windows. At the farther end of these wards, and forming a vast quadrangle exterior







*Viaduct of Vaucluse, Orange Railroad*

to the hospital proper, are the offices, the quarters of the attendants, the kitchen, laundry, baths, dispensary, operating and dissecting rooms, etc. Everything is of the most perfect description, the best of its class, and even luxurious in many details. Thus the baths are all of white marble, and so are the laundry-tubs. Everything is scrupulously clean. Between the wards are more gardens, and also before the outer buildings, which are faced by a wide, paved corridor whose total length must be nearly a mile. Pipes bring spring-water from the hills, and at high pressure flush the deep stone drains. This splendid hospital is situated at such a distance from the busy part of the city as to have all the benefit of the pure air and quiet of the country. There is a most refreshing moral and curative effect in looking from the open wards upon the beautiful gardens with their sweetly singing birds and softly murmuring fountains. One could not often find a better organization for the care of the sick. Health, it would seem, must be rapidly obtained under such pleasant and wholesome conditions. Though the hospital is free, special and private rooms are, as elsewhere, provided for those able and willing to pay a slight price. I was carefully shown every detail of this vast establishment by one of the Sisters, who also presented me to the Mother Superior, a lady of great intelligence and most engaging manners.

There is a railway—the famous Oroya—which runs from Lima over the Andes, a distance of about one hundred miles, reaching a total altitude above sea-level of nearly fifteen thousand feet. Its construction by Henry Meiggs, a number of years ago, involved some of the most difficult engineering problems ever experienced in any country. I naturally wished to inspect this road in its entirety, but, upon presenting a letter of introduction to its superintendent, was informed, to my surprise and disappointment, that but twenty-six miles of the road were in running order, the remainder being under the control of the revolutionists, who were at that time in force at less than eighty miles' distance from the capital. Though the rebels were so near, the Government did not even intend

to make an effort to dislodge them. I said to a native one day, "If the Government really has only nominal ruling power in the city of Lima, and all the remainder of Peru is in favor of Cáceres, why do not the so-called rebels in the north, east, and south combine their forces and march upon the capital, which it would seem they might readily capture, as it contains only five thousand troops?" He replied: "There is no unanimity among the rebels; they are quarreling among themselves all the time; they are suspicious of each other; they can not depend upon their own men in case of an emergency." And so the country crawled along, with anarchy and prostration of trade on every side. Peru, though for the time nearly ruined by its disastrous war with Chili, still has vast mineral and agricultural wealth; and its guano, though exhausted in some places, abounds in others. With a good stable government and a united people, it might yet be a prosperous country, but there seems to be too little honor among its public men. Instead of being ambitious to serve their country patriotically, most seem intent only upon robbing her. Instead of endeavoring to keep faith with their creditors, they repudiate the just claims of foreigners, whom they now owe the immense sum of one hundred and sixty million dollars of American money. The party in power strive only to keep there, and to make what money they may while there. The party out of power busy themselves in fomenting the revolutions of which we continually hear, hoping thereby to effect a change of administration, which shall put them in a position to plunder the people, and thus rapidly enrich themselves and their friends. The details of the late crisis in Peru are too recent for me to rehearse here. They are known to all who read our daily newspapers. The present political and financial outlook for Peru is most grave.

The bank bills are—as in Ecuador—engraved by the American Bank-Note Company, of New York. They simply state that the Republic of Peru will pay to the bearer so many soles—a sole being there about five cents in Ameri-

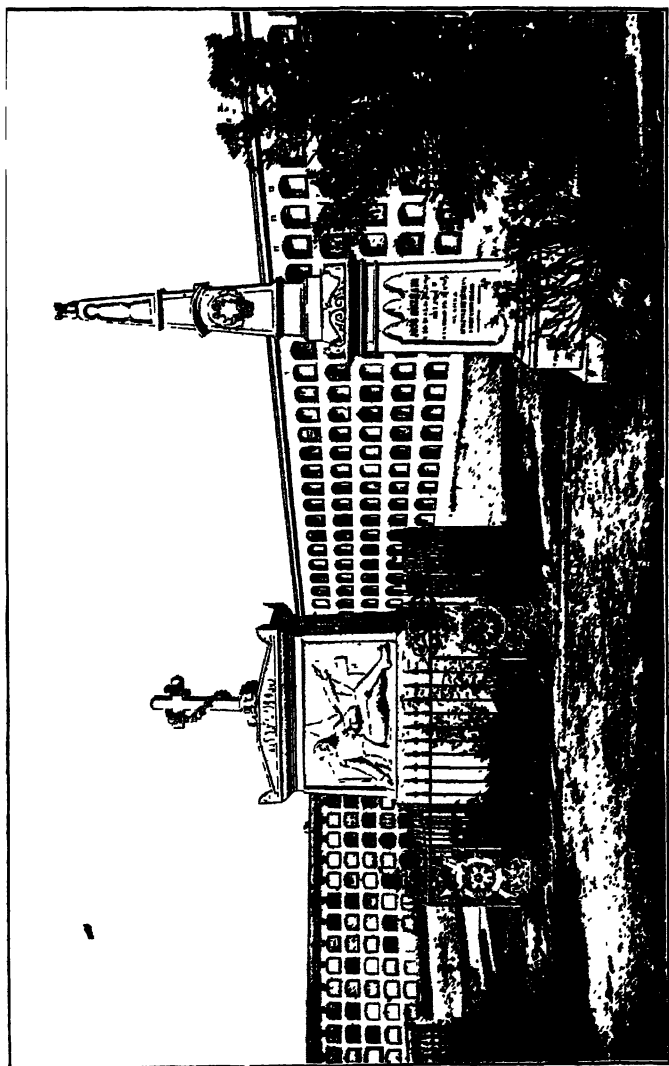
can money. There were also in circulation dollars, and twenty and ten cent pieces, but the paper soles abounded in astonishing quantities, as was necessary, since, with an armful in bulk, you had but little in actual value, for at the time of my visit money was at a depreciation of ninety-five per cent. The large silver dollars of Peru and Chili are heavy and inconvenient, but a pocketful at least represented something. There is a mint in Lima, a well-built, two-story edifice, with the customary interior courts, fountains, and flowers. Native soldiers stand on guard at the doors, as they do at all public institutions in Lima. The mint has facilities for turning out one million dollars a month, but was not then running to the amount of more than one hundred and fifty thousand dollars per month, and this only in the coinage of silver-dollar pieces. There are no Peruvian gold coins, and the smaller denominations of silver money were largely superseded by the paper money in circulation. Nearly all the silver comes from the mines of Cerro Pasco. It arrives at the mint in huge bars, and is remarkably pure. The machinery of the mint embraces both English and American appliances. I was shown a collection of silver and copper medals which had been struck there, and I admired the skill and taste of the workmanship.

One day I went down to Callao, and then took boat and boarded the Ohilian cruiser *Esmeralda*. I found a finely proportioned war-vessel, which, being more intended for speed and distance than for heavy and close work, was armored only with steel plates three fourths of an inch in thickness. She carried six rifled guns, of six-inch aperture, with the most scientific accessories, and two large guns, fore and aft, for powerful and remote range. These two guns are of ten-inch bore, rifled, and carry a cartridge of four hundred and fifty pounds, firing with a certain degree of accuracy six miles. The officers assured me they could with these shell Lima at a distance of seven miles. As far as modern equipment goes, this vessel had long been regarded as the most perfect war-vessel of its type and tonnage

in existence. She has justified the praises bestowed upon her, not only by performances on the measured mile, but also by sustained speed in long ocean-voyages. In a trip from Valparaiso to Callao, she once traveled fifteen hundred miles in four days and seven hours, thus making an average speed of about three hundred and fifty miles per day.

Another day I visited the Alameda de los Descalzos, a sort of public promenade on the other side of the Rimac, beginning at a plaza and ending at the church and convent of the Barefooted Friars. The occasion was one on which the latter give away food to the poor, and all Lima was there to witness the spectacle. The promenade consists merely of a long, wide, gravel walk, faced by rows of white vases filled with flowers, and furnished with large marble settees, statuary, some shrubbery, and poplars. The entrance was quite imposing, with arches of brick and stucco. Every South American town of any size has its *alameda*. This custom of the friars occurs annually on August 2d, and on this date many of the best people in Lima visit this church to worship on an occasion believed to be especially favorable for remission of sin and admission of salvation. The convent inclosure was filled with a motley crowd of mendicants and poor people, who were mostly women. They carried tin cups and basins, and what appeared very like discarded tomato cans, to be filled with food by the friars. In the street before the church were the stands of a dozen or so sellers of *chicha* and other native drinks, fruits, candies, etc. Hacks and tram-cars were continually bringing new arrivals, all clad in their best clothes, and a regular Spanish *fête* was made out of a simple religious ceremony.

The Panteon, or general cemetery of Lima, is situated a short distance beyond the eastern limits of the city. It is not large, and has few trees or flowers, but contains many beautiful monuments, nearly all of them of marble. At the entrance is a chapel, beneath the large dome of which reclines upon a high pedestal a white-marble "dead Christ." The



*The General Cemetery of Lima.*



greater number by far of the dead lie in mural niches, as is the custom in Quito. Many thousands of niches are arranged in long rows of five tiers each, with narrow paths between. A few vaults are seen, and quite a number of monuments, but no graves, no burials directly in the earth, as with us.

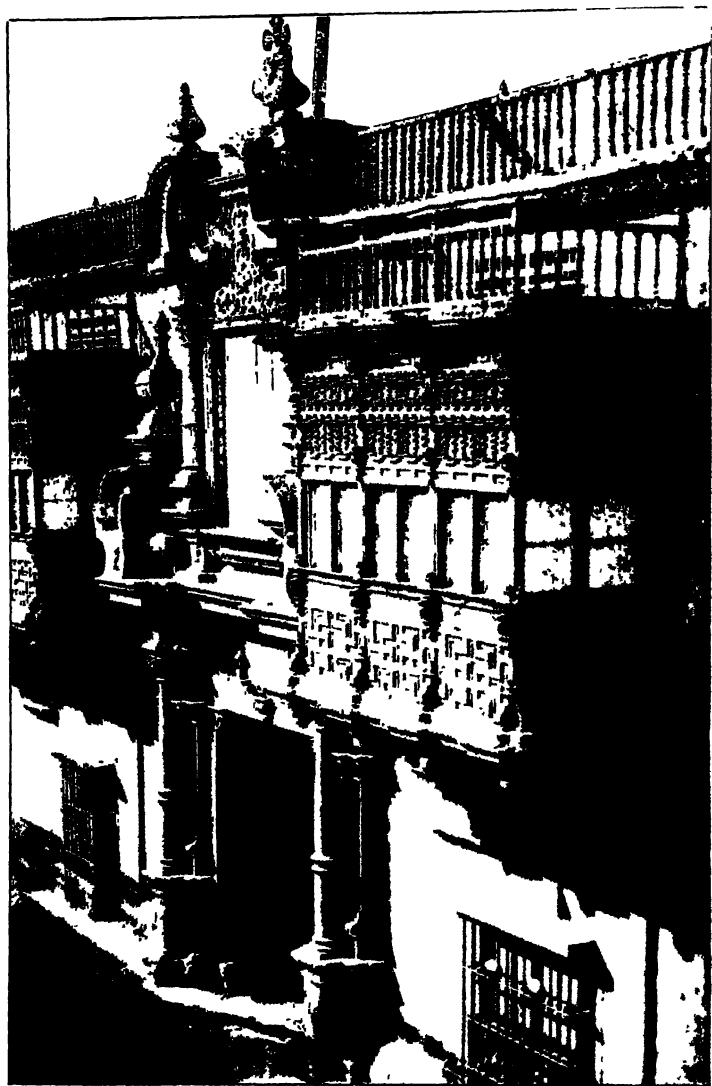


## CHAPTER VIII.

### GLIMPSES OF THE PERUVIANS.

LIMA has two public gardens—one especially devoted to botanical collections, and the other to zoology and botany. The latter is situated at the extreme southeastern angle of the city, upon a level plain. It is not large, but contains a splendid assortment of tropical trees, plants, and flowers, with fountains, statues, rockeries, and paths extending in every direction. The whole is surrounded by a high iron fence, with a number of splendid gateways in the style of the *Arc de Triomphe* in Paris. Opposite one of these gates is a fine marble statue of "Columbus and the Indian," elevated upon a granite pedestal. This was set up in 1853, and dedicated to the memory of Columbus, by the Peruvian nation, and is greatly superior to the one at Aspinwall. From this point you have a superb view of the Andes on the one hand and of the ocean on the other. In the center of this beautiful and interesting garden stands the Exposition Building, whose name indicates its purpose, a large, square, two-story edifice of brick and stucco, but very elaborately and gracefully decorated. In other parts of the garden, are summer-houses for the President and the director of the exposition, a bandstand, restaurants, belvederes, etc. The pavilion of the President is a pretty little octagonal wood and glass fabric. The flower-beds are all sunk a foot or so below the intervening paths, and have tight brick borders, which admit of their being irrigated by a system of canals that permeates the whole garden. This is very necessary, for the plain is hot and dry, and the soil not very rich. The garden was much injured





*A House Entrance, Lima.*

by the Chilian invaders, and the zoölogical department had been reduced to a few cages of uninteresting animals, the remainder having been removed to Chili. The Peruvian Government was slowly endeavoring to repair the damages, and set the place once more in order—a work of considerable difficulty, judging from the dense growth of weeds, and the neglected appearance of the paths. On Sundays and holidays the best of Lima's citizens congregate here. On these occasions the appearance of the people in gala attire, the music of a fine military band, and the splendid flowers from every clime, blend in a sensuous panorama that pleases both ear and eye. At this vantage-point the fascinating Lima belles promenade on a *fête*-day in all their beauty and gayety. The botanical garden *par excellence* is in the same quarter, near the boulevard made by Henry Meiggs, by razing the old fortifications which once nearly circumvallated the city. The garden fills an entire large square. It contains a really splendid collection of the tropical and semi-tropical flora, but is in a very bad condition, overgrown with weeds, with but few specimens of plants labeled, with sloughy paths, moss-covered greenhouses, and a general air of neglect. A lofty iron fence forms one side, but brown mud walls the others.

The dwelling-houses of the wealthy and cultured upper classes of Lima are built upon the same general plan which one finds in all Central and South American countries. The distinguishing features are the flat roof; the inner court, from which the rooms are generally lighted and entered; and the architectural limitation to one or two stories. The balconies always face the street. If the windows open on the street, they are usually heavily barred, and used more for ventilation in extremely hot weather than for the admission of light. A broad and lofty gateway in the center of the house will conduct you over a marble pavement, with porters' rooms on each side, to a small court probably furnished with huge pots or boxes of flowers, or graceful plants with brilliantly colored leaves, directly to what we should call the front door. This opens immediately into the sitting-

room or family parlor, which is softly illumined from windows facing the court you have just crossed. As you enter, you have a pleasant view across this room to the grand saloon and another court, also filled with flowers, and beyond this to the doors of the dining-room. Still farther on are the pantry, kitchen, laundry, and servants' quarters facing upon yet another and the third court, and reached from the street by a long, private hall quite separate from the remainder of the house. On the side opposite the rooms I have been describing, and extending the entire length of the house, are the smoking-room, library, and the sleeping and private rooms of the family. All these communicate, and when no guests are present are in the daytime kept open from one end of the house to the other. The large number of rooms and the great convenience of their general arrangement, first please the eye and awaken the admiration of the stranger. Such a lavish display of space is quite novel to a traveler from the cities of the northern part of the American Continent. The typical house of which I am speaking has but one story, so there is no labor in mounting an indefinite number of staircases, as with us, though of course there must still be some delay in the movements of the servants. Pictures, ornaments, and souvenirs of travel are distributed throughout the rooms. The public parlors are a little more lavishly furnished than with us, though one will never find an outrage against what is understood as good taste. Rich velvet carpets cover the floors. The chandeliers are of silver and crystal, valuable paintings adorn the walls, cabinets of curiosities occupy the corners, huge albums load the tables. A piano of the best make, and generally from New York, is always present, as are guitars and mandolins. The dinner-table you will find profusely supplied with silver and cut-glass, and weighted with game, vegetables, fruits of unique character, and wines of vintages strange to the foreigner, who nevertheless will be anxious to cultivate their acquaintance. House-rent in Lima is very high, and so also is the cost of furnishing a house in modern style, since so many





*A Lina Belle.*

things have to be imported from distant countries. Servants, however, are good and cheap; they always do the marketing. Coffee is generally taken on rising, at eight; breakfast is at eleven, and dinner at seven. The business hours of the gentlemen are thus largely confined to the afternoon, and they return home sufficiently early to get thoroughly rested, dress for dinner, and of course take a glass of bitters and smoke a cigarette. You will discover that the adults of the family—the rising generation—have been educated in either New York or Paris, and have traveled extensively in both the United States and Europe, if not also in India and China, and possibly around the world. They will be very likely to speak English and French in addition to their vernacular. The ladies you will find dressed richly and tastefully, in European fashion, if not in the latest of French styles. They will receive you with a quiet and graceful dignity, combined with bright conversational powers and a display of great amiability. The gentlemen will be sure to try to make you feel at home, give you a good cigar, and ask your opinion of the bewitching *señoritas*. In brief, the hospitality one meets in Lima is of a very bountiful and agreeable character, and life in the Peruvian capital is most delightful.

While one sees in the streets and other public places of Lima more hags and homely women, both young and old, than in most other cities of the world, yet there are very frequently to be met young girls of the most delicate, refined, and ravishing beauty. As with the Quito belles, so with those of Lima, their chief beauty is to be found in their eyes, which are truly wondrous. A whole chapter might be devoted to them. They are uniformly of a coal-like blackness, lambent though soft. They do not flash, but burn with steadfastness, as though their flame would never, never die. It is an adjunct of beauty quite unknown to other nations, and but slightly approached even in southern Spain. Like the aristocratic ladies of Quito, those of Lima have small and beautiful hands and feet. Their carriage is perfect grace, their manner the acme of courtesy and good



nature. They are, however, born coquettes, quite conscious of their charms, and not unwilling to exact from men the meed of admiration. They are eminently capable of making a crusty old bachelor see the error of his ways, from whichever hemisphere he may happen to hail. They unflinchingly return your gaze of curiosity or admiration. They will even acknowledge the bow of a susceptible foreigner, but in order to know them one must not only be fortified with introductions of the most irreproachable character, but must also submit to the supervision and constant presence of mother, aunt, married sister, or friend. No such thing is known as a visit to a Lima young lady without the perpetual attendance of one of these, or a *duenna*—that is, a governess; and though some of these attendants are not unsusceptible to flattery, they never relax their Cerberus-like guard. A bad custom, to which I must allude, is that of heavily painting and powdering the face—a universal and by no means improving fashion. The dress usually is somber black, the mantilla being worn only on the head, with a narrow fringe of lace which is drawn down over the forehead to the eyes. If the wearer is not pretty, this lace is apt to be so arranged as to quite conceal the features, thus kindly giving one's imagination the benefit of a generous doubt. The young ladies have a pretty and noticeable custom of greeting their female friends in the street and elsewhere, by putting their arms around each other, and imprinting a kiss upon each cheek. But I can not set forth all their loveliness and attractiveness in words; their anatomy, yes; their psychology, no. So much, then, for the exterior appearance of a Lima belle. In their homes they are not generally good housekeepers, but given to gossip and novel-reading. They smoke cigarettes, but do not usually drink wine. They have natural talents of a high order, and are intelligent if not always deeply educated. They play and sing, embroider, and draw well. They go to mass every morning. In one of the stores I purchased a fair series of Lima views, inclosed in a good imitation of a silver dollar. This, at one end, with characteristic Peruvian gal-





*The Yndongo of Peru*

lantry, is dedicated to the "Señoritas Limeñas." At the other end it modestly affirms that "Lima is the queen of the Pacific, noted for its climate and the beauty of its women." I feel in duty bound to subscribe to the last statement, but as regards the climate I must withhold such a ready indorsement. I saw the sun but once in ten days, and then only for a few hours. The days were damp and raw, the nights misty and drizzly, without any actual rainfall, but with a dew of such density and quantity that the streets for half the day were very muddy and slippery. And just such weather as this, I was informed by an old resident, you will find here for five months of the year, while the remainder will be very hot and dry. Still, the climate, though a most depressing one—at least in winter—is said to be fairly healthy.

One day I witnessed one of the religious processions so often to be seen in these zealous Roman Catholic countries. First came priests in white cassocks, with candles and other ecclesiastic adjuncts. Their stupid and often sensual countenances topped by the tonsured hair, made an almost uncanny sight. Then came large effigies of saints, reared upon gold and white pedestals, surrounded by flowers and crimson drapery, and borne upon the shoulders of men concealed beneath them. The figures were gaudily painted in almost every imaginable color, and were horrid caricatures of unholy humanity. Next followed other priests, in robes stiff with gold embroidery. A military band and a detachment of troops closed this procession; but I soon saw another of like character, following a similar galaxy of wooden saints. The two processions met opposite the government-house, and the saints of the one were made to salaam to those of the other. Then the two processions united and marched off in the direction whence one of them had come. The explanation is, that it was simply a church *fête*-day (or days, for it lasted during two of them), and that one of the saints was merely observing the social amenities by paying a visit to a brother saint. The former was escorted to the other's church, and placed near the altar in a prominent position, where he re-

mained until the following day, when, with a similar public display, he returned home to his own church. Previous to his return the church of Santo Domingo was brilliantly illuminated in his honor with a thousand candles, and an orchestra gave very good music, relieved at times by the military band and the singing of a choir of monks and hired professionals. This church was packed with people all day long, and presented a most extraordinary sight to one standing at the doors, the congregation being clad entirely in black, and resembling participants in a very lachrymose funeral. In fact, it was rather a jubilation than a requiem. The *señoritas* were undoubtedly enjoying themselves, and in a city with few public amusements a church *fête* is a godsend. The music was predominantly of the waltz variety. The adjoining convent and cloisters were thrown open to the public, who availed themselves of the unusual opportunity to inspect a series of paintings which entirely surrounds the wall of the court and consists chiefly of devils, with the conventional spike-horns and caudal appendage, and holy men with uplifted eyes and glossy pates, many beings supplied with the trade-mark as originally discovered by Mark Twain. All the legends and mythology of the Church are here pictured, and accompanied with pious texts, objurgations, and exhortations. During the day the bells were kept clanging and banging, to the disgust of all foreigners in the neighborhood, and at night the tower of the church was illuminated. One other similar ceremony I did not witness, but read of it in the Lima newspapers. It occurred at Chorillos, the neighboring fashionable sea-bathing resort. It was to the effect that, on the occasion of the feast of St. Peter, his image, accompanied by a silent and respectful crowd, was embarked and furnished with a fishing-line. After sailing twice around the bay, he caught a large fish, and then returned to his pedestal in Chorillos church. And all this not in the dark ages, but in that styled, in the histories of civilization, the era of enlightenment! How true it is that theologies are largely matters of imagination, and religions of education!

From a contemplation of these religio-dramatic shows to a consideration of other diversions of the Peruvians is a natural and an easy transition. There were formerly three theatres in Lima. The best of these, a fine, large structure, giving entertainments of a high class, both operatic and dramatic, was burned a short time before my visit. A smaller and less important one had been sold, and was being torn down to make room for other business. The third, and only remaining one, had been made out of an old circus-building. It is very plain, but has a large parquette, a tier of boxes, and a gallery. It will seat two thousand people, and is generally devoted to the presentation of the light comic operas which all the Latin race love so well. In the northern part of the city, and reached by a fine bridge of stone and iron across the little Rimac, stands the Bull-Ring, a very old but ever-popular institution. The building is two stories in height, is made of mud and bamboo, and will contain ten thousand people. There are two clubs in Lima. One, called the Phoenix, is patronized almost exclusively by foreigners. The other, the Union, is sustained by Peruvians. The Union would be no discredit to London or New York, with its marble entrance, double staircase, its reading, billiard, and card rooms, and large and elegant dining-room, with bronze chandeliers and carved sideboards. In the front of the building, facing upon the Grand Plaza, is a very large ball-room, decorated in white and gold, with frescoed walls and crystal chandeliers. A ball is given once a month during the winter. At the request of any of the members, foreigners and visitors are, as with us, given the privileges of these clubs for the period of one month.

## CHAPTER IX.

### RAILROADING ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

ON August 8th I left Lima and Callao for Mollendo, a seaport about five hundred miles to the southward, my intention being to travel thence, if possible—for there were bands of revolutionists in the neighborhood—by rail to Arequipa, the second city of Peru, and the town of Puno on Lake Titicaca, and then over the lake and by coach to La Paz, the capital of Bolivia. My steamer was the Pizarro, a fine, large vessel of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company. There was accommodation for at least two hundred first class passengers, though we carried not more than thirty. We called first at the town of Pisco, connected by rail with the town of Ica in the interior. Ten or twelve miles to our right lay the three Chincha Islands, with their gray bluffs shining in the bright morning sun. Guano has played a very important part in the more modern history of Peru, and enormous new deposits have lately been discovered, equal in quality to that of these famous islands. At Pisco we took on board vegetables, fruit, straw baskets, and of course a lot of the long earthenware cylinders full of Pisco wine, a specialty of the place. As in the northern part of the Peruvian coast, so several of the southern ports were closed by order of the Lima Government. Thus we made but two stops between Callao and Mollendo, Pisco being one and Tambo de Mora, an insignificant town, the other.

We arrived at Mollendo about midday, and our steamer was immediately ordered by a Peruvian man-of-war in the roadstead not to anchor. So I thought that my plan of jour-

neying by rail to Lake Titicaca was nipped in the bud. But it seemed that this order was only for the display of a little authority, for when the captain of the port came on board he told me that I could not only go to Arequipa but also across the continent if I liked. The town of Mollendo shows from the sea as only a small collection of mud and bamboo huts, perched without any regularity of streets upon a rocky bluff. Beyond are the customary sand-hills of the Peruvian coast, without a spear of vegetation of any kind in sight. A tremendous swell rolls into the harbor, and the landing of freight and passengers is always difficult, steam-cranes being employed in raising and lowering both, the passengers fastened in chairs. My first visit is to the chief of police; and to avoid suspicion I find it best to be rated as a merchant. For my passport I have to pay a silver dollar. Mollendo exists only as the terminus of the railway to Puno and Lake Titicaca. A passenger train is run to Arequipa every other day of the week, returning on the intervening days. At night, sitting upon the broad piazza of the hotel, the roar of the surf, the white flashing of the spray upon the rocks, the darkness of the town and distant ocean, have a romantic effect upon the traveler, tired out with the rolling steamer, and desiring only to be left alone with his impressions of past scenes and his reflections and hopes regarding those to come.

I left Mollendo for Arequipa, at half-past seven in the morning. Our train consisted of a very powerful, large locomotive made in Paterson, New Jersey, two baggage-cars, and two passenger-cars for first and second class travelers. These cars were made in Troy, New York. The engines burn coal, though when the Chilians were in possession of this district the very hard olive-wood of the country had to be substituted. The first-class passengers have to pay eight silver dollars and a government tax of forty cents on their tickets. The baggage must also be paid for at the rate of ten cents for each piece, for which paper receipts are given. The engineers are foreigners, generally North Americans,



while the conductors, brakemen, and firemen are natives. The road is of the regulation broad gauge. The heaviest grade is four per cent—that is, four feet rise in one hundred feet long, or about two hundred and twelve feet per mile. For the first ten miles it runs close by the sea. It then turns abruptly toward the northeast, and passes over a sandy plain to the station of Tambo, ten miles farther, and at an altitude of one thousand feet above the sea. At Tambo we take on board a large number of passengers, and then move on, stopping at two unimportant places, consisting of little more than station-houses, until we halt for breakfast at Cachendo, three thousand two hundred and fifty feet high, and thirty-five miles from Mollendo. At a hotel near the station we get a very palatable breakfast, with good wine, for one dollar and fifty cents. Going on from Cachendo, we pass over an enormous sandy plain, in some parts reminding me of the alkali plains of the great American Desert, in others of the Sahara south from Tripoli, with its smooth sand, its scattered stones, and its hillocks. Near the coast there are at least coarse grass and low scrub, but from here until we reach the Rio Chili there is not a particle of vegetation of any kind, not even a scraggy cactus. In ascending the mountains we have to make what in a direct line would not be more than half the distance. In one place the road winds almost entirely around a small mountain, with a very steep grade the entire distance. So steep are the hills that frequently you can look below, a distance of a thousand feet, upon a section of track you have passed over, and upon which it appears as if a stone might easily be thrown. Sometimes we would run along one side of a valley, and then, making an almost complete circle, crawl along the opposite side, always ascending the while; sometimes we would pass in zigzag fashion up the flank of a mountain, with five stretches of the road in view at the same moment; sometimes we would run at sharp angles, and again in the most sinuous manner imaginable. Upon the steep grades we made but eight miles an hour, but on others twelve to fifteen. Away to our right was a range of green-

ish-white hills, whose color one would mistake at a distance for the presence of snow, but which was merely a deposit of pumice and salt. Before us towered the majestic snow-capped extinct volcano of the Misti, directly at whose foot lies the city of Arequipa. A little to the left was a huge cluster of sharp-pinnacled snow-mountains, among them Charchani, nineteen thousand eight hundred feet high; and still farther away, toward the left, the huge, dome-shaped Coropuna, three thousand feet higher. Coropuna much resembles Chimborazo in its general outline, and is quite as widely and deeply covered with the purest white snow. Charchani, though much darker in color, and with less snow atop, has almost exactly the contour of Cotopaxi. Scattered over the plain were huge dunes of fine white sand accurately and smoothly arranged in crescent shapes, with acute crests, their openings generally to the northeast, whence the prevailing winds blow, though the mounds themselves are produced rather by the whirling eddies hereabouts prevalent. I saw some of these mounds as much as fifty feet long and twenty in height. It is the want of vegetation and their lightness (caused by their being drier than the sand of the coast) which enables these sand-banks to be driven by violent winds rapidly over the plain. The smaller ones are soon overtaken by the larger, which are shivered in crushing the others. The heat in passing this plain was very oppressive, and the glare from the reflected sun greater than that experienced in any Persian or Nubian desert. The motion of the train raised such a fine, penetrating dust that, notwithstanding the temperature, we were obliged to close all the car-windows. To convey an accurate impression of this district in intelligible words seems almost impossible. Whether I consider the vast scale and frightful sterility of the scenery, or the ingenious manner in which puny man has literally bearded savage Nature in her awful fastnesses, I am struck dumb with wonder and curiosity. Even the stolid and ignorant natives seem interested, and crane their necks from the windows over a fearful precipice of gray rock, at whose base roars a deep tor-

rent. The excavations from here on are tremendous, and the engineering is marvelous. The grade, besides, is very steep. The locomotive puffs and wheezes, and seems almost too tired to proceed. At Tingo we pass the torrent we had been so long following, and span it upon an iron girder bridge, fifty feet in height, the only bridge upon this division of the road. We now enter the great plain upon which stands the city of Arequipa. It looks very green and fertile, and is in most places carefully cultivated and irrigated by little canals. There are no trees save eucalypti, and but few straggling houses. At half-past four, after a journey of nine hours, we reached the southern outskirts of Arequipa, and drew up in a fine iron station, one hundred and seven miles from Mollendo, and seven thousand five hundred and fifty feet above it.

Near the station are the former headquarters of Mr. J. M. Thorndike, a resident now of Lima, but who was once the lessee, contractor, and manager of the three roads of southern Peru. I should explain that these roads embrace that from Mollendo to Arequipa, one hundred and seven miles; that from Arequipa to Puno, on the shores of Lake Titicaca, two hundred and eighteen miles; and that northward toward Cuzco, to Santa Rosa, eighty-two miles. Mr. Thorndike's late residence is a splendid large, square house, situated in a beautiful garden of flowers, and with an imposing entrance of cut-stone posts and iron railings. The dwelling itself is of dressed stone and wood, with a peaked iron roof and great oval-topped windows. It is of two stories, with lofty ceilings, and the upper story has a broad, concrete-paved piazza, not extending beyond the walls of the lower story, but open upon every side, this novel arrangement affording air, light, and a capital view of the whole plain and distant mountains in every direction. On this floor are four large and elegantly furnished bedrooms. Below is a splendid parlor as large as a ball-room, and still bearing traces of Chilean unbidden guests, in the shape of bullet-holes in the walls and blood-stains upon the carpet, two Peruvians having been shot in

this very room. Then there is a billiard room, with a rich table of inlaid woods, a library with a choice collection of books, a reception-room, office, dining-room, other bedrooms, and an elegantly appointed bath-room, the whole being arranged in the commodious and comfortable manner much more peculiar to North than to South America. I was kindly favored, by Mr. Thorndike, with a letter of introduction to his able and courteous superintendent, Mr. V. H. MacCord, who, upon my arrival, at once gave me a hearty welcome to the charming home just described.

The grounds of the general railway headquarters embrace about ten acres. Here are a round-house for twenty locomotives; a foundry; blacksmith's, carpenter's, paint, machine, and car shops; dwellings for the employés; and the station building. The shops are capable of making cars, and even locomotives, and, though the company may know thus exactly the character of all the work done, yet they find it on the whole less expensive to import the locomotives from New Jersey and the cars from New York. The regular passenger train from Arequipa to Puno runs but once a week, and takes two days to make this distance; but, through the courtesy of the superintendent, I was forwarded in one day by his private engine, the accompanying car holding eight persons. The railway-station is about a mile from the center of the city, with which it is connected by tram-car at irregular intervals during the day, and not at all after six o'clock in the evening. I take a walk through the principal streets, which are narrow, and paved with cobble-stones. Along the curb of the pavement are open sluices, the only and very disagreeable sewerage of the city. The houses are nearly all of but one story, built of a sandstone obtained in neighboring quarries and brought to town on the backs of donkeys. This stone readily admits of a fine finish and elaborate carving. The former may be seen in the construction of any of the houses, the latter upon the façades of any of the churches. I everywhere saw terrible effects of the great earthquake of 1868, whole streets in ruins, great cracks in churches and

walls. The Arequipa of to-day is mostly built upon the ruins of that of 1868. The cathedral, however, has not been completely destroyed. It is a fine, large building with graceful columns of quite a Greek appearance, niches, statues, bronze ornaments, and a noble flight of marble steps. Inside are a handsome, carved, wooden pulpit and a large organ. The flooring is marble. Arequipa has fair hotels, a theatre, a newspaper, and a foreigners' club with good appointments.

I left at six the next morning. My companions in the superintendent's private car were a Bolivian millionaire and his niece, and the secretary of the Bolivian minister at Lima, who were bound, together with myself, for La Paz. There were also the legal counselor of the railway, its chief road-master, and a physician, all bound for Puno. The party had very little baggage, and just comfortably filled the car. Passing a fine iron bridge, sixteen hundred feet in length and sixty-six feet in height, we speed away to the northward, and then wind around the Misti to the eastward, in which general direction the remainder of the journey continues. The road seems immensely full of curves; but, when one remembers that it was contracted for by the mile, perhaps I mistake. About thirty miles from Arequipa we pass through the only tunnel in this division. It is four hundred feet long, and ninety-five hundred feet above sea-level. Forty miles farther we cross a great bridge made of hollow wrought-iron columns and girders, and very similar, in general appearance, to the famous Verrugas bridge on the Oroya Railroad. It is about two hundred feet in height and three hundred feet long. The country through which we pass is without vegetation or inhabitants. The stations, which are some twenty or thirty miles apart, are simply depots for coal and water. There are three hotels upon the road, and at the second of these we stop for breakfast. After this I take a seat in the locomotive and keep it to the end of the journey. Here one has a better opportunity to study the engineering obstacles that have been surmounted, and to get some information from the engineer, who, in the brief intervals be-

tween working the throttle-valve and steam-brake, is willing to talk. It is quite an enervating sensation to continually dash around corners at the rate of forty miles an hour, where you can scarcely see the length of the locomotive ahead. Engines working with a train up the steep inclines generally use one hundred and forty pounds of steam. Our average was one hundred and twenty pounds, and with this we made, over some long stretches of plain near Puno, nearly sixty miles an hour. A beautiful snowy range was now ahead, one of the peaks sending high aloft a graceful curve of smoke. This was the volcano Utinas. On the plains we passed many herds of llamas, alpacas, and occasionally a few of the wild vicuñas. The latter are always a reddish color, while the others are of various hues, though brown, black, and white seem to predominate. They are all ruminating animals, and have long, woolly hair. Sheep also we saw, and a few rough-looking cattle. As we neared the lakes, wild fowl became abundant. There seemed to be absolutely no inhabitants between Arequipa and Puno, save the herdsmen, the station-hands, and the occupants of a small village near Titicaca. How they get food I do not know, for the plains were all of sand and volcanic rocks, covered with pumice and saline incrustations. The mirage was constantly giving us large lakes, where we knew only calcined soil existed. On the whole, neither the scenery nor the engineering feats made this section of the road so interesting as that between Mollendo and Arequipa. The part of that division which makes the final ascent and passage of the mountains, built entirely under the very skillful survey and management of Mr. Thorndike, I have never in any land seen surpassed for interest. The counselor—our fellow-passenger—has a large grain and cattle estate near Puno, and there we were courteously invited to stop and partake of an off-hand lunch. We were all suffering more or less from the rarefaction of the air, but a little walk and a glass of wine proved a rapid restorer. The entire front of the counselor's farm-house was ornamented with a row of stuffed yellow foxes, with a superb pair of

condors over the entrance. To us the effect was very funny, but the destruction of grain by the foxes was not nearly so funny to our host. As we proceeded, we passed between two of the highest lakes in South America—Saracocha, thirteen thousand six hundred feet, and Cachipuscana, thirteen thousand five hundred and eighty-five feet, above the sea. These are small but very deep lakes. I did not notice any native craft upon them. The highest point on the railroad—fourteen thousand six hundred and sixty-six feet—is about half-way between Arequipa and Puno.







*Silver Head from an Inca Cemetery.*

## CHAPTER X.

### THE ADVENT OF STEAMER NAVIGATION.

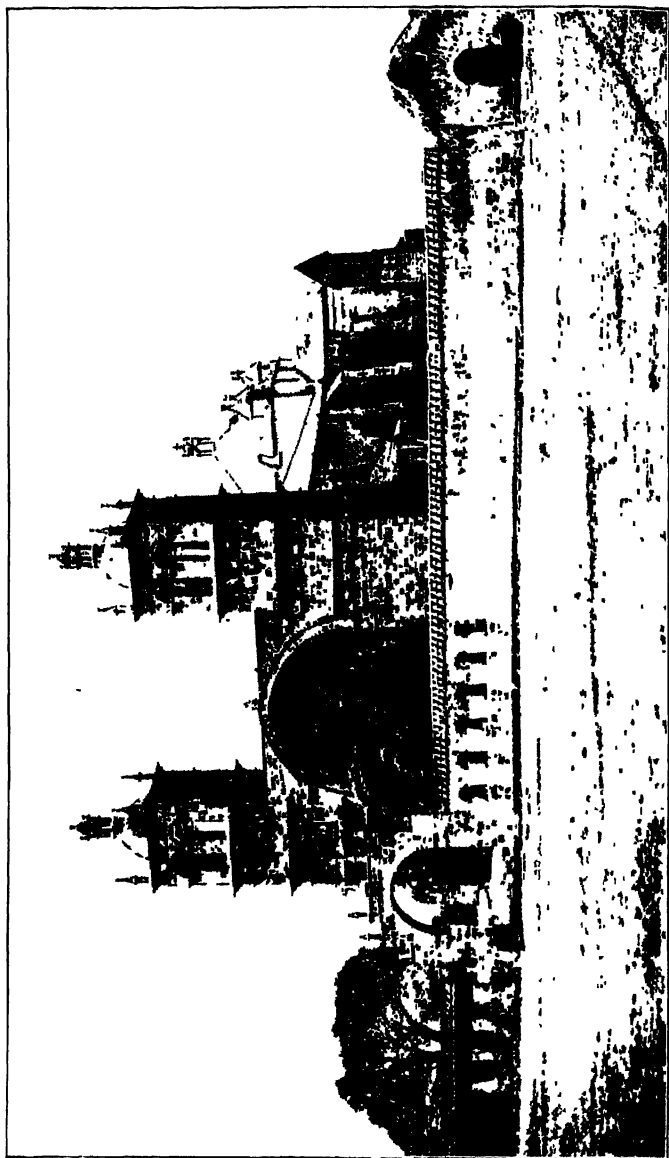
Puno is a small town lying in a semicircular valley, with a very prominent and imposing cathedral, but there is nothing else to detain the traveler. Puno and Cuzco, the old Inca capital, two hundred and seven miles distant, are being connected by railway, and eighty-two miles have now been built and are in running order. Mr. Thorndike showed me in Lima a rare and interesting curiosity taken from one of the old Huacas del Inca, or Incarial cemeteries, near Cuzco. It was a solid, pure silver statuette—a human head and bust—eight inches in height, and weighing eleven pounds. The head was decidedly Homeric in aspect, but wore a sort of Persian cap, surmounted by a large, radiating sun. The molding and carving of the sun in such a position would appear to indicate a Persian origin, and thus again support the theory of trans-Pacific migration. These facts were called to mind by hearing that a limited liability company has recently been formed at Mollendo, with a capital of fifty thousand dollars, curiously called the "Anonymous Company for Exploration of the Inca Sepulchres," with the object of searching for antiquities and valuables in the old burial-grounds in the district of Cuzco, a concession having been granted to the company by the Government for this purpose. There is no doubt that many valuable curiosities, and probably deposits of gold and silver, exist in these ancient tombs, but it remains to be seen whether they will repay the cost and trouble of finding.

At the end of a long pier on which the cars run, lay one

of the two little iron steamers, of some seventy-five tons burden each, which at present traverse Lake Titicaca. Near it, and in striking contrast, were the simple rush canoes of the natives. This part of the lake is so shallow that the steamers, though drawing only six feet of water, can but partially load here, and have to complete their cargoes about two miles from shore, at a spot reached by a canal which, owing to the shifting sands, it is hard to keep open. A steam-launch takes us on board, and on the way we pass a small island, on top of which I notice a large stone pillar. This is erected over the remains of the well-known naturalist, explorer, and author, James Orton, who died in Puno, of consumption, while setting forth to explore Bolivia, after having twice crossed the continent from ocean to ocean. The captain of my steamer, the Yavari, though a native, spoke English. The engineer was an Englishman, who had been in these countries nearly thirty years. The steamer had four state-rooms, two for the ladies, with four berths in each, and two for the gentlemen, with one berth in each. The majority of the male passengers were obliged, therefore, to sleep on the benches of the saloon. From Puno to Chilitaya, in Bolivia, the port of disembarkation for La Paz, the distance is one hundred and twenty miles, and the cabin fare is sixteen dollars. I found the steamer quite full of people, there being a church fair, to which most of them were bound, at Copacabana, a town on a peninsula, in the southern part of the lake. Our freight was chiefly lumber, though I saw two piano-boxes labeled La Paz.

Lake Titicaca is the highest lake in the world navigated by steam-vessels. It is nearly thirteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, is seven hundred feet deep, and covers an area of four thousand square miles, a little more than half the size of Lake Ontario. The water is a very dark green in color. We left the anchorage in a blinding snow-storm. The lake was remarkably smooth during our passage, but I am told it is often rough, though never preventing the regular trips of the steamers. The only stop we made was at





Copacabana. Lake Titicaca

Copacabana, in Bolivia, which republic claims one half of Titicaca and its peninsulas and islands. The town itself consists of mud huts with straw roofs, but at one side is a fine large brick church, with ingenious tile ornamentation upon its towers. This church is a sort of Bolivian Lourdes, a sacred shrine containing an especially Immaculate Lady, to whom, at certain seasons of the year, vast throngs of natives make pilgrimages. We pass through a narrow strait which separates the northern from the southern parts of the lake: in the former, land is often out of sight; in the latter, never. The nearer hills are always brown as to color, and barren as to vegetation. On the east, towers the great snowy range of the Andes. This extends from north to south as far as we can see, nearly one hundred miles, and is about thirty miles distant from the lake. It contains the magnificent peaks of Illampu or Sorata, Huani Potosi, Illimani, and others, none of which are less than fifteen thousand, while Illampu is nearly twenty-five thousand feet in height, and the highest mountain in South America. A smaller peak immediately to the north is the exact fac-simile of the famous Swiss Matterhorn. In Ecuador the Andean giants are, as we have seen, solitary points, and many miles apart, with comparatively low lands between; but here there is a range exactly like the Himalayas as to elevation and extension. It must be especially remembered that, although our view is from the dark surface of the smooth water, and that but a low range of brown hills intervenes, yet the position from which we look is more than two miles above the level of the sea. These mountains are very rugged and precipitous, with many acute ridges and deep valleys. This majestic Cordillera of the Andes is one of the most imposing spectacles that I beheld in all South America. And I am not sure that Illampu, in its massive, sharp-tipped summit, does not surpass in grandeur and beauty the world-famous Chimborazo. Think, too, of the splendid coloring of the picture it was my privilege to enjoy: first, the dark green of the lake, then the brown of the hillocks, next the purple of the hills, afterward

the black and gray of the mountains, and finally the glistening white of the peaked, serrated summits, with a few fleecy clouds and the purest blue firmament above! I go no further, or I must rhapsodize. But, though I traversed a score of worlds, I can never forget the view of the great snowy Andes east of Lake Titicaca. It is embalmed forever in memory, along with that other miraculous sight—the highest peaks of the Himalayas, the loftiest of the globe, as seen from Darjeeling, the English health-station, four hundred miles due north from Calcutta, British India.

In the afternoon we anchored near the port of Chililaya. Here are the custom-houses, a few mud huts, and two hotels. Above the custom-house was flying an enormous Bolivian flag—red, yellow, and green, in three horizontal stripes. The best hotel is “Grand” in title only, since it is but a quadrangle of mud walls with tile roof. It contains a wretched billiard-table and a small bar, at which French brandy and “cocktails” generally are dispensed. The servants of the house are pure Indians, and, of course, monumentally stupid. The country round about is literally a howling wilderness, for the wind blows fiercely, beginning at four in the afternoon and lasting until midnight, whirling the sand of the plains in clouds of penetrating dust. The coaches from La Paz must arrive to meet our steamer on its return voyage, and so the hotel was greatly crowded. Seven in the morning was the hour set for our departure for the capital, forty-two miles distant.

It required two coaches and a large wagon to carry all the passengers and their baggage on to La Paz. The coach on top of which I rode was a heavy vehicle of the American “Concord” pattern. It was drawn by eight horses, while each of the other teams had the same number of mules. The road was good, and we changed animals twice. At one of the stations we obtained a substantial breakfast. On leaving the lake we entered at once upon a vast level plain, in which maize appeared to be most cultivated, though the soil was very poor, a coarse sort of gravel. There were a number of

huts scattered about, but no distinct villages, save one only, and this quite a town, about half-way between Chililaya and La Paz. The huts were made of mud bricks, and surrounded by low mud walls. They were not more than six feet in height from the ground to the top of the peaked straw thatch. There was only one opening, a diminutive door, excepting in some rare cases, where a small hole on one side allowed the escape of smoke. About many of the huts, and especially those at the stations, were stacks of coarse yellow straw, which is fed to mules and donkeys. The plain is a vast table-land, covered with gravel, stones, and lava-like substances. It produces only coarse grass. Not a tree or bush of any description was in sight. Though for a few square miles the land had been partially cleared of its stones, which were piled up in great heaps at regular intervals, cultivation was scarcely attempted. We passed a good many flocks of sheep, and many of the red and black spotted cattle, such as one sees in the neighborhood of Quito. In the far distance, to the southwest, the plain was bounded by a range of low brown hills, while to the east we had, during the whole day, a mountain view to which all the appropriate adjectives in the dictionary could not do full justice. As we rode on, the sun beat upon us with intense fervor, and the dust rose so thickly from the arid plain that we could not see the leading horses. We met only a few horsemen and a few loaded donkeys until, in the immediate vicinity of La Paz, many roads converged, and numbers of Indians trudged along, driving their loaded beasts before them. Of course, I inferred the proximity of the capital from the increasing number of travelers, but I certainly was not prepared for my first view of it. The table-land seemed all at once to come to an end, and to fall abruptly away to the depth of some twelve or fifteen hundred feet directly in front of us. We suddenly halted, and alighting, walked a few steps ahead to the edge of the plain, when at once appeared one of the most extraordinary spectacles I ever remember having encountered. If there might possibly be a doubt about the advisability of



coming all the way from New York to see the grand mountains above described, I feel sure that, if to them were added this astonishing vision of La Paz, the traveler would indeed be more than repaid.

The plain fell away, as I have said, in a sudden descent, and then spread out into a valley, snugly ensconced in one corner of which lay the city of La Paz, capital of the Republic of Bolivia. To the northwest the valley closed with views of Huani Potosi, peeping above its edge. To the east were great brown rocky hills, and to the southeast were others streaked with a red metallurgic rock of iron and cinnabar, still others being of a greenish clay deeply furrowed by the floods, which fall during the rainy season. Directly above them loomed the grand form of Illimani, to the height of 24,155 feet. To the west was a splendid zigzag road, which we were to descend to the city. The valley in which lies La Paz is about three miles in width and ten miles long. One might imagine the situation of this capital as upon the slope of one of the lofty Andean chain, but never as tightly fitted into the bottom of a steep-sided valley twelve thousand feet above the sea. As we took our view before descending to the bottom of this declivity, we could see before us only a few green fields and a few covered with yellow grain, but the soil seemed quite as barren as that of the great plain over which we had been riding. In the Grand Plaza I could plainly see the parade of some soldiers. I looked as long as our coachman would allow me at the extraordinary sight—a quaint little city hidden away from the rest of the world in the bosom of giant and somber mountains. The native passengers did not, however, share my enthusiasm, and the postilions having shortened the pole-straps and breeching, we began the descent at what seemed to me a very break-neck pace. After half an hour of zigzagging and winding, we reached the city level, and, rattling through its narrow streets, at length drew rein in a small square at the office of the coach company. The square was crowded with Aymara Indians in holiday attire, a *fiesta*, one of the very many church feasts being in

progress. A few foreigners, mostly Germans, were awaiting the arrival of the coach, as was also the only American then in the city, Hon. Richard Gibbs, minister from the United States, to whom I bore letters of introduction. He received me with great cordiality, and made me his debtor for my after acquaintance with the capital and with the Aymaras. The balconies of the neighboring houses were filled with smartly dressed, houri-eyed *señoritas*, who seemed to be as heartily enjoying the *fiesta* as children with us do the circus. As the Bolivian Congress was about to assemble, I found the principal hotels crowded. So strong is the native passion for gambling, that even at the best hotel in the city the sport was going on at both ends of the front corridor. It consisted in throwing from a distance small pieces of iron, something like quoits, into the top of a box, where, hitting different objects, they would drop into corresponding holes, each marked with figures denoting gain or loss. These games were mostly patronized by crowds of young men in silk hats and black frock-coats. After some difficulty, I succeeded in getting fair accommodation at the "Grand Hotel," kept by a Frenchman.

I had a good dinner of dishes and wine peculiar to the country, and then sallied forth to the Grand Plaza, where, from eight to nine on two evenings of the week, three military bands in turn discoursed waltz and other lively music in a very creditable manner. All the fashionable world was out, it being "good form" to promenade around the square on the sidewalks running in corridors through the stores, or to sit upon the brick-and-stucco settees placed at convenient distances against the walls. The costume of the ladies and gentlemen was that of Paris, save that usually no bonnets were worn by the ladies, and instead thereof the well-known and graceful mantilla received great favor. The conspirator style of cloak, seen to perfection in the *opéra-bouffe* "*La Fille de Madame Angot*," was also out in force. Of course, all the gentlemen smoked. I strolled about the square, greatly relishing the scenes and sounds of life and gayety,

the Southern Cross burning brightly above me, the Great Bear almost sunk below the horizon. The Grand Plaza has the conventional fountain and garden, and is paved with small round stones in ornamental patterns of black and white. The fountain is surmounted with a stone Neptune, with his trident, and six stone seals spout fresh water on him from the corners. On the eastern side of the plaza is the Hall of Deputies, a not imposing building, but with a lofty tower having a four-faced clock. Next this is an arcade, with stores below and residences above. The northern and western sides are lined with stores and *cafés*, while the southern side shows the fine, three-storied balconied building of government offices, and the very handsome façade of what was to have been the cathedral, but which, for want of money or through abundance of revolution, or both, never reached higher than the first story. This is in quite a Grecian order of architecture, and the stone cutting and carving are in a fine style. It is a great pity that this cathedral could not be completed, for if the present design and treatment were carried out it would be one of the finest buildings in South America. On concluding the open-air concert the bands formed in company front, and, playing the national anthem, marched off in dashing style to their respective barracks, accompanied by a score or so of soldiers who had been holding paper-lanterns and turning the music-sheets for the performers. There are at present thirty-five hundred troops in La Paz, this constituting the greater part of the Bolivian army. The officers in gay uniform, of a decidedly French pattern, are seen everywhere in the streets, restaurants, and *cafés*. The troops also are frequently encountered marching about the city, apparently being kept in constant exercise and thorough discipline. When the bands left, the populace did likewise, and ten minutes afterward the plaza was deserted.

## CHAPTER XI.

### LA PAZ—THE QUAIN.

THE Spanish words, La Paz, signify "peace," and as applied to the Bolivian capital are a ridiculous misnomer; for revolutions are quite as frequent in this as in the neighboring Republic of Peru. La Paz is 12,226 feet above the sea-level. Potosi, Bolivia, is a thousand feet higher, and a town in Peru, Pasco, nearly two thousand feet higher, and the most elevated in South America. The highest inhabited place in the world is, I believe, in Thibet, at an altitude of 15,117 feet—almost that of the summit of Mont Blanc, the loftiest mountain in Europe. La Paz has a population of seventy-five thousand. An extensive view of the city, the valley in which it lies, and the hills and mountains by which it is surrounded, may be had from a bluff a short distance to the eastward. The morning was bright and cool, and the air deliciously fresh and limpid, as I walked through streets lined with the dull walls of mud huts to the extremity of habitation, whence a stiff climb of fifteen minutes took me to the top of the gravelly bluff, a sort of spur jutting out into the valley and commanding a clear prospect in every direction. This valley I have already described in general terms, but now I saw, opening into it on the south, another valley of very different appearance, for it was irrigated and carefully cultivated. At the time of the founding of La Paz it was at first intended to lay it out in this altogether superior situation, but some pope or other, being appealed to, and knowing nothing concerning the topography of this section of Bolivia, decided upon the present strange site. This

is very unfortunate, for there is scarcely an entirely level block in it, nor are the streets in general laid out at right angles. Very many houses are three stories in height at one end, and two, or even one, at the other. The city is intersected by a small river—though with a big name, Rio Grande—and by many small brooks, all crossed by stone bridges. In the walls protecting the sides of the bridges are small openings, through which garbage and refuse are thrown. The general sewerage of the city was formerly in open drains in the center of the streets, but these have since been sunk below the surface. From the height to which I had climbed there is a very good view not only of Illimani, but also of the rugged sub-hills whose peculiar form and rich coloring would be the delight of an artist. In the rainy season such torrents fall as to deeply bare and furrow their sides, and thus disclose various ores whose tints differ wonderfully with the shifting lights and shadows of the changing sun. From La Paz runs a good stage-road to Oruro, a city about a hundred and fifty miles to the southeast. The other cities of the interior, such as Cochabamba, Potosi, and Sucre, are connected at present only by mule-trails. Over the grand mountain-range lies the rich district of Yungas, plains watered by numerous tributaries of the great Madeira River, which flows in a northeast direction and empties into the Amazon. On the eastern slopes of Illimani all the vegetable and fruit productions of the tropics are raised; they are taken thence to the market of La Paz. The Bolivian capital covers about two miles of ground in one direction, and a mile in the opposite. It is built mostly of mud and tiles, and a large proportion of the houses are two stories in height. The streets are lighted by kerosene-lamps placed in iron brackets projecting from the walls of the houses, as at Quito. No sidewalks, properly so called, are found, each side of the cobble-stone pavement having only a narrow flagging on the same level as the street. There is not a chimney in La Paz, for, though in winter the cold is frequently severe, the people know no method of warming

their houses. Fires necessary for cooking are built against a wall quite out-of-doors, except for a flimsy sort of roof. Wood is so scarce and expensive in such a treeless region, that llama-dung is everywhere used for fuel. This naturally gives out an offensive and penetrating odor in burning, and the neighborhood of the kitchen is always to be avoided by the stranger in search of lodgings.

The Alameda lies at the extreme southeastern end of the city. Here are four parallel rows of trees, plants, and flowers, all apparently longing for water and a more congenial soil. Among the trees I noticed willows and eucalypti, the peach and the apple. A great variety of common English flowers spread their bloom. There are three lanes for promenaders and two for equestrians. At intervals along the center are small railed plots with stone columns as bases, for the statues of famous natives, though none are at present occupied, a satire which Bolivians should feel privileged to resent. But, if the pedestals were full, a change of statues might possibly ensue. In fact, it would be a good plan generally, throughout South America, to erect all statues with the heads merely screwed on, so that they might be quickly and easily changed with changing dictators. In one place is a huge monolith of a hard, dark stone not found anywhere in the neighborhood of La Paz. It is about three feet square, and is fashioned as the head of an old Inca, with a head-dress of feathers ornamented with figures of monsters. It reminded me at once of the statues I had seen in the interior of Yucatan. In the center of the middle path is a really splendid fountain of transparent yellow alabaster, which was presented to the city some years ago by a wealthy citizen. At the extreme end of the Alameda is a great summer-house, the walls of which are painted with landscapes vividly recalling the gardens of Versailles.

The streets of La Paz, although not crowded, are always bustling with people. The Grand Plaza is the general meeting-ground for the upper classes. Here they promenade up and down, or stand talking in groups at the corners. Officers

dressed in brilliant uniforms—enormous gilt epaulets and sword, a blue coat, and red trousers with a stripe of gold-lace two inches in width—frequently pass. One imagines, from their very gaudy appearance, that none can be below the rank of major-general. As a striking contrast, in the narrow streets one often meets troops of laden llamas or donkeys, driven by muleteers wearing multi-colored *ponchos* and hempen sandals. But, perhaps, for a general view of all classes of the populace, there is no better place to visit than the market. That of La Paz occupies an entire square. The building is simply a series of roofed galleries, open at the sides, and running at right angles to each other. The stalls are rented by the month, and all around the market, sitting with their goods displayed before them on the street, are those venders, who pay merely nominal sums for thus carrying on their business. Nearly all the people employed in the market are women. A few men are engaged in the task of cutting up the huge carcasses of various animals. Only one species of fish was on sale, the small though excellent product of Titicaca. Many ducks are to be had from the neighborhood of this lake, but the natives have no method of capturing them, and such as one finds in private houses are always shot by foreign sportsmen. The display of vegetables and fruit was grand, products of both temperate and tropical zones lying side by side. I might give a long list of these, but as a greater part of them are quite unknown, at least by experience, to dwellers in northern latitudes, it would convey little meaning; and to give a detailed description would belong rather to a botanical work than such a book as the present. Besides the vegetable and fruit exhibit, there were all sorts of native-made and native-worn clothes, from *ponchos* and broad-brim hats to sandals and short trousers. Hardware and earthenware stalls vied with each other, and great tables of such general knickknacks as are called in North America “Yankee notions,” displayed bewildering miscellanies. I observed in one place a great heap of such horns, herbs, and roots as are used by the native medicine-

men in their cabalistic practice. Some of these shrewd, unscrupulous fellows obtain a great notoriety, and travel from end to end of the country. There were also to be seen immense piles of dry-goods, nearly all of bright colors, the products of native looms, and rolls of a coarse strong sort of cloth worn by the poorer classes. In addition, women merchants dealt in skins of all kinds, the beautiful soft vicuña skins always especially attracting my attention. Stalls teemed with a variety of beautiful flowers, huge bunches of them at merely nominal prices. Women selling flowers may also be frequently seen at odd corners of the city. The foreigners contract with them for so many bouquets per week, and thus you see parlor-tables always adorned with a luxurious profusion, prominent among them being that beautiful flower called the "Inca's favorite," a sort of crimson bell-shaped blossom, similar to our morning-glory, though more slender. Sunday is the especially great market-day, and then the variety and quantity of produce and goods are about doubled. The living at the best hotels in La Paz is good and cheap. The cooking inclines to the French style. The lodging-rooms are perhaps not all that could be desired, but the board is very satisfactory. The equivalent in United States money of the Bolivian currency which I had to pay was only one dollar and thirty-five cents per day. A good club graces the capital, with all customary conveniences such as parlors, billiard, card, wine, and dining rooms, where most of the foreigners board, though lodging elsewhere.

While in La Paz I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Señor Manuel Vicente Ballivian, a worthy representative of one of the oldest and most distinguished families of Bolivia. Two presidents and a field-marshal have already been chosen from this family, while the father of my friend was the author of a very valuable collection of documents, entitled "Bolivian Archives," and a brother is President of the National Bank. A handsome street in the center of the city is styled the "Calle de Ballivian." On visiting Señor Ballivian's house, I was very much surprised to find



in his fine library a catalogue, printed in Chili, of thirty-five hundred titles of books and pamphlets in all languages exclusively devoted to Bolivia. I had hardly supposed there were so many upon all South America. And Bolivia is a country of which great parts are still imperfectly known, and of much of which accurate surveys have never been made.

Señor Ballivian kindly accompanied me one evening to the theatre, an unimposing structure, both inside and out, though comfortable, and perhaps well enough adapted to the needs of a city where, singularly enough, the drama is not very popular. Location is selected from a large board diagram, which is hung conspicuously in the ticket-office. You observe and mention the number of the seat desired, and a programme, rolled in the form of a pin, is removed from this number in the diagram and handed to you. I found the theatre contained a parquette and three tiers of small boxes. The orchestra numbered but eight, the leader adding the occasional manipulation of a piano to the conventional duty of conducting. The auditorium was lighted by kerosene-lamps, a row of which, with chimneys a foot and a half high, and backed by a standing board to protect from excessive draught, served as foot-lights. The draught-preventer would have been more acceptable had it not rendered invisible the lower third of the performers. The theatre would seat about fifteen hundred people. The scenery and costumes were good. The music, however, was for the most part very bad, and it was the comic opera of "Barba Azul," Offenbach's "Blue-beard," that was attempted. Between the second and third acts the leader of the orchestra gave, upon the violin, on the stage, a *mélange* of airs from "Traviata," and in a very ordinary fashion, but he was much applauded by the audience. When this *virtuoso* was about half-way through, two natives went upon the stage to present him with some wreaths. They stood before him until they finally perceived that he neither proposed to stop in order to be decorated, nor would have been able to continue had he taken the wreaths in his hands. This spectacle "brought down" the house. The

two lower tiers of boxes contained many ladies in gay dresses, without hats, bare-armed, but not bare-necked. The gentlemen accompanying them were not in evening dress, but in long frock-coats and black kid gloves. The upper tier of boxes corresponded to our gallery, and was packed with a similar element, with their hats on. The scale of prices was : Boxes on the first tier, seven dollars and seventy-five cents ; those on the second tier, four dollars and a half ; the orchestra stalls, one dollar ; general admission, sixty-five cents ; and "paradise," thirty cents. The opera company came originally from Chili, and had been in La Paz two years. During nearly half the year, from two to four performances a week are given. The *matinée* is as yet an unknown institution. I might say, in brief, of the performance which I witnessed, that there was but one good artist in the entire company, and that was the *prima donna*, who was very droll, and with her grimaces, ogling, and sprightliness, constantly recalled the delightful *Aimée* of many melodious nights in Paris and New York. The opera did not conclude until one in the morning. Between the acts there was, as with us, some visiting in the boxes, but most of the gentlemen retired to the wine-room to drink small glasses of strong spirits and smoke mild cigarettes.

La Paz is well supplied with newspapers, there being eight sold in the capital, though not one of these is a daily. One of them, however, appears five days in the week, or every day excepting Sunday and Monday. The others leave the press spasmodically—once, twice, or three times a week, or even bimonthly. Nor is there any regular hour of the day for publication, even with the ones which I have particularized. These newspapers are all organs of some party or other, as the Conservative, the Liberal, the Church, or the Masonic. They are printed with fine, clear type, on good paper, and are in every respect like the average French journal, containing brief telegrams from all over the world, pompous editorials, local gossip, and a *feuilleton*, or serial novelette, served in brief installments. Supplements, of a single narrow

column, are occasionally annexed. The price of these newspapers is very high, a single copy sometimes costing twenty cents. One generally subscribes for them by the year. There is no sale in the streets by boys, nor can you find the papers at the book-stores or stationers. You must go or send direct to the printing-office. From here they are delivered to regular subscribers by carriers; you never receive them through the post-office.

There is only one chartered bank in Bolivia—the Banco Nacional, or National Bank, with branches in the cities of Cochabamba and Potosi. The banking-house in La Paz is a fine structure, of cut brown-stone below and brick and stucco above, situated on a corner near the Grand Plaza. The notes of the National Bank, at the time of my visit, were worth but sixty-five cents on the dollar, as the country was still suffering from the effects of the war with Chili. This bank pays four per cent on deposits of over six months' time, and two per cent on open accounts. A great part of the business or commerce of this country is done through foreign houses. The imports, with few exceptions, are by Germans. I believe that there are in Bolivia no English or American firms engaged in foreign trade, by either export or import. American newspapers have had very much to say about the South American trade and our small share of it; but, so long as our merchants sit quietly at home and wait for the business to go to them, there will be no commerce with these countries. It is very different with the Germans, who go there either taking much capital or being supplied with it by large houses in Europe. Well conversant, generally, with the English and Spanish languages, they go to work, locate themselves fairly in the country, and in a few years build up a large trade. The Bolivians and other South Americans do not send to the United States for merchandise, which might there be obtained superior to that which is got as cheaply elsewhere, for the South Americans are bound by many interests to send to Europe for their goods, for which, as a matter of course, they pay in products of the country. The

principal export of Bolivia is silver, on which the Government collects a revenue of ten cents per ounce. The present product of the silver-mines of the country is twenty million ounces. The famous mines of Potosi, after being worked for two hundred and fifty years, are still fertile. The Huanchaca mines, in a southwesterly direction from Potosi, are now the most productive, and recent discoveries there show enormous riches.

## CHAPTER XII.

### VOYAGING TO VALPARAISO.

I DROVE one morning down the valley, about three miles, to a small village which is a sort of summer resort for the citizens of La Paz. The road was very steep and rough. There were but two or three carriages in the capital, and my vehicle seemed to frighten all the animals I passed. One scared mule was knocked down and run over. At times the road passed between long lines of rose-bushes, strawberry-beds, pear-trees in blossom, weeping-willows, and parched-looking eucalypti. Again, it was bordered only by plain stone walls, topped with living cacti, which the poacher, having once grasped, would probably very suddenly relinquish. As I went on, vegetation seemed more profuse. Several neat farm-houses, commanding splendid views of the sublime Illimani, dotted the valley here and there. The formation of the clayey hills reminded me strongly of those in Colorado, whose slopes the weather has worn into fantastic arches, pillars, and pyramids. The Bolivian mountains are so acute, both ridge and pinnacle, that frequently the daring climber is stopped, and has to retrace his steps, or extend them for miles in circuitous progress. I crossed an old Spanish bridge over the almost dry bed of what must be at times a fierce torrent. The topography everywhere spoke of very violent rains, and here, as in Ecuador, it is next to impossible to travel during the rainy season. In the village, which I soon reached, there is a little park full of trees and flowers. Here also one sees two bronze busts of those members of the Ballivian family who in turn occupied the presi-

dential chair. Above each statue is a curious little iron roof, placed as a protection against the weather. The road extends but a short distance beyond this park, being succeeded by that national highway of Bolivia, and all the other countries of South America, the mule-trail.

It was on the third day of the Indian carnival that I visited a plaza in the northern part of the city, where was an inn in which the headquarters of the *fiesta* were temporarily located. The upper corridor of the inn was crowded with people looking at the extraordinary antics of others in the court-yard below. These were dressed in very gay colors, and many of them were in grotesque costumes, with masks representing the heads of animals. Some wore enormous circular head-dresses of ostrich-feathers, others had their faces painted like those of circus clowns. No matter how much civilized finery the women had on, their feet were pretty sure in every instance to be bare, while those of the men were shod with thin leather sandals. There was much music of drums, guitars, and bamboo flutes. There was also much dancing and guttural singing, a crowd always forming around especially able performers. The native music was plaintive and wild; the dances consisted mostly of posturing, varied by brief but lively jigs. But all, men and women alike, were more under the influence of liquor than of enthusiasm. Frequently they were so intoxicated that their friends had to carry them, and occasionally, in a secluded corner, was a man stretched out "dead" drunk. Such cases, however, attracted no attention from the others, who conducted themselves in the most whimsical manner. Many drunken women spun round and round, and waved their hands above their heads, their heavy skirts standing out like those of the whirling dervishes of Cairo. In the plaza were scores of women selling fruits and native drinks. The liquors were contained in large pitchers (with rows of huge tumblers before them), filled with a native brewed beer, made of pineapple-rinds and molasses. Here also were many gambling-tables, where counters were placed upon certain pictures or numbers, and

dice shaken in huge tin cans told the good or bad luck of the players, as well as the amounts lost or won. All of the tables were surrounded by crowds of eager gamblers and spectators. All was fun and gayety. These Indians never fight when in their cups, as do the members of most nationalities. Women could be seen dancing by themselves, others walking hand in hand, or affectionately embracing each other, but all most blissfully drunk. The musicians and dancers would form in procession and march about the square, halting frequently for one of their extraordinary dances, and then march on again. The throngs of natives moving in every direction, with garments of every bright hue, backed by the brown or white of the mud houses, made a very picturesque scene.

Another day I witnessed one of the closing acts of the *fiesta*. It was near the gate of the Alameda, and the *dramatis personæ* were drunken men, the audience consisting of a great circle of approving yet equally as drunken women. Some of the men were dressed in fine skins of the vicuña and leopard, with caps full of vari-colored feathers; others wore a sort of cloth coat, with ludicrous masks, human and animal; and still others wore white shirts and gaudily ornamented hats. All played upon drums, or bamboo flutes, or reed harmonicas. Promiscuous circular dances and the *pas seul* were in lively progress, and occasionally drunken women would break in upon the men, and pirouette together, forward and back, arm over arm, around and around, with an occasional fall and recovery, which disconcerted no one. The faces of those who did not wear masks looked either stolid or silly. You were reminded of a lot of children at play, without aim or plan. Some pathetic scenes occurred. One young woman was fearfully drunk. Her mother on one side, her little daughter on the other, tried to keep her on her feet. And to the back of the daughter, herself a mere tot scarcely three feet in height, was strapped a tiny baby. Their friends either looked on and laughed, or else did not think the situation of sufficient moment for even a passing notice. It was

to me, however, a distressing sight. These poor people elicited my greatest sympathy and interest, the more so since the general sentiment of the La Paz citizen seems to be that Indians are not capable of any cultivation, and, even if they were, are hardly worth the trouble. There are said to be half a million Aymaras in Bolivia and southern Peru. They are a pastoral people, almost entirely vegetarian in diet, and though generally grave and impassive, are never sullen or ill-natured, while, as we have seen, when warmed with beer or spirits, on the occasion of the church festivals, they are exceedingly animated, not to say hilarious.

At the hotel in La Paz I was glad to make the acquaintance of the well-known naturalist, Dr. H. H. Rusby, of New York, who was at the time journeying along the Pacific coast with the special object of investigating its medical botany. He afterward daringly made his way across the continent to Pará, crossing the Andes by mule, floating on rafts, down the Beni and Madeira Rivers, to the mighty Amazon, undergoing terrible privations and hardships, but forming great collections in both the flora and fauna of Bolivia and Brazil, and making some very valuable additions to the American pharmacopœia.

I was one week in accomplishing the return journey from La Paz to Mollendo, and fortunately arrived just in time to take a steamer for Valparaiso, next to San Francisco the leading port on the Pacific coast of America. Before going on board I was obliged to obtain another passport—price one dollar—this being the fifth I had had to secure in Peru. My steamer was the *Maipo*, of the South American Steamship Company, or the Chilian line, as it is familiarly called here, in contradistinction from the English line, or the Pacific Steam Navigation Company. The *Maipo* I found to be a splendidly appointed vessel in every particular. The cabins were extremely large, and the saloon, with its stained glass, inlaid wood-work, and display of cut-glass and silver, lighted above by a great octagonal sky-light, was as fine an apartment as I have ever seen on any steamer. The captain and officers were mostly Europeans.



Our first stop was at Arica, formerly belonging to Peru, but taken from her by Chili in the late war. It was once a town of some importance, but is now an uninteresting place, of a few thousand inhabitants. The roadstead is flanked on the south by a giant bluff, on whose summit appear several great cannon. Away to the north, high on the beach, may be seen the remains of the ill-fated United States steamship *Wateree*, which was torn (in 1868) from its moorings by a great tidal wave and borne a quarter of a mile into the interior. About all that is now left of her is some machinery. Near the landing-place of Arica a train of cars was just starting for the town of Tacna, about forty miles distant to the northward, and lying in a very fertile valley. In an imposing position, reached by a massive stone terrace, stands a church made altogether of iron and brought from the United States. There is also the customary grand square, with its little central garden struggling for its life, and unable to get the water necessary for that purpose. The next port at which we called was Pisagua, a town of wooden shanties that lies upon such a steep range of hills that it looks as if a slight shock of earthquake would send it toppling into the sea. Here I found about a dozen ships awaiting freight. Upon a conical hillock, near the center of the town, has been reared a plain stone shaft in memory of the dead of both sides who fell in the late Peru-Chili War. It is a very conspicuous mark, and may be seen for a long distance at sea. The same day we arrived at Iquique, one of the most business-like ports on the west coast. It is a town of very irregular appearance. It lies upon an extensive plain at a level with the sea, and contains one-story mud and bamboo houses. In the roadstead was a score of ships of all nationalities, loading saltpeter. One war-vessel was a British corvette. Going on shore, I was surprised at the foreign aspect of the town—broad macadamized streets, with wide sidewalks, and shop-signs in English quite as frequently as in Spanish. Besides the English element, there seemed to be large contingents of French and Germans. In the Grand Plaza there is

a lofty wood and iron clock-tower, through the open sides of which appears the marble bust of one of the many Chilean heroes. Iquique is a thriving place, being the shipping port of great saltpeter-mines in the interior, with which a railway connects. The city is clean and lighted by gas, and, though artistically grotesque, it is pleasing by way of contrast to other cities to the northward. It has been several times destroyed by fire and ravaged by earthquakes. This may account for the fact that it is made almost entirely of pine boards and galvanized iron plates, and appears as if only built yesterday and for a brief period at that, inasmuch as fires or earthquakes might be momentarily expected. I can not but liken it to San Francisco in the early days of the gold fever of which all have read descriptions. Our next stopping-place was Tocopilla, where are several large copper-smelting works, valuable copper-mines existing in the interior. We then went to Cobija, formerly the only seaport of Bolivia, but now belonging of course to Chile. Having passed the Tropic of Capricorn, we stopped at Antofagasta. Here I found extensive silver and copper smelting works and a large niter-factory. We took from here, as freight, a great quantity of large silver bars. Early the following morning we anchored in the fine roadstead of Caldera, a small town with a few smelting-works. A railway runs inland, about fifty miles, to the town of Copiapo. This railway dates from the year 1850, and was the first constructed in South America. Twenty-four hours from Caldera we reached Coquimbo and saw the first signs of vegetation, the first green hills on the coast, since leaving Guayaquil.

After a voyage of a week, including the above frequent though brief halts, early one morning Valparaiso was sighted, and as the steamer drew in toward the roadstead, or semicircular harbor, I was strongly reminded of the appearance of the "Golden Gate" of San Francisco, save that in California the hills are brown and barren, while here they are covered with grass and various grains. The bright, living green was a very welcome sight after so much desolation and death as

all the northward coast presents. The aspect of Valparaiso from the sea is very remarkable. One would think a more inconvenient site was nowhere to be found. Rome was built, so the historians tell us, upon seven hills, but Valparaiso is built upon twenty, and so steep are most of them that stair-cases are necessary to get from one part to another, and in one instance even a vertical railway has to be employed. The harbor of Valparaiso is of a horseshoe shape, open to the north, but well protected on the southwest. It is unfortunate that it should be so exposed on the north, for occasionally northerly gales are so heavy that the vessels have to slip their cables and put out to sea. The entire harbor is filled with sail and steam craft of every description as we enter and anchor in one hundred and fifty feet of water. We had just passed, on the southern headland, two small open batteries, and could see another on the northerly point. Then to the eastward, and near the level of the water, there loomed several more. The appearance of Valparaiso may perhaps be likened to a vast amphitheatre, in which the ridges of the hills may be regarded as aisles. Its sloping position reminds one of Hong-Kong. Its spurs, terminating in bluffs at the water's edge, recall Quebec. Owing to the presence of these spurs, the city is of course very irregularly built. In one place there are but two streets between a rocky bluff and the harbor, while in another there are ten. The greater part of the city is built upon a gently sloping plain, and the streets are laid out with square or oblong blocks. Adjoining the harbor is a very broad highway, upon which is situated a splendid row of business houses, built of brick, and three or four stories in height. At one extremity of this are the custom warehouses, forming an imposing pile. The most prominent objects seen from the deck of a steamer at anchor in the harbor are these custom warehouses, a cemetery, the clock-tower of the Municipal Palace, and an enormous brewery, painted a flaring white, far off upon one of the hills.

As I walked past the elegant bronze statue of Lord Coch

rane—the Englishman who commanded the fleet of Chili from 1818 to 1822—with the post-office and the fire-engine house to the left, and the Municipal Palace before me, and turned down a street to the right to the “Gran Hotel Central,” with its long flight of marble steps, I was struck by the very civilized look of the famous Chilian seaport. Indeed, it quite resembled a small French or German city. The people who were rushing about in the eagerness of business activity did not seem to be Chilians, but Germans, French, English, Americans. And when I came to enter some of the great foreign mercantile houses, extending from street to street, and fitted with perfect modern appointments; and when, at night, I walked through the long streets where most of the retail business is done, with brilliantly lighted shops filled with a variety of goods from every country—I could hardly believe myself in the southern hemisphere. It was only the sight of an occasional mantilla, or a peculiar cut of the beard, or perhaps a solitary poncho-clad figure urging his horse swiftly along, that dispelled my illusion. In the dining-room of the hotel the electric light was used, as well as in very many of the stores. In the streets is a “Belgian” pavement, and the sidewalks are smoothly and neatly flagged. The architecture of some of the buildings is very fine, and there are several rich and elegant churches. The principal streets are threaded by tramways. The trams, or cars, are of two stories, as in Paris and some other European cities. But a Valparaiso conductor is not paralleled in any other city anywhere—for it is a woman. She is provided with a board-seat upon the rear platform, and performs, and very well, too, all the customary functions of the male conductor, save that of the caution to “move up, please,” for here no more passengers are admitted than there are seats for. These female conductors wear a uniform blue dress with a white apron and a man’s felt hat, and carry a leather change-bag. The fare is five cents for inside and two cents and a half for outside passengers.

At the time of my visit to Chili a small steamer sailed

for the famous island of Juan Fernandez, or Robinson Crusoe's Island, which belongs to that country, and is situated in the Pacific Ocean about four hundred miles nearly due west from Valparaiso. It has a few Chilian inhabitants, and is the seat of a small German colony. The newspapers of the city announced, with many flourishes, that a pleasure excursion was about to be made to Juan Fernandez, and that it would last six days, half of which time would be spent upon the island. The fare was placed at sixty dollars for first-class and thirty dollars for second-class passengers. The various attractions promised were the shooting of seals, fishing for cod, driving and shooting goats, lobster-fishing, and last, and evidently least, visits to all the places of interest on the island. These included Robinson Crusoe's lookout, three thousand feet above the ocean, with a commemorative bronze tablet set in the side of the hill by the officers of the Challenger Expedition; Crusoe's cave; and the beach where he was supposed to have been wrecked, or rather to have gone on shore by the memorable raft. The island is eighteen miles long and six broad; it is for the most part rocky and barren. I was told that these excursions, a few of which occur every year, are quite popular, and that the steamers usually have a great crowd of passengers.



*Crusoe's Lookout (with Commemorative Tablet).*



## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE CAPITAL OF CHILE

ONE of the oldest railways in South America takes you in five hours from the great seaport of Valparaiso to Santiago, its capital. The road is owned by the Government, but was built by English contractors, as one might know by the odd-shaped locomotives and the little four-wheeled carriages. For more than half its distance the road extends in a north-easterly direction, and then turns abruptly and runs almost directly south to the city of Santiago. There are only two towns of any special size or importance on the entire road—Quillota and Santa Felipe. On leaving the station we skirt the bay for several miles, until we reach a little town called Vina del Mar, where dwell many of the rich merchants of the seaport city. Here are graceful little cottages imbedded in beautiful gardens of fruits and flowers, a large hotel, and pleasant walks and drives. Near by is an enormous sugar-factory. Going on, the country for many miles is undulating, the hills on both sides being covered with scrub, and the valleys filled with barley and clover fields, orchards, and vineyards. The land is generally owned in immense estates, and irrigation has to be employed in nearly all districts along the coast. In the interior the climate is more equable, and the soil is remarkably fertile and especially well adapted to European produce. There is a large wheat crop, notwithstanding a generally rude method of cultivation. The Chilean farmer plows with a sharp-pointed piece of wood, sometimes shod with iron, and knows no harrow but a bundle of brush. Reaping is done by hand, and thrashing by the old-fashioned



way of driving horses over the grain. At the time of my visit the barley and pastures presented the most beautiful emerald tints I have ever seen, while the orchards were filled with red, pink, white, and greenish-white blossoms, that resembled flower-gardens on an enormous scale. The engineering problems of the road did not appear to be very great, at least not as compared with those so frequently encountered in Peru. There were no excessively steep grades—though the rise from the sea to Santiago is about eighteen hundred feet—and but a few short tunnels. Just before we reached the greatest ascent we passed an enormous and perfectly level plain, which, with the surrounding hills, made a fine scene. Then came a region of rough, brown rocks, interesting but hardly grand, and afterward another plain, and then, on all sides, carefully cultivated fields stretched away to Santiago, where we soon drew up in a handsome iron station, a hundred and fifteen miles from Valparaiso. A long drive through uninteresting streets then took me to the best hotel, at the opposite end of the city.

On the eastern side of Santiago there is a singular rocky hill which rises abruptly from the level plain to a height of eight hundred feet, and from which may be had a remarkably interesting view of the city and the great snowy range of the Andes. This outlook, called the "Cerro de Santa Lucia," is a very popular resort with both citizens and strangers. A good carriage-road winds upward nearly to the summit, and paths and stone staircases seem to lead up and about it in every direction. It is surrounded at the base by a lofty wall, with an imposing iron gateway, where a small entrance fee is charged. The near appearance of this miniature hill is especially striking. Here is a bare, rocky precipice, there a mass of evergreen trees and vines; here is a bed of flowers perched in an almost inaccessible nook, there are grottoes, statues, belvederes, a swimming-bath, a restaurant, kiosks, a historical museum, and an astronomical observatory; while, in contrast to all the rest, the actual apex of sharp rock is covered by an octagonal cupola of glass. All these improve-





*View from the Principal Square of Santiago*

ments and embellishments were effected by the late Benjamin Vicuña Mackenna, the eminent Chilian author, editor, orator, and statesman, who was Governor of Santiago for many years, and one of the candidates for the presidency in 1876, though he failed of election. The staircases leading to the highest point are necessarily very narrow and steep, and it really requires a strong head and a steady foot for the ascent. But, having clambered up, one is amply repaid by the magnificent prospect. Directly at your feet lies the city of Santiago, on an almost perfectly level plain, its houses of pink, white, green, and yellow, picturesquely contrasting with each other, and the monotony of their tiled roofs artistically broken by church spires, towers, and lofty public buildings. Through the northern part of the city flows a small stream, called the Mapocho, which is crossed by five bridges, one of them flanked with little shops like the famous Ponte Vecchio at Florence. The city itself is regularly laid out, and covers a very large area for its population of a hundred and thirty thousand; but one should remember that, owing to the prevalence of earthquakes, its houses are built mostly no higher than two stories. The streets are comparatively broad and covered with the "Belgian" pavement. The city is generally lighted by gas, though the electric light is also used, especially in the best class of stores. Santiago seems, from the top of the Cerro de Santa Lucia, to be completely surrounded by lofty mountains. The range to the north and east is thickly cased with snow.

The Great Square of Santiago, or Plaza Independencia, as as it is called, is quite imposing, though its general arrangement is not unlike those of other large South American cities. In the center is a handsome old marble fountain, which is encircled by a large garden filled with flowers, statues, marble settees, and neat gravel walks. On one side of the square are the buildings of the municipality; on another, a large edifice with pleasing architectural features, arranged below with shops faced by an arched pathway, and occupied above by dwelling-rooms. Another side is monopolized by an

enormous three-story building, called the Grand English Hotel, and by two great arcades crossing each other at right angles, and extending from street to street. These arcades are of white stucco, with semicircular roofs of glass and iron. They contain many fine shops, those devoted to jewelry and *bric-à-brac* seeming to predominate. The remaining side of the grand plaza is nearly all filled by the cathedral, a huge building of brick and stone, with a single rough-brick tower, the whole being quite uncouth and unfinished on the outside. Inside, however, the edifice is one of the very finest of its class, simply yet richly furnished, and therefore lacking in the tawdriness that is often the case with cathedral interiors. In the Great Square you find the principal hackney-coach stand; the terminus of one of the many tramway lines which traverse the city in every direction; and a music pavilion, where occasionally a military band performs in the evening. From the center of the plaza a splendid view may be obtained of the great snow-capped mountains by which Santiago is flanked on the northeast.

The Chilian Capitol is an imposing structure, two stories in height, with rows of great columns and many chaste ornaments, the whole exterior being of a brownish-yellow stucco. The building contains three great halls: that of the senators, that of the deputies, and that in which the President takes the oath of office. These halls are very plainly finished in white stucco, with a few simple frescoes on the ceiling, and are illuminated by great sky-lights and furnished with plain leather chairs. The Chilian Congress is composed of about forty senators and one hundred and ten deputies. Directly in front of the Capitol is a small park, which was formerly the site of the Jesuits' church, wherein so many women were burned on the night of the 8th of December, 1868. That terrible calamity is commemorated by a graceful marble and bronze monument, with an inscription on the pedestal, dated December 8, 1873, informing the stranger that it was the offering of the love and inextinguishable grief of the people of Santiago. It will be remembered

that the church took fire from some of its altar-candles, on the occasion of a crowded evening festival. The congregation was, as usual, mostly composed of women, who, in their frantic efforts to escape, became blocked against the closed doors, which unfortunately were made to open inward. No help could come from outside, and, as the monument pathetically says, "two thousand victims, more or less," miserably perished.

One afternoon I visited the Botanical and Zoological Gardens and the National Museum, which they surround, and which is at present housed in the Exposition Palace. The Botanical Gardens are laid out on a grand scale, with a very great variety of plants, fine walks, statues, and summer-houses. Near a lake stands the rather imposing building of the exposition, two stories in height, with grand entrance and great central hall, the whole very much resembling that at Lima. It contained a fair general zoological collection, with good mounting of specimens and explicit labels in Latin and Spanish. The collection of South American animals is very complete, and that of Chilean birds especially claimed my attention. There is also a good though small botanical display, or, more properly speaking, an herbarium—leaves and flowers dried and pressed in books, seeds and grain preserved in bottles, and sawed sections of trees. In the great central hall is a very complete exhibit of school accessories—text-books, colored maps, diagrams of many subjects, plaster casts, manikins, natural history cabinets, and class-room furniture. The Zoological Garden adjoins the botanical. It covers a goodly extent of ground, and is capitally arranged for observation in long avenues. Here, besides the animals usually found in menageries, the world over, one sees a great variety peculiar to South America—such as llamas, alpacas, guanacos, and vicuñas. Many of the best specimens were brought from Lima by the Chileans after the late war. To enter these gardens a slight charge is made at the principal gate. On leaving, I drove along the Alameda, a long and very broad boulevard, containing four rows of enormous poplars, a wide

central path, statues, lines of tramway, and paved streets on the outer sides. This splendid avenue runs nearly the entire length of the city, and that portion of it nearest the Grand Plaza and the Cerro de Santa Lucia contains many handsome private residences and some imposing public institutions. In returning to the hotel I was especially struck with the quantity and variety of the foreign element in Santiago, as evidenced by the business signs alone—French, German, Italian, English. But it is not in this city as in Valparaiso, where you seem scarcely to meet a native face in walking through the chief streets; for here the peculiar Chilean type of feature and extreme of Paris fashion in dress are everywhere obtrusive. A noticeable characteristic of the streets is the uniformed policemen, who wear swords, which it is said they sometimes are not slow to use. Perhaps they are not more prudent or less brutal than policemen in New York. At night they keep up a great noise by whistling one to the other, according to an accepted code. During the day they are inoffensive enough, walking quietly about, but at night they become an intolerable nuisance. This habit of constant whistling is altogether absurd in view of the fact that an intending evil-doer is thereby warned of the exact locality of the watchmen.

At the principal theatre of Santiago I heard the opera of "Rigoletto," and saw the ballet entitled "Brahma." The theatre is a handsome building outside, and very comfortable and pretty inside. It is built in the form of a horseshoe, with four tiers of boxes, and is richly decorated in white and gold. A proscenium-box is set aside for the President of the Republic. The orchestra numbered seventy-five. The house was only partially filled, "Rigoletto" seeming everywhere to have rather outlived its once great popularity. The ladies were richly dressed in gay-colored silks, without bonnets or cloaks, but with very curious feathers perched upon the tops of their heads, sometimes spread out, though more often in balls that resembled powder-puffs. These plummy crests were eminently successful in making an otherwise well-

dressed lady appear ridiculous. The performances of the singers, musicians, and dancers alike left very much to be desired. In fact, they would not bear comparison with any respectable European or North American standard.

I returned to Valparaiso and took steamer to Montevideo, Uruguay, *via* the Strait of Magellan and the Falkland Islands. I had at first proposed to myself to go from Santiago across the Andes, by the Uspallata Pass, to Mendoza in the Argentine Republic, and thence by rail, in four days, to the city of Buenos Ayres. The actual passage through the mountains is from the village of Santa Rosa, the terminus of the railway from Santiago. From here the distance to Mendoza is about two hundred and fifty miles, and in summer the journey is only a pleasant mule-ride of six days; but in winter snow-storms are frequent, there are heavy rains and furious gales, and all travel ceases save that of the native couriers. Even these are frequently snowed up for days in the snow-huts by the road-side, and occasionally they succumb to the hardships of the trip and perish. As it was still the closed or bad season, I decided it was best for me to go to Montevideo and Buenos Ayres by sea, and I afterward had great reason to congratulate myself on the choice. But I was not the less interested in learning some particulars of the overland routes from Chili to the Argentine Republic. It appears that, among very many that might be available, but six are frequently used. Of these, the Portillo Pass, the shortest but one of the highest, was that crossed by the illustrious naturalist Darwin in 1834. The Uspallata, however, running between the two great peaks of Aconcagua and Tupungato, and nearly thirteen thousand feet above the sea-level, is that most traversed at the present day. During the whole of summer great numbers of cattle are driven over this route from the dreary pampas of the Argentine to the fruitful valleys of Chili. At this season mules are employed in the trans-Andean journey, but in winter it is said to be best to go on foot. Then shoes of raw leather are worn, as ordinary boots would burn the feet. To keep one warm at night



the extremely novel yet highly successful plan is adopted of taking along three or four dogs as sleeping partners. These are transformed to very active partners by day, when, as is necessary, they are provided with snow-shoes. For the human traveler, in addition to heavy winter clothing, sheep-skin trousers, with the wool inside of course, are used as a protection against frost-bite in wading through deep snow-drifts. The guides will carry a hundred pounds weight of baggage, and yet readily keep pace with the unladen traveler. On the Uspallata route are good post-houses, which, in addition to being comfortable, fill the position of country stores, with large assortments of necessaries. The snow-houses above mentioned are distributed at dangerous points on the route. They are really houses of refuge for exhausted or storm-bound travelers. They are of uniform structure, a simple hut, about fifteen feet square, and the same in height, with no window and but one small door. No chimney being built, a fire used for both cooking and heating is made in the center of the room upon the ground, and sends forth smoke which proves a distressing nuisance to the wayfarer, who has often to pass several days thus "cabined, cribbed, confined."

It has been proposed to connect the towns of Santa Rosa and Mendoza by a railroad through the Uspallata Pass, which would bring Buenos Ayres within twenty-nine hours of Valparaiso. A concession has actually been granted with this end in view, and surveys have been made and work begun. The estimated cost is ten million dollars. The engineering work, though severe, would not be nearly as difficult as that upon either the Oroya or Arequipa-Puno roads of Peru. The Uspallata road would cross the Cordillera at the summit at an elevation of 10,568 feet, through a tunnel which would have to be two miles in length. The steepest incline would be three and one half per cent, and the minimum curve would have a radius of five hundred and fifty feet. The total distance from Valparaiso to Buenos Ayres by this route would be eight hundred and seventy miles. This railroad is not yet completed, but a telegraph line has recently been

finished between the two capitals. It is an iron-pole line, in connection with forty miles of cable, laid under the perpetual snows of the Andes, and will insure communication between Buenos Ayres and London, *via* Galveston, in a little over an hour.

In many respects Chili is the most vigorous and powerful of the South American nations. During the last ten years her revenues and foreign trade have each rather more than doubled. She has shown good sense in cultivating peace, rather than keeping up the war spirit, though she may take just pride in the prowess of her arms. With Peru and Bolivia both against her, this enterprising republic succeeded in inflicting on the former one of the most complete disasters, both by land and sea, recorded in recent warfare. She annihilated the really strong navy of Peru, carried her victorious army into Lima itself, broke the Peruvian army into fragments, until only a few fugitive guerrillas were left, and exacted a war indemnity, the cession of territory, and the control of the disputed nitrate and guano districts, as conditions of peace. Chili must of necessity ultimately become an industrial nation, and the completion of the trans-Andean railway, and foreign immigration, will greatly contribute to this end.

In leaving Valparaiso I chose the German line of steamers which plies between Callao and Hamburg every three weeks, and which is styled the Kosmos Steamship Navigation Company. My particular steamer was the *Ramses*, a fine little vessel of about two thousand tons burden, and one of the smallest of a fleet which numbers fourteen. We carried about a dozen first class passengers, who nearly filled our little table and all the cabins. I found the accommodations very comfortable, the food excellent, the servants attentive. We had a modern confusion of tongues on board, passengers and officers together speaking German, English, Spanish, French, Italian, and Portuguese. The English steamers pass only through the Strait of Magellan in going from ocean to ocean, but the German line passes also through a series of

very beautiful fiords upon the western coast of Chili, styled in brief the Smyth's Channel route. Hence my preference for the German steamer.

Near sunset, as we steamed rapidly out of the commodious harbor of Valparaiso, I obtained superb views of the city and the surrounding hills. Grandest of all, however, the sublime Aconcagua deigned to unveil itself in all its majesty. A long range of lofty, snow-clad mountains extended from north to south, and from about their center, as I took my view, rose Aconcagua, twenty-three thousand four hundred feet in perpendicular height above the level of the sea. The clouds lay lightly upon parts of the range, but Aconcagua towered apparently twice as high as the others, quite above the clouds, solitary, peaked, and serrated. It bore more the appearance of the great Himalaya summits than any others I had seen in South America, and for sublimity would rival the view of Chimborazo obtained from the Guayaquil River. As the sun dropped into the dark ocean, the mountain-range, the earth whence it arose, and the firmament into which it soared, combined to form a most enchanting spectacle. The jet-black of unlit peaks, low down, contrasted with the brilliant purple of illuminated ridges, higher up, and these, again, with the vast snow-fields, changed into a sea of flame by the expiring rays. Those beams in turn threw an iridescent light upon toppling banks of cloud, reflected themselves faintly upon the gray shipping in the harbor behind us, and made clear the horizon of the broad Pacific through which we were to plow.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### FJORD AND FUEGIAN.

OUR first stop was at Lota, about thirty hours from Valparaiso. It is a small village on the eastern side of a large indenture of the coast, named Arauco Bay, and is the seat of very extensive and valuable copper and coal mines. It contains two very large smelting-works. About a dozen colliers were rolling in the swell as we dropped our anchor near an iron pier, on which an engine was drawing a coal-train to load a Chilian steamer. Around the roadstead are high bluffs, except in one level section where stand the village of Lota and the copper-works and houses of the workmen. Upon the hill to the northward is a lofty iron lighthouse which looks, at a distance, like an Egyptian minaret. It was not taken as spoils from the Egyptians, however, but from the Peruvians, during the late "unpleasantness." The copper mines and smelting-works in Lota are the sole property of Señora Cousiño, the wealthiest woman in Chili, and probably in the world. She has a palace in Santiago, but resides in Lota a portion of the year, in a large and magnificent house with grounds beautified to the last degree both by nature and art, though more especially by the latter. The grounds constitute a veritable botanical garden. They comprise great vegetable and flower inclosures, enormous green-houses, Turkish towers, fountains, belvederes by the sea, brooks, suspension-bridges, a labyrinth of arbor-vitæ, ponds, grottoes, and waterfalls. Fifty men are constantly employed upon this splendid place, and you quickly realize the propriety of a Latin motto upon one of the bridges, "*Labor*

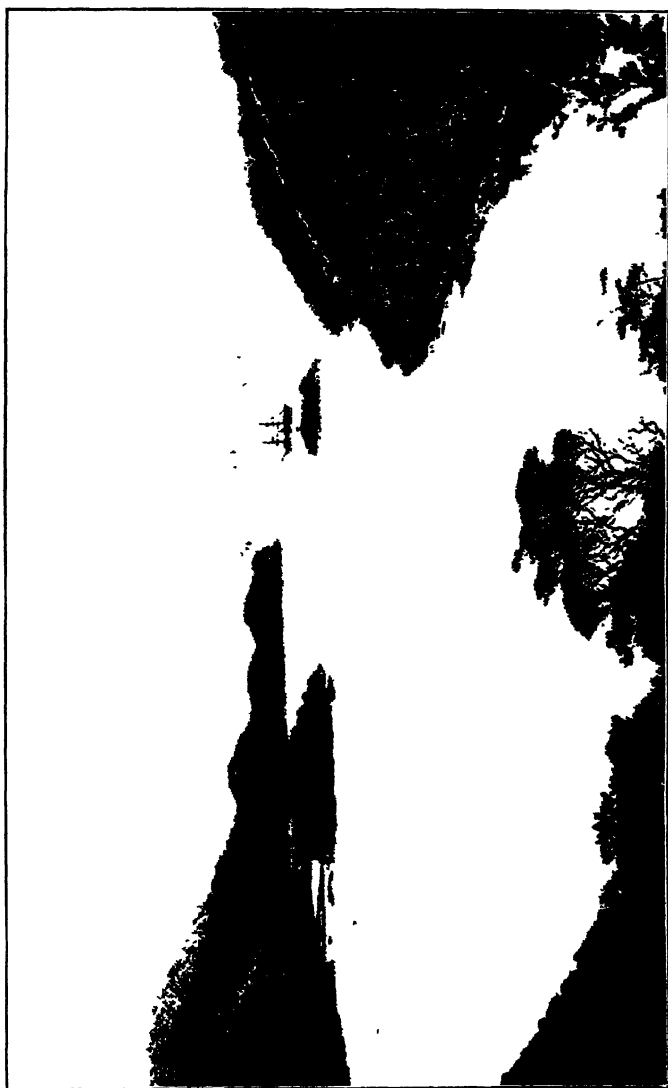
*omnia vincit.*" The fortune of Señora Cousiño is estimated at hundreds of millions of dollars. She has millions of money, millions of acres of land, hundreds of thousands of cattle, coal, copper, and silver mines, acres of real estate in Valparaiso and Santiago, a fleet of eight iron steamships, smelting-works, a railroad, etc. Every house in Lota, a village of some seven thousand inhabitants, is hers, and to the people of this village she pays out over one hundred thousand dollars monthly. She owns the only large coal-mines in South America, from which alone she receives seventy-five thousand dollars a month. All these vast enterprises Señora Cousiño herself controls and directs, exhibiting great foresight, breadth of purpose, and large ability as a manager of affairs. Her income of course is expressed in seven figures. No wonder she is styled the "Countess" of Monte Cristo!

We shipped one hundred tons of bar-copper and a great quantity of tanned hides. Among other items in our cargo, received in Peruvian and Chilian ports, might be mentioned silver ore and ingots, copper ore and bars, bales of tobacco, sacks of horns, alpaca-skins and sheep-skins, bullocks' hides, borax, coca, barrels of honey, and rolls of sole-leather. We moved five miles to the eastward of Lota, to Coronel, and at once began the loading of five hundred tons of coal. This is the great coal region of Chili, one hundred and fifty thousand tons a year being dug from mines, most of which border upon the sea. The coal is light, and inferior to that of Wales. Though it has good steaming qualities, it burns too quickly. It is largely used by the steamers which visit the west coast, and is also carried to other parts of the world. On leaving Coronel we experienced cold, squally weather. We passed first the Island of Chiloe, the northernmost of the great chain of islands and archipelagoes which extends from latitude 42° southward to Cape Horn. Chiloe is very hilly, and covered with forest. It is thinly peopled by Indians, but the interior has not been well explored. Money is almost unknown, and therefore business transactions are gen-

erally by barter. Next we pass Huafo Island and the Chonos Archipelago, a great number of rugged and barren islands, some of them as much as four thousand feet above the sea. The formation of many of the islands is a sandstone so soft as to be easily cut with a knife. Upon the mainland are several peaks, the loftiest being nearly ten thousand feet, though we get but occasional glimpses of them on account of the bad weather. It becomes so cold that a fire is made in our cabin stove. We keep steadily on, passing the Taytas Peninsula and Cape Tres Montes, named from its three small hills. In the interior, on the boundary between Chili and the Argentine Republic, is Mount St. Valentin, nearly thirteen thousand feet high. During the following two days the steamer scarcely advanced at all, and rolled so badly that it was really dangerous to try to get from one part of the deck to another. However, we succeeded at last in crossing the Gulf of Penas, and entered Messier Channel—the beginning of our fiord navigation—between Wellington Island and the mainland.

Wellington is the largest island on the coast of Chili, being one hundred and forty miles long and about thirty wide. It seems to support nothing better than several kinds of evergreens, antarctic beeches, and a sort of soft, spongy moss. Messier Channel varies from six hundred feet to three miles in width. Its navigation is not difficult, save in the most straitened part—called the English Narrows—where the tide runs about seven miles an hour. This section it is customary to pass only at slack water. At night the steamers anchor, though American mail-steamers of four thousand tons, and English war-vessels of even greater tonnage, have safely gone through this contracted passage. The scenery of the channel, up to the spot just above the English Narrows, where we anchored to await the turn of the tide, was extremely diversified. There were thickly wooded islands, on the mainland low, grassy hills, and behind them higher ranges and peaks of every contour, but devoid of vegetation and covered with snow. The scenery is very like

that of the southern fiords of Norway. To the eastward of the English Narrows is a volcano seven thousand feet in height, named Fitzroy, from the famous English navigator of that name, who was captain of the *Beagle* on the expedition around the world which Charles Darwin accompanied as naturalist. But we do not get extended views of the mountain scenery, owing to the misty and cloudy atmosphere. In this locality, and especially at this time of the year, there is almost perpetual rain, with much fog, occasional snow, and often heavy squalls, which come down the precipitous mountain-sides with a very dangerous force. As on the coast of Norway, so on that of Chili, the fiords are generally very deep and their shores very steep. Before entering the English Narrows our boats were swung out and half lowered, to be ready in case of running upon rock or reef, or any other possible emergency. The whole crew were told off for special service. A number stood in the stern prepared at once to rig the auxiliary steering apparatus should that in customary use give way. The carpenter and a boatswain remained at the windlass in the prow quite ready to let go the anchor at a moment's notice. The channel had some pretty sharp turns, and at the narrowest place—about six hundred feet across—slack water was on one side and a current on the other. Still we went gayly through, steaming along at full speed. The woody little islands recalled several of the Scotch lakes, but the rough, snow-covered hills spoke only of Norway or Alaska. The southern half of Mesier Channel contracts to about half a mile, with walls of almost perpendicular rock, from one to three thousand feet in height, and with no vegetation except near the water's edge. This part is appropriately styled Chasm Reach. Little cascades trickled down all the nearer hills, and upon some of them were pretty miniature glaciers. One huge, dome-shaped mountain seemed to be a solid mass of granite, without a single scrap of verdure. As we passed on, the light green of the trees, the darker green of the scrub, the brown of the moss, the purple of the great bare rock, the pure white snow,



*Puerto Bueno, Smyth's Channel.*



face of the fiord. Glaciers so numerous and vast, snow-fields so measureless, I have never seen in any other part of the globe. Several times during the day we could look between the islands and obtain pleasing vistas of the distant ocean. And to think that all these beautiful and majestic scenes are altogether unknown to the general tourist, and all but unknown to even world-wide travelers! Though I had a choice of routes from Santiago to Buenos Ayres or Montevideo, and though I had questioned a dozen people as to which route was the most interesting, no one especially commended to me that course by which I should see the picturesque wonders of Messier and Sarmiento Channels. And yet the fiords and mountains of southern Chili I found excelled in grandeur and beauty those of Norway, as much as the latter, in turn, surpass those of Alaska. No one should visit either Valparaíso or Montevideo without making this tour of the Chilean bays and inlets; and I hope to live to see either a "Murray" or "Baedeker" hand-book devoted to their charms. The winter season would be the best time of year to make this trip—preferably the months of July, August, and September.

The Fuegians—half-naked savages, very low in the scale of civilization—I had the opportunity of studying on two occasions: once while we were lying at anchor in Smyth Channel, opposite Mount Burney; and once in Magellan Strait, between Croker Peninsula and Santa Inez Island. After we had dropped anchor in the former, late one afternoon, we went ashore in search of the Indians, at a small, low, scrubby island, called, rather inconsiderately, Summer Island. The pebbly shore shelved so gradually, and was so thickly fringed with kelp, as to prevent a near approach, and the sailors bore us to land upon their shoulders. The beaches seemed to be composed wholly of the shells of mussels, limpets, and other shell-fish. The island was covered with beech and fir trees, ferns, myrtles, and coarse grass. At one point I came across some deserted huts or wigwams of the Indians, almost hidden in the dense scrub adjoining the widely sloping beach. The

wigwams were of two sizes, the smaller being set apart for the children. The larger were of an oval shape, made of saplings stuck in the ground, and fastened together with osiers at the center and top. They were about ten feet in length, five in width, and five in height. These frames are generally covered with seal-skins, leaving only a single small opening for an entrance, through which the Indians must crawl. The floor is of dried grass, and possibly skins also may be introduced to serve as rugs or couches. The smaller wigwams were not more than four feet in diameter and three in height. Before these dwellings was a great heap of discarded mussel-shells, reminding one of the kitchen-middings or old shell-mounds of Scandinavia.

We had scarcely returned to the steamer, regretting that we had not found the Fuegians at home, when we saw a canoe pushing off from a distant island, and slowly bearing down upon us. Lights were at once displayed, and we prepared to give the occupants of the canoe a cordial reception. They came on awkwardly and with much gabbling, in a boat about twenty-five feet long, four feet wide, and three feet deep, with comparatively sharp ends, each of which had an occupant. When the boat was secured alongside, I observed that it was made of plank, sewed together with fibers, and propelled by oars made of flat slices of board fastened to the end of a pole. These were used by the men near the prow, while in the stern a woman steered with a short paddle. The boats are unwieldy and logy, and the Indians seemed to have no knack of propelling them at any sort of speed. Certainly they have none of the graceful gliding of the canoes of the North American Indians, or of the dug-outs of the Maories of New Zealand. On a heap of sand or earth upon the bottom, there is always kept burning a small fire, not for cooking purposes, for they rarely cook anything, but for warmth, and at night also for light. In the special canoe, which paid us the honor of a visit, were just twenty people—five men, four women, and eleven children. Eight miserable dogs, used in hunting, were likewise accommodated. All the Indians were jabbering.

gesticulating, and giggling, like a lot of school children out for a holiday. The men, and some of the boys, came on board, the men with otter and seal skins of not the best quality, which they wished to barter for tobacco, food, and clothing. These people were very short in stature, and slightly made. Their legs were thin, misshapen, and calfless, as usual with the lower races of savage man. Their stomachs were as protuberant as those of the clay-eaters of the Orinoco. Their color was a dark brown or mahogany. Their eyes were black and bright, and betokened an intelligence which was hardly fulfilled. The faces were quite as broad as long. The nose was flat and short, mouth large, with very thick lips, and good teeth; and the men had slight mustaches but no beard. They had great shocks of stiff, black hair, cut about two inches long upon the crown, and "banged" straight across the forehead, just above the eyes, but left long behind and at the sides. A fillet of ribbon or string is generally bound about the head, in true Greek or Roman style. The children were especially animated, and one or two were actually handsome. These people are almost as hardy as the Esquimaux or Laplanders. It was a bitter cold, rainy, and windy night, and yet the men were almost naked, the children wholly so, and the women partially so—seeming, in fact, to care less about dress than the men. A few had seal-skins loosely attached to their shoulders, and altogether open in front; some wore old pieces of coarse sacking; others sported European coats or jackets, but evidently these were worn more for variety than either decency or comfort. Men and women alike will remove and sell you any skin they may have on—save their own—for a little ship's biscuit, or tobacco, or a box of matches. Besides skins, they proffer in barter their domestic utensils and their weapons, generally bows and arrows, the arrows not feathered, and the barb consisting of a triangular piece of glass ground sharp. While the men were on the steamer's deck engaged in traffic, the women in the boat were singing a plaintive kind of song, and the children were staring with all their eyes, and with open



*Fuegians at Home*



mouth, at the wonderful fire-boat and its pale-faced occupants. They were constantly chattering to each other in a sort of guttural, disconnected talk, which distantly resembled Japanese. The largest children were squatting all in a heap near the fire. One of the women, who sat in the stern to steer, had, after the fashion of a hen, two or three very young children or babies between her legs and in her lap, to keep them warm, I suppose, for they had not a stitch of clothing upon them. The sailors gave the men pipes to smoke, first showing them how the feat was accomplished, and rigged them out with old caps, coats, trousers, shirts, and drawers. The cook poured into their boat an enormous panful of hard-tack, or ship's biscuit, for which there was a great scramble and much noisy congratulation. Liquor was given them, but they did not take so kindly to this as to the tobacco. One of our crew then brought out an accordion, and endeavored to get them to dance or at least sing, but he was not at all successful in the latter, and only partially with the former. Their dance was simply a sort of hopping, with both feet together.

I could not but be struck with the bright, curious eyes of the children of both sexes, and wonder if, any decent sort of opportunities being given them, something of civilization might not adhere to them. The circumstances of their present life seemed so very hard that I could not help thinking, if an American were to take their place and conditions, how many generations would have to pass ere he would reach their intellectual level. The missions which have been and are being tried fail to lessen their barbarism. Several of these natives have, at different times, been taken to England, educated, and kindly treated. They have shown much aptness, but within a few weeks of their restoration to their native haunts they have relapsed into their primeval savagery. My experience of them was of the most pleasant and peaceful character; but they are said to be very greedy and thievish—nay, more, brutal, fierce, and quite willing to shed blood to obtain booty. They have frequently assailed, and several

ducks, geese, snipe, plover, cormorants, penguins, swans, seals, and sea-lions. Humming-birds may sometimes be seen in considerable numbers in the coves, and even occasionally may be noticed flying about near the foot of an enormous glacier. Upon the shores are mussels and limpets, and inland are berries, wild celery, evergreen scrub, firs, and the antarctic beech. In the waters are bass, mullet, and very fine smelts—the best fish of the strait.

We pass Cape Froward, the southernmost point of the mainland of the South American Continent. Here, at the water's edge, is a dark mass of rock, about five hundred feet in height, joined by a low neck of land to a great range of snow-covered hills, averaging about twenty-five hundred feet in height. Cape Horn is situated upon a small island, distant some two hundred miles in a southeasterly direction. Cape Froward is at about the middle of the Strait of Magellan, and here the grand scenery of the Cordilleras of the western coast suddenly ceases, the strait widens to some twenty miles, and the land becomes low and monotonous, though still covered with snow. A few miles to the eastward of Cape Froward we pass the wreck of the steamer *Cordillera*, of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, which here ran upon a reef during a heavy snow-storm, about five years ago. The passengers and crew, taking to the boats, were all saved; but one of two sailors who were left behind to take care of the hulk was afterward killed by the natives, the other succeeding in making his escape. If the weather is good, steamers travel all night in the strait; but if it is bad, they anchor. Directly south of Cape Froward we had a good view of Mount Sarmiento, seven thousand feet high, a nearly perfect pyramidal mountain, and perhaps the most striking one in the Magellanic Archipelago. It may be seen for a hundred miles in very clear weather. To the eastward of this, and about as lofty, is another famous peak, Mount Darwin. South of these mountains runs what is called Darwin Sound, a navigable stretch of water, upon which there is an English mission station. About half-way between Cape Froward and



*A View in the Strait of Magellan.*



the increase. It is a good "steam" coal, and is found within five miles of the town, to which it is brought on a tramway. Steamers which formerly had to go to the Falkland Islands, a distance of nearly five hundred miles, now get their supplies at Punta Arenas. Cattle and vegetables thrive well here, notwithstanding the high latitude. At varying seasons are to be found parrots, snipe, ducks, geese, woodpeckers, a species of ibis, and some other small birds. Very good mushrooms are obtained in great quantities.

The town is interesting because it is the largest settlement in southern Chili and the only one in the strait. It is about four thousand miles from the southernmost town on the west coast to the first port on the eastern side, a voyage which ordinarily requires fifteen or sixteen days; and as Punta Arenas is about in the middle of the way, it possesses special attraction. Its population represents all sorts and conditions of men, from the primeval type to the pure Caucasian — ex-convicts, fugitives, wrecked seamen, deserters from all the navies in the world, Chinamen, negroes, Poles, Italians, Sandwich-Islanders, Portuguese, wandering Jews, and human driftwood of every tongue and clime, cast up by the sea, and absorbed in a community scarcely one of whom would be willing to tell why he came here, nor willing to stay if he could get away. It is said that in Punta Arenas can be found an interpreter for every language known to the modern world; but, although the place belongs to Chili, English is generally spoken. Here are to be purchased many interesting relics, Indian trifles, shells and flying-fish, tusks of sea-lions, serpent-skins, agates from Cape Horn, turtle-shells, the curious tails of the armadillo, in which the Patagonians carry their war-paint, and the skins of the guanaco, ostrich, and seal. Undoubtedly the prettiest things are the ostrich rugs, made of the breasts of the young birds, as soft as down, and as beautiful as plumage can be. The plumes of the ostrich are plucked from the wings and tail while the bird is alive, but to make a rug the little ones are killed and skinned and the soft, fluffy breasts are sewed together until they reach

the size of a blanket. Those of brown and those of the purest white are alternate in the same rug, and produce a fine artistic effect. They are too dainty and beautiful to be spread upon the floor, but can be used as carriage-ropes, or to throw over the back of a couch or chair. Sometimes ladies use them as panels for the front of dress skirts. Thus applied they are more striking than any fabric a loom can produce. Opera-cloaks have also been made of them, to the gratification of the æsthetic. They are too rare to be common, and too beautiful ever to tire the eye.

A very great contrast exists between the western and eastern half of the Strait of Magellan. In the former we had majestic snow mountains, glaciers, giant hills of purple rock, black water, and cloudy and blustery weather; but on rounding Cape Froward the scene changes as by magic. The hills melt away to nothing—Tierra del Fuego is so low as scarcely to be seen—low ranges of grassy uplands diversify the interior, and between them and the channel are shingly, treeless plains. The water becomes a beautiful bright green, the heavens clear, and the bright sun once again gives us light and heat and joy. The width at the western entrance of the strait, from Cape Pillar to the opposite island, is ten miles, while the Atlantic entrance is twenty miles across. As we passed Cape Virgins, a bluff on the northern point about one hundred and fifty feet high—the southern point lies so low it can be seen only on especially clear days—the great golden globe of the full moon floated up from a cloudless horizon, Venus sparkled behind us, and the gorgeous Southern Cross above, the wind freshened to half a gale, great white caps illumined the wave-crests, the air became crisp and bracing, the dark, thin line of coast fast faded away, and we entered upon the broad bosom of the Atlantic and headed toward the east and our next haven in the Falkland Islands.

The Island of Tierra del Fuego, which I was so rapidly leaving, is by no means the region of perpetual snow that it has been supposed to be. It abounds with beautiful scenery—rich valleys, plains of grass, mountains, lakes, rivers—con-

tains great quantities of gold, and has a climate less rigorous than that of Canada. The inhabitants, however, are the most barbarous of savages. They are of two distinct classes, the Yahgans, or southern tribes, and the Onas, who inhabit the northern part of the island. The Yahgans are not cannibals, as has been believed, and they do not eat meat which is not cooked. They are chiefly fishers and hunters, and the women are the best of swimmers. The women have the right to sell all the fish they catch beyond those required for the family, and are said to be good cooks, though they never knew anything about boiling their food until lately, and had no vessels in which they could do so. They do not intermarry with blood relatives, and the men have one, two, or three wives, according to circumstances. They are great quarrelers among themselves, and are both crafty and treacherous. Having no fixed principles, they are governed entirely by their desires and passions. Tattooing is unknown, but the girls paint their faces for fashion and the men for mourning. They are fond of each other's company, and, sitting around the fires of their huts or wigwams, they are very jovial over their meals. When they have satisfied their hunger in the amplest manner—for they generally have an abundance of food—they indulge in the most animated conversation and in the most extravagant demonstrations of joy. Their laughter is natural and hearty, but it is sometimes so excessive and boisterous as to drive a serious person quite frantic. These Indians are not nearly so fine looking as the Onas, who are tall and muscular, with broad shoulders and well-developed chests. Their height is often over six feet. The face is oval shaped, the forehead narrow, the eyebrows slightly arched, and the cheek-bones prominent. They have small mouths, yellow teeth, and aquiline noses. Their beard is very scanty; their dark, lusterless, woolly hair falls in tufts around a large tonsure clipped close on the top of the head. Their skin is of a clear copper color, and it is soft and oily to the touch. The men do the hunting, while the women do the heavy work and carry the burdens.

The Falklands are distant about three hundred miles in an easterly direction from Magellan Strait, but we shall have to steam four hundred miles passing around their southern and eastern sides to Port William and Stanley, the seat of government and largest settlement upon the islands. The voyage of the German steamers from Montevideo to Valparaiso is sixteen days, and from Valparaiso to Montevideo eighteen days. The difference in time is due chiefly to the fact that in coming out from Europe the steamers are apt to have less freight, and therefore do not need to call so often or stay so long for coals. There are twelve steamers a year, or one a month, which call at the Falkland Islands—half of these stopping on the outward voyage and half on the homeward. To visit the Falklands generally adds from two to three days to the length of the voyage. The *Kosmos*, which has a subvention from the British Government for carrying the mail, is the only line of steamers of any nationality running regularly to this group. Our high southwesterly winds continued, with bright, cold weather, and with nights the stellar glories of which no pencil could portray. Our steamer was followed by many cape pigeons, a few ducks, and still fewer albatrosses.

Late in the evening of the second day after leaving Punta Arenas we sighted the Falklands, and in the morning saw plainly, in the middle of the eastern island (there being two large islands and many smaller ones), a range of hills about two thousand feet high, running east and west, and covered with snow. The land adjoining the coast was covered with brownish grass, but no trees or even scrub were in sight. The aspect was of low, smoothly undulating hills. Passing Wolf Rock, upon which the waves dashed their spray fully thirty feet in the air, we soon rounded Cape Pembroke, a flat, sandy peninsula, upon which stands a lighthouse over a hundred feet in height, and then entered Port William, a long, narrow bay with a low bluff to the north, and a number of small islands covered with coarse grass to the south, the mainland here being heaped with drift-sand and looking as arid and yellow as an African desert. Near where the

bight closes we turn abruptly to the left and pass, through a narrow channel, between two sharp and low headlands, directly into Stanley Harbor. The opening is but six hundred feet wide (the same width as the English Narrows), and with a depth of only thirty-five feet. Stanley's may therefore be classed among the most completely landlocked harbors in the world. It is three miles in length, and about half a mile in breadth. I found in the harbor three or four decayed and dismantled ships; a huge, old-fashioned hulk which contained our proposed freight of wool, tallow, and sheep-skins; a small German steamer of the same company as our own, and employed as a sort of tender; and a little brig which is used by the different sheep-farmers of the islands to take their produce to Stanley, whence it is shipped to Europe. A long, low range of grass and peat covered hills extends, with a gentle slope, to the water along the southern side of the harbor, and here lies Stanley, the monotonous gray and brown of its houses hardly discernible from the great, bare rocks. Scarcely a tree or bush of any sort is in view. Directly opposite the entrance of the harbor lies the cemetery, a large plot filled with simple head-stones and black or white wooden crosses. The town consists mostly of two long, macadamized streets, running parallel with the harbor. There are several large warehouses for storing wool, tallow, and sheep-skins, but only a few anyway striking buildings. One is of cut brownstone, with a lofty central clock-tower, containing in one wing the church and in the other the school; another is a square, two-story brick edifice, the dwelling of the director of the Falkland Islands Sheep Farming Company. The residence of the English governor is at the western extremity of the town, a picturesque country-seat of gray stone. The greater part of the settlement consists of simple, one or two story wooden houses, having roofs of galvanized iron. Piercing all these roofs are chimneys, whence the smoke of peat or coal issues throughout the year, so bleak is the climate. A few greenhouses and attempts at gardens are seen, but hardly anything can be made to grow out-of-

doors. The only available meat the citizens can have is mutton, which, however, is second only to Southdown, all other meats and provisions being brought from either South America or Europa. Wild fowl and fish are very abundant.

The decidedly English expression of the town is greatly heightened upon going on shore, where I land upon a small jetty, at whose extremity stands a pyramidal brick and stone monument, bearing on a tablet the rather inexpressive communication, "Alfred, 24th February, 1874." Knowing that many nations had at different times claimed possession of these islands, and that several conflicts had resulted, it was but natural to suppose that this proud pile distinguished the spot where some British Horatius Coccles had single-handed repelled the landing cutters of several French or Spanish men-of-war, and that his appreciative countrymen had thus familiarly and affectionately, not to say touchingly, made the fact known to such of the great world as might by accident stray thither. The idea greatly pleased me—for have not both ancients and moderns always thus honored true valor?—and I walked up the pier, eager to know more of this noble hero called Alfred. The charming simplicity of the sweetly pretty name, Alfred, as well as the mystery of the pregnant date, fired me with ardent curiosity. I did not remember where Alfred the Great was buried, but I felt almost sure that he had been dead more than eleven years. The very first citizen I met I begged to tell me more of this brave, this doughty Alfred, apologizing of course for a memory defective in matters of historical detail. And my blood almost congealed within my veins, and my heart stood still with awe, as I learned that here—here on this very spot—a "real live" English prince had once set his holy foot, on coming ashore to pay a visit to the governor! First and last, he had placed the aforesaid sacred member upon many wharves, but not I believe everywhere had imposing monuments of brick and stone been reared in reverence. My informer stood solemn and serious, but there is no use in denying that I was profligate enough to laugh.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE FORLORN FALKLANDS.

OTHER evidences of a British population were furnished in such titles of public-houses as the "Stanley Arms," the "Globe Tavern," "Rose Hotel," and the "Ship Hotel." One house bore an elaborate sign, which informed the passer-by that it contained a "Millinery, Drapery, and Haberdashery Store." Upon another the sign, in very large letters, "Store," was thought by the proprietor sufficiently expressive; and in this part of the world it is, for a "store" contains goods of every kind, from boots to potatoes, from jewelry to crockery. In Stanley reside a dozen consuls and vice-consuls, their offices being indicated by the coats-of-arms of their respective nations, excepting in the few cases where the same person represents three or four foreign countries. This arrangement would, I should imagine, give rise to amusing complications in the event of war breaking out between any of those powers. The strong armament of Stanley consists of a battery of four nine-pounders near the water's edge, about the center of the town, and another, of the same profusion and enormous caliber, adjoining the governor's house. Here also, at this high official's gate, stands a sentry-box in true St. James Palace style. Of course it is generally unoccupied, but the feeling of perfect security which it must impart to the representative of her Gracious Majesty, and the sense of state and power which it does convey to the republican traveler, who can estimate? It seemed altogether a fit counterpart to the grave of King Alfred, at the opposite extremity of the town. The governor is elected for six years, as well as two other of the principal officers, but the majority of the governmental staff are sent out from England for no

specified time. The total population of the islands is about two thousand, there being two or three little villages besides Stanley, and the remainder of the inhabitants dwelling mostly upon widely separated sheep-runs. The islands are roadless, but contain a number of horse-trails, and these form the popular means of travel for the sheep-farmers, though when convenient, and especially for short distances, the sea, with small sail or whale boats, gives passage. For crossing Falmouth Sound, between the two large islands, the brig which carries the produce, or a large steam-launch, must be used. The weather is almost continually bad throughout the year—it is the exception when a gale of wind is not blowing—but, nevertheless, Stanley is regarded as a healthy town; and, moreover, rainy and windy weather, with an occasionally clear sky, is amusingly termed by the residents a “good” day. We arrived too late on Saturday to take on board our freight of three hundred and sixty bales of wool, one hundred casks of tallow, and twenty bales of sheep-skins, and the following day being Sunday, on which the English neither do any manner of work nor permit any to be done, we were obliged to remain quiet, tied up to the company’s shipping hulk. The English, I believe, are the only nation in the world who hold such peculiar and utterly inconsistent views regarding Sunday, but in our case it was a very stormy day, and so we made ourselves as contented as possible in our snug little saloon, with a good library of German classics. From a gentleman who has resided in Stanley for thirty years, and who called on board, I gathered many interesting facts which are not widely known.

The Falkland group embraces two principal islands, separated by a strait varying in breadth from two to twenty miles, and about two hundred smaller islands clustered around them, and in the strait between them. The eastern island is about one hundred miles long, and half as broad; the western is considerably smaller. The whole group is deeply and variously indented by sounds, bays, harbors, creeks, and inlets. Probably there is no part of the world where so many good harbors exist. The southern portions of the east Falkland



are, as I have already indicated, so low that they are hardly perceptible from the deck of a steamer at a distance of five miles; but the western island is more diversified, there being a number of hills rising to a height of between one thousand and twenty-five hundred feet above sea-level. There are but few rivers in the Falklands, the San Carlos in the eastern island being the largest, about thirty miles long, but not navigable. No trees shade the islands, and the sole shrub is a tea-plant. The nearest approach to a tree is a sort of box, which grows to the height of three feet. Probably trees would grow, if planted and cultivated, and if gales did not so eternally prevail. The temperature is equable, but the average is naturally very low. Celery grows in wild luxuriance. There is a large, round, green plant (found in Patagonia also), which, when dried, makes a capital kindling. It also exudes a kind of gum which is used as a curative. But the most remarkable plant that grows upon the Falklands is a gigantic sedgy grass called tussock. The length of the stalk is about six feet, and of the blade seven feet. The plants grow in dense tufts, and as many as two hundred and fifty roots spring from one tuft. Cattle and horses feed on it with avidity, and speedily become fat. The prairies are mostly of bog, covered with these heavy bunches of grass, and the islands are undoubtedly the best adapted for sheep-grazing. The sheep have no enemies to contend against, and so thrive and multiply. Especially do those of European breeds flourish. Cheviot sheep have been introduced, and yield as many as twelve pounds of fleece. Scattered over the two large islands are many small fresh-water lakes and innumerable springs. This of course is of the greatest importance in the raising of cattle. The best ground for cultivation extends in plains from five to twenty miles along the margin of the sea, though it is only here and there, in sheltered nooks, that grain can be ripened, or European vegetables or flowers brought to any degree of perfection.

Though by geographical position of the greatest importance to the mercantile world, these islands were but little regarded up to 1845. This seems strange, for their numer-

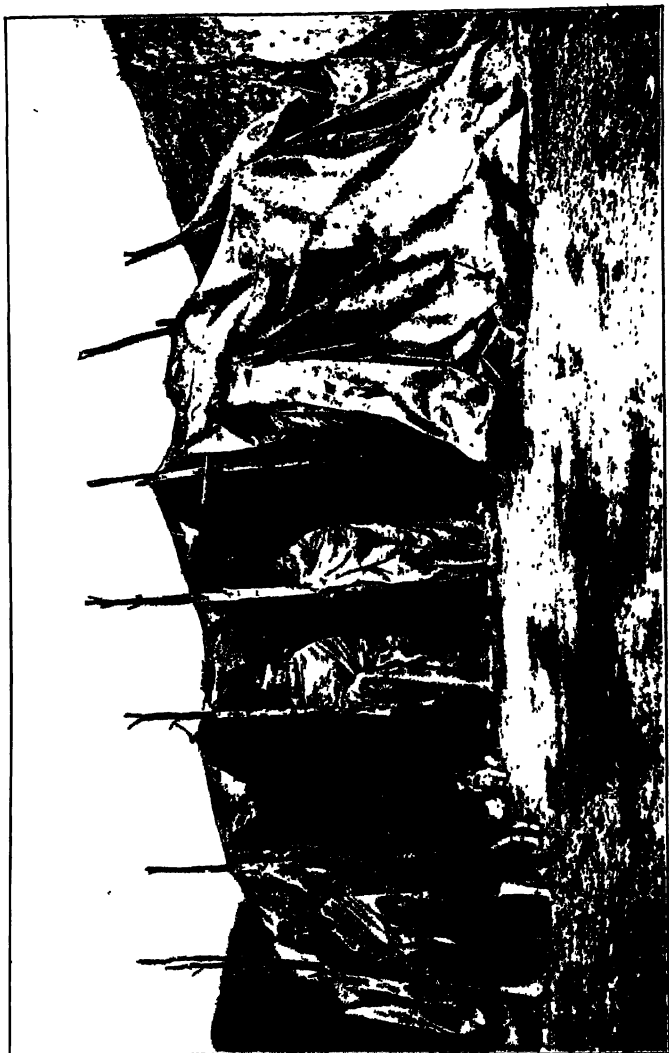
ous and splendid harbors afford protection to all sorts of shipping, and give opportunity for the repairing of injuries sustained by vessels passing in the vicinity of Cape Horn, where a larger amount of annual injury is done by severe weather than in any other locality. In 1845 an Englishman named Lafone, who had been engaged in the hide and cattle trade on the River Plate, entered into negotiations with the English Government for a contract to purchase the southern part of the large eastern island, and several of the small adjacent islands, upon the payment of fifty thousand dollars at the time of the contract and one hundred thousand dollars in the year 1862. In 1851 a company was formed in London to carry out more fully the scheme of turning the advantages of the islands and their herds of wild cattle to greater account. It was incorporated by royal charter, and purchased Mr. Lafone's interest for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This large grazing undertaking necessitated the establishment of stores and artificers at Stanley, where the settlement has been so constantly improving, that at this time ships can be provisioned and provided in every way as cheap as at any of the ports in South America. In 1869 the whole of the available land for grazing had passed into the hands of private individuals, with the exception of some portions of East Falkland. The company's headquarters are at Stanley, though their operations are naturally conducted in different portions of their domain. These islands have no native inhabitants. The title to their sovereignty (which is now vested in the British crown) has been subject to much dispute, and their history is romantically interesting. The Falklands were discovered in 1592 by John Davis, who sailed with Cavendish on his second voyage, but separated from him two months later. In 1764 the Frenchman, De Bougainville, arrived with an armament and settlers, and established them at Port Louis, a little to the north of Stanley. In 1765 the group was taken possession of, for England, by Commodore Byron, and an officer was sent out to begin their colonization. He commenced operations at Port Egmont, on

the northern shore of the west island. In 1770 a Spanish armament attacked the British colony, and obliged it to surrender, but four years later Spain withdrew from the islands, and, as the French had previously decamped, left them quite uninhabited. The Falklands then remained unclaimed for nearly half a century, when they were formally taken possession of in the name and by the authority of the Argentine Republic. In 1833 Great Britain reasserted her sovereignty by sending a man-of-war to hoist the British flag in Port Louis. In the following year she appointed a governor, and sent out a small party as the nucleus of a future colony.

The day on which the steamer was loading, the captain, the chief-engineer, and myself spent in shooting over the moors and along the rocky shores of the ocean to the south of Stanley. We found a great quantity of wild fowl—snipe, ducks, geese, penguins, and gulls—and we made a fabulous bag. The eggs of the penguin are esteemed a luxury. The oil is also exported, and is but little inferior to seal-oil. No wild animals of any kind are found save rabbits and rats.

We left Stanley for Montevideo in a storm of wind and rain, so characteristic of this bleak, outlying station. Passing Port William, we headed almost directly due north for our destination, twelve hundred miles distant, with a strong favorable breeze on the quarter. Ours was a lonely track. Steamers bound for the Strait of Magellan pass between us and the continent, while sailing-ships bound around Cape Horn mostly pass to the eastward of our route. Upon the mainland of South America was Patagonia, a country a thousand miles in length, the Andes forming its western and the Atlantic its eastern border. It belongs to the Argentine Republic, and the chief town is Chupat, with a population of some two hundred souls. Patagonia is not the dreary and wholly barren country it was once supposed to be. The surface is a series of enormous terraces, stretching back to the Andes, and though the aspect of the open country is rather desolate, the valleys are covered with rich vegetation and many lakes and streams of clear water appear. Along the





*Patagonians and their Tent.*

Rio Negro, wheat, maize, and pulse are cultivated. The estimated Indian population is twenty-five thousand. These people are tall and straight, with a reddish-brown complexion. They were named Patagonians by Magellan, on account of the supposed magnitude of their feet—*patagon*, in Spanish, signifying "large foot." Later travelers, however, have not observed that their feet were out of proportion to their large stature. They wander all over the country, subsisting upon wild animals, fish, and mushrooms. The Fuegians differ from the Patagonians in very many characteristics, to say nothing of the great physical and moral differences. The Patagonians are greatly addicted to drink, whereas the Fuegians can seldom be induced to do more than taste any beer, wine, or spirits. The Indians of the western archipelagoes appear to live mostly in their canoes, and to depend upon fishing and shell-fish for a subsistence. The Indians of Patagonia live mostly at some distance inland, and depend upon hunting for their living. Such clothing as they wear is generally of deer-skin, while the Fuegian is better clad with seal-skin. In Patagonia guanacos, pumas, and foxes abound, as do condors, hawks, and ostriches. Fish are also plentiful along the coasts and rivers. The guanaco is a species of llama, killed with poisoned arrows, and fine skins may be bought in Punta Arenas. In Patagonia ostriches are not bred, as at the Cape of Good Hope, but run wild, and are rapidly becoming exterminated. It is not the genuine ostrich, but the rhea, an allied species, which is large, of gray color, and remarkable for its swiftness in running. The Indians chase them on horseback and catch them with *bolts*, two heavy balls upon the ends of a rope. Grasping one ball in the hand they gallop after the ostrich, and, whirling the other ball around their heads like a coil of lasso, they let go when near enough to the bird; and the two balls, still revolving in the air, will, if skillfully directed, wind around the long legs of the rhea and send him turning somersaults upon the pampa. The Indians then leap from the saddle, and, if they are out of meat, cut the throat of the bird and

carry the carcass to camp; but if they have no need of food, they pull the long plumes from his tail and wings, and let him go again to gather fresh plumage for the next season. At any of the trading-posts of Patagonia you can buy for six or eight dollars a rug that represents the breasts of twelve or fifteen young ostriches, and even that low price gives the trader a profit of many hundred per cent, as a few drinks of whisky makes the Indian susceptible to persuasion. If the Government of the Argentine Republic were to sell the monopoly of trading in ostrich-feathers to a few fair-minded men, the birds would multiply enormously, and the beauty of their plumage be very much increased. The best plumes are worth forty or fifty dollars a pound in the market, and are much improved by the proper care of the bird. The pumas are of a brownish-yellow color, without spots, and next to the jaguar in size and fierceness. The condors, which are a species of vulture and the largest known bird of prey, occasionally measure as much as fourteen feet from tip to tip of wing.

Increased attention is now being paid by the Argentines to their great southern territory. Up to the present all the credit, capital, and enterprise of their Government have been directed to the central and northern parts; but people are beginning to see that the great development of the future must be sought in the southern section. The day when immigration and money seek new fields in the great Patagonian pampas, in the valleys of the Rio Negro and Rio Colorado, at the foot of the Andes and on the shores of the South Atlantic, railroads will stretch from ocean to ocean, and settlers from Europe will fill the plains and start a country that will eclipse in growth what we have seen in the center and north. There are already several schemes on foot to open the south. The transcendent scheme at present in favor is the railroad from Bahia Blanca to San Luis; that will be followed by railroads up the Colorado, Rio Negro, and Chupat Valleys, comprising an immense region that needs only the hand of man and the lever of money to become populous, prosperous, and productive.

## CHAPTER XVII.

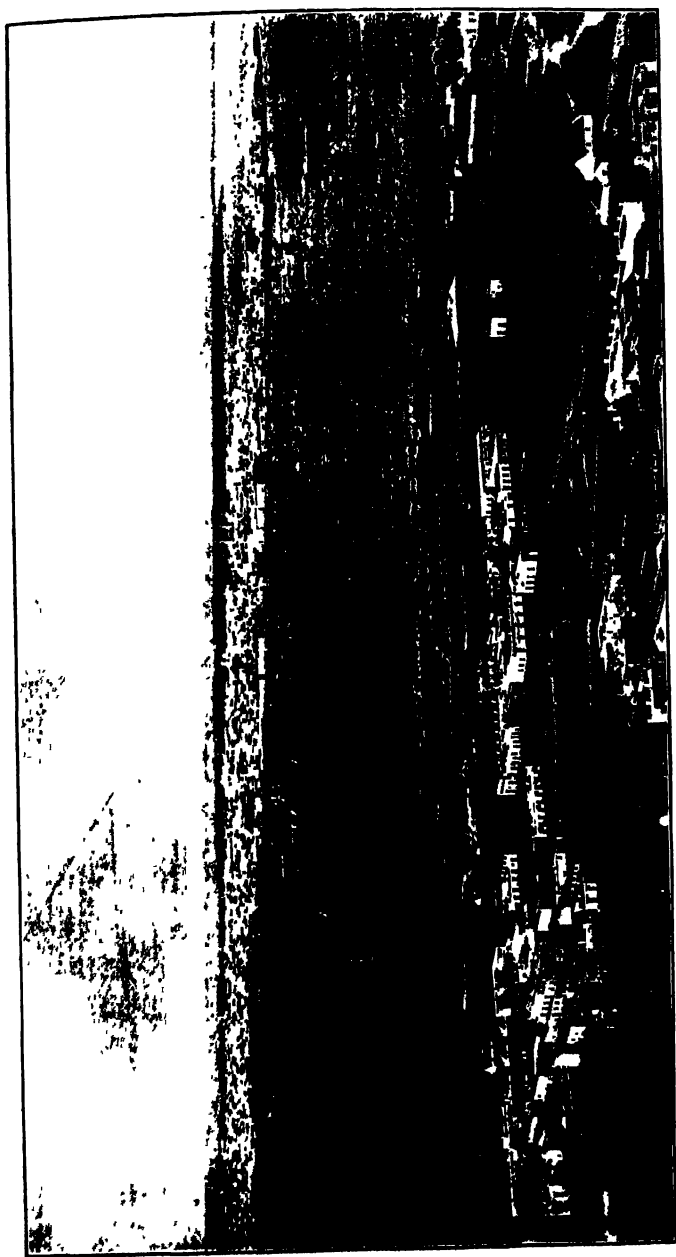
### MONTEVIDEO—THE ATTRACTIVE.

STILL apparently on the ocean, we passed the mouth of the great River Plate, here one hundred and twenty miles in width, but with no greater average depth than fifty feet. It is almost unnecessary to say that the Rio de la Plata, or rather the Paraná—for the name Rio de la Plata properly belongs to its broad estuary only—is one of the largest rivers in South America, after the Amazon. It received its name, “river of silver,” from Sebastian Cabot—who visited here about in 1520—not because of the color of the water, but because of his having taken from the Indians great treasures of silver, and supposing that an abundance remained in the soil. The Plata continues fresh until only twelve miles above Montevideo, when it becomes somewhat brackish, though it is so long in fully mingling with the sea that the dark, yellow water which it brings down is often visible in the Atlantic for a distance of one hundred miles from its embouchure. The estuary of the River Plate, besides being comparatively shallow, has many shoals and rocks, the navigation generally extending along the northern and southern shores. We have to pass across the entire mouth, in a north-easterly direction, and then turn nearly due west toward Montevideo. Between this city and the opposite shore the river has narrowed less than one half—that is, from one hundred and twenty miles to fifty-two. After a very interesting voyage of twenty days from Valparaiso, we anchored just outside the almost circular bay of Montevideo, nearly two miles in diameter, and opening toward the southwest. Three or four steamers and a dozen ships were lying near us. El Cerro, or



the Mount, a distinguishing feature of the port, rises in the form of a smooth, isolated cone to a height of five hundred feet about half a mile from the rocky beach on the western side of the bay. It is covered with thin grass, and is crowned by a fort in which is a lighthouse, whose splendid revolving light is visible twenty-five miles at sea. The city stands on gently rising ground on the east side of the bay, near its entrance, and occupies a small peninsula and a large portion of the mainland. The sun set, and we remained on board until the next day.

Upon going on deck in the morning I saw that there were about fifty vessels in the inner harbor, very many of them of large tonnage. Many small sailing-craft from the great rivers above were also entering port. To the left was the Cerro, and at its base were some great buildings of the *saladeros* or beef-salters. Directly opposite us the shore was thinly dotted with dwellings, but to the right lay the imposing city of Montevideo, a thick mass of irregular-shaped, flat-roofed houses, with many church-towers, domes, fire-lookouts, and chimneys. The place bore quite an Oriental air. The great square towers of the cathedral, with its tile-covered cupola, held the center of the view, rising high above the surrounding buildings. To the right was another very prominent object, the huge walls and cylindrical roof of the opera-house. Then there were pineapple-shaped spires, and the tops of many dwellings bore curious little square belvederes. Colors, too, were not wanting. The green of the towers and domes, the yellow and red of the houses, the dark brown of the warehouses, and the white of the shipping near the shore, furnished a glittering abundance. To the extreme right were a fringe of trees and a slope of very green grass extending away off to the point where rose the tall gray steeple of a lighthouse. The situation of Montevideo, therefore, as it inclines gently back from the water, with the bright morning sun lighting up its various tints, and glancing from the tiled domes and tower-tops, makes altogether a very attractive picture. In general position and aspect it reminded me of Constantinople.



*General View of Montevideo.*



At our foremast fluttered the Uruguay flag—blue and white alternate stripes, with a gilded sun in the upper corner nearest the flag-staff, where the stars are in the American banner. I enter a small steam-tender and with my baggage start for the inner harbor, the custom-house, and the *Hôtel des Pyramides*. On the way we pass a dozen men-of-war and small gunboats of various nationalities—English, French, Brazilian, Spanish, and Portuguese. Beyond these, and anchored in a sort of bight, are several hundred small trading-boats from up the rivers Paraná, Paraguay, and Uruguay. A great fleet of lighters is also to be seen. The custom-houses are enormous three-story structures, occupying several blocks. I find the officials very courteous, and without delay hire some porters to carry my baggage, and follow them on foot to my hotel.

Notwithstanding it is Sunday, all the retail shops are open, though comparatively few people are seen. The streets are nicely paved with oblong stone blocks, and both they and the sidewalks are broader than is usual in South American cities. The houses are mostly two and three stories in height, but you see also some handsome residences of but a single story, and this notwithstanding the fact that Montevideo is not situated in an earthquake region. The city is lighted by gas-brackets, attached to the walls of the houses. One instantly notices the rows of gas-jets in semicircular pipes which at frequent intervals bridge the chief thoroughfares from house to house, and many of which are provided with vari-colored glass globes. These pipes are to assist in the illumination of the city on the anniversary of the great national holiday, the 18th of July, 1830—it was upon this date that the Republic of Uruguay was founded. On ordinary festivals the illumination is paid for by equal assessments upon the houses thus joined; but on this special political celebration the Government pays for all the gas consumed. The finest street, with its stores and residences, and double line of tram-cars, is called the “Boulevard 18 de Julio,” and would be no discredit to London, Paris, or

New York. A very noticeable feature of the streets and public places is the absence of any prominent Uruguayan element in the populace. Every nation under the sun seems to be represented, but comparatively few native faces are met. In this respect it is very like Valparaiso, and most unlike La Paz and Quito. Fully one third, or about forty thousand, of the population of Montevideo are foreigners. Then, again, the appearance of the city, upon landing and traversing its thoroughfares, is decidedly strange. In fact, it strongly resembles the cities of northern Italy. My hotel I find on a corner of the Grand Plaza next the cathedral, which is a very large edifice, with two towers and a huge dome covered with green, blue, and yellow tiles. In one of the towers is a fine clock, which strikes the hours, halves, and quarters, and whose face is illumined at night. This clock has a very intelligible as well as agreeable method of announcing the time. Just before the hours, eight taps are made by twos in different keys, then follow the slow, solemn notes of the hour in a deeper and more mellow tone. The quarter hours are marked by two strokes, the halves by four, and the three-quarters by six. The façade of the cathedral is very plain, and the towers and dome are in a simple though impressive style of architecture. Inside there is nothing to especially distinguish this from other metropolitan churches in South America. Near the door, however, is a remarkably handsome statue of a former archbishop, in full canonicals, and in a kneeling posture, with the head partially raised in prayer. The Grand Plaza is large, but not surrounded by any fine buildings other than the cathedral and the Town Hall, a two-story stone affair built in a very substantial manner many years ago by the Spaniards. In the center of the Plaza is a superb fountain of many basins and much carving. Around the base are patriotic sentiments and dates commemorative of the political history of the country. The paths radiating from the fountain are flanked with small acacias, or Egyptian thorn-trees, trimmed nearly to death. The remainder of the Plaza is covered

with smooth, reddish gravel—as if the citizens had become disgusted with the attempt to make anything grow—all very dreary to behold. A music pavilion is placed at one side. At another is a stand of European-looking hackney-coaches, but it is scarcely necessary to employ them, as the tram lines seem to gridiron the city. Besides, these lines are so cheap—from two to seven cents, according to the distance—as to be used by every one. The cars, I observed, had been made in New York. There are, of course, a number of other plazas in the city—one, that of the Independencia, being very large, and laying claim to the boast, not wholly peculiar to Montevideo, of being the finest square in South America. On one side is the Government Building, where are to be found the offices of the various cabinet ministers. This plaza was not in good order at the time of my visit, and I believe the plan was to lay it out in lawn and flowers.

One afternoon I visited the Prado or Park, a great pleasure-ground for the people, at a short distance from the borders of the city. The road to this park passes through Paso Molino, which is the most fashionable suburb of Montevideo. Here one may see the *quintas*, or country-houses, of the wealthy officials and merchants, single-story buildings of the quaintest architecture—one of them resembles a great burial vault more than anything else—embowered in gardens of fruit-trees and beautiful flowers, with artificial concomitants of statues, fountains, marble settees, and gravel walks. In the Prado were many fine trees from different zones. Especially noticeable, from their number and size, were the eucalypti. In one place was a restaurant, in others were beer and billiard rooms, shooting-galleries, and all sorts of out-door games for youths. In a grove, with seats which were half filled with people, the music of the Basques (who are largely represented in the population of Montevideo), upon flageolet and drum, was in progress, and frequently these people perform here their national dance, which consists largely of posturing. Their music is plaintive and sentimental in character. On festivals this park is crowded with people from the

city, who bring provisions, and during a whole day camp in true Gypsy style. I noticed a few elegant carriages of foreign ownership, with liveried coachmen and footmen, but the popular mode for taking air and exercise, especially for gentlemen, appeared to be upon horseback.

In the evening I went to the opera-house, a large building, with a portico and a pair of oval wings of very imposing effect, the whole occupying an entire square. One of the wings is devoted to a large billiard and liquor saloon, while the other contains the National Museum. There was a great red light burning at the apex of the roof, to indicate that opera would be given that night, the light being omitted when there is no opera. Inside, on the second floor, is a fine large *foyer*, with tables and chairs for those who wish to sit and smoke and drink. The auditorium is rather handsome, quite an oval in shape, and with its five tiers of boxes—like *La Scala* at Milan—ornamented in white, green, red, and gold. The fourth circle is exclusively reserved for women. This is a peculiar feature of the large theatres in Montevideo, as well as in all South American capitals, and in Spain. No man, however high his station, is ever allowed to enter here. The ladies are escorted to the theatre by their fathers or brothers, who leave them at the door, and either take seats in another part of the house, or go away to spend the evening as they like, returning at the close of the performance to escort the ladies home. The ladies being pretty and gayly dressed, this gallery, when filled, as it generally is, presents a very beautiful spectacle. The men are rigorously excluded from the charmed circle, but no regulation can control the flashing eyes of the occupants of the gallery, and the flirtations which are carried on with the gentlemen in other parts of the house are constant. They never get beyond the point of meeting eyes, however, for at the door the lady is met by her escort and hurried to her home, and she gets no chance to extend the flirtation by means of conversation. To the fifth circle men only are admitted. In the parquette the seats were three dollars each. The house has a seating ca-

capacity of four thousand, and was well filled. The ladies almost all wore showy hats, with colored silk dresses, a few only were clothed in black, and were hatless. While speaking of the Montevideo ladies, I might mention, for the benefit of my American lady readers, that short dresses are worn in the streets—granting a liberal display of very small and high-heeled French boots—with hats and without cloaks, and that the fashion seems to run altogether to the bustle, accompanied with great puffs calculated to make a Japanese girl die of envy. (It is unnecessary to explain that this very ugly custom, this actual deformation of the “human form divine,” is an exaggerated adaptation from the Japanese.) I have frequently seen these posterior appendages projecting quite two feet from the body, and have wondered they were not utilized as bundle or wrap carriers. Every country, however, has its own standard of taste and fashion. In Valparaiso and Santiago it is the spray of feathers and top-knot of artificial vegetation which marks the best society; in Montevideo it is the bustle, which, by its greater or lesser superficial area, distinguishes the patrician from the plebeian. The graceful lace mantilla, with the dignified black embroidered crape or silk shawl, is all unknown, the most extravagant French fashions having taken its place. The men show no better taste. Just at this period it is a question whether they are endeavoring to trim their shoes or their beards to the sharpest point. To return to the opera: it was a light, Offenbachian affair, sung by a Spanish company, accompanied by an orchestra of thirty instruments. I regret that I am not able to praise any of the vocal or instrumental performers. As I passed out, a curious lattice-covered box attracted my attention. This, I was informed, was set apart for the use of persons in mourning, who might wish perhaps to hear an opera, without being seen at such a performance under such conditions. It is a custom which, it seems to me would be in great danger of being abused. As I stood by the door to see the “quality” pass, General Santos, then President of the Republic, was pointed out to me—a very small,



thin man, with a bright, intelligent face, dressed in plain civilian clothes, and followed by an enormous negro orderly in full uniform. I was told that the general was probably accompanied by half a dozen detectives, for the demon of assassination always hovers over the South American republics.

Sitting in my room, reading and resting during the following afternoon, I hear the sound of martial music, and, opening one of the French windows and stepping out into the little balcony, I see a regiment of Uruguayan soldiers pass through the street. First came a company of buglers, then a drum-corps, then a large brass band playing a lively quickstep, then the colonel and mounted staff, and then sixteen companies of twelve front and double rank. The men did not have a very martial bearing, though they marched well, and performed in tolerable fashion the few evolutions requisite to pass street obstructions. Their uniform was rather peculiar. It consisted of a red forage-cap, a sort of blue ulster descending to about six inches above the ground, ornamented and fastened with brass buttons, enormous baggy trousers of white canvas, and white canvas gaiters. Their accoutrements consisted of rifles, with sword-bayonets, knapsacks, blankets, and tin plates. The officers wore a neat uniform of dark cloth, similar to that used by the engineers of the British army. The regimental colors were of fine silk, and very pretty. The mounted officers had beautiful horses, and splendid saddles with silver stirrups. The "rank and file" were rather undersized, and a more wild, brutal, and savage-looking set of men I have rarely seen. The explanation is that the Uruguayan army is very largely recruited from the prisons and penitentiaries, and that under certain conditions, after having passed a specified length of time in jail, a criminal is allowed to serve out in the army the remainder of his term. It may be that the discipline of the army is quite as wholesome as that of the jail, but it seems to me a much lighter form of punishment, inasmuch as the restriction is neither solitary nor close, and the odium of being branded as a criminal among criminals is quite omitted.





*Situation of the Argentine Republic in South America.*

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE METROPOLIS OF THE RIVER PLATE.

AT six o'clock in the evening I left Montevideo for Buenos Ayres, one hundred and twenty-five miles distant, in a steamer (of some five hundred-odd tons burden) of a line which dispatches a boat every day of the week, save Friday and Saturday. It is a double-deck, side-wheel, two-pipe vessel, and seems intended to carry only passengers and their personal baggage. We were about fifty, representing a fifth as many nationalities. The dinner was most elaborate—at least a dozen courses, with three kinds of wine. Living in Montevideo is not only cheap but good. At the hotel at which I stayed, one of the best though not the largest in the city, I paid two dollars and a half per day, and this charge included two kinds of wine, Spanish and French. The rooms were well furnished and admirably kept, the table was bounteously supplied, and the cooking was either French or Italian, there being ordinarily but little difference in these systems. A dozen great steamers lay in the offing, as we passed out and headed toward the west. Montevideo is a place of great commercial activity. I noticed, in an evening newspaper, that five steamers were to sail and four expected to arrive that day. A heavy northerly storm of wind, rain, thunder, and lightning, prevailed throughout the night. This “Norte,” as it is called, is a very depressing, unwholesome sort of wind, whereas the “Pampero,” or wind from the great open plains, which generally blows, is very cool, bracing, and healthy. Hence the title—Buenos Ayres, *good air*.

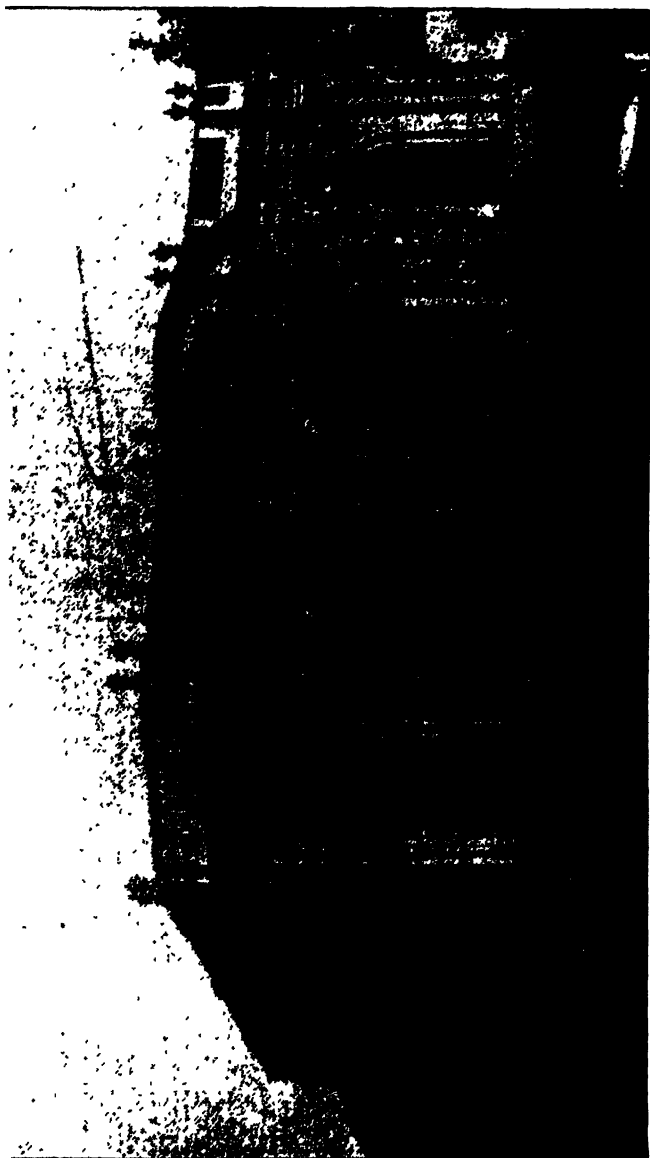
At daylight we had reached the roadstead, and could fairly see the city through the gloom of fog and rain. The water was of a light brown, thick and dirty-looking. There were at least fifty ships at anchor, scattered over a very great extent of the river. Near the city, where we anchored, were a few steamers and vessels employed in the great up-country river navigation. So shallow is the Plata, opposite Buenos Ayres, that occasionally, when it is especially low, the sail-boats, in landing passengers from the steamers, are not able to reach the piers, and consequently empty their human freight into carts, which, in turn, bring them across the flats to the shore. Cargo from small river-vessels is very often landed in this way, and I have seen a dozen carts, quite half a mile from shore, with the water no higher than their axle-trees. The odd appearance of these carts, with their huge wheels, circular roofs, and tandem teams, driving about among the shipping in the roadstead, may be imagined. In the distance, to the southwest of our anchorage, were dimly seen a great mass of masts, and yards, and streaming pennants. These belonged to vessels in the Riachuelo River, a small stream, emptying into the Plata, which serves as a sort of inner harbor to the city. Buenos Ayres, from the river, very much resembles Montevideo in its general aspect; it is like an Italian city. It is, however, built upon more level ground than Montevideo, and its streets all lie exactly at right angles to each other, and the general direction of the blocks is almost toward the cardinal points of the compass. At the northern part of the city one sees many tall chimneys and large factories; and beyond, farther to the east, is a long circling fringe of trees. In the center and southern section rise above the three and four story houses, with their arcades and belvederes, many peak-topped towers, many domes of churches, many spires of various designs and for various purposes. This is almost an Oriental view; but as I look again a protracted railway-train rushes along the bank and dispels this charming chimera. Three long iron piers project into the river, and at the center of these I am landed from a little

Italian *felucca*, into which I had with the greatest difficulty, and some danger (owing to the high sea and strong tide), thrown first my baggage and then myself. At the custom-house the inspection is over in a moment, and I follow porters with my baggage to the "Hôtel Provence," only two blocks distant. I find it to be a good hostelry, kept in the French style, as I had inferred from its name.

The streets and sidewalks of Buenos Ayres are all narrow, badly paved, and dirty—in these respects differing from the neighboring capital of Uruguay. They have a curious method of naming the streets in Buenos Ayres. A street about the center of the city, running east and west, forms a dividing line from which the streets running north and south take different names, and from which the numbers also begin and run in opposite directions. The east and west streets have but a single name. Among the streets I notice the name "United States"; and in Montevideo there is one called "New York." The names of no other foreign countries and cities being thus represented, we have a right, I suppose, to feel highly complimented. There seem to be few handsome public buildings in Buenos Ayres. It is a great commercial mart, and its citizens seem wholly given to business. The number of stores and the variety and elegance of the goods displayed are astonishing. The retail shops of the street called Florida have a true Parisian splendor. Many of them are small, and devoted to a special product or article for which you would think there would be sufficient demand only in a large city like Paris or Vienna. On the other hand, entire streets, as with us at home, are sometimes devoted to certain classes of business. Thus, the first street running along the river is monopolized by the customs and port offices, and stores connected with shipping interests. The next may be said to be the street of banks, brokers, and insurance companies. Here is situated the Exchange, a fine large building erected in 1883, in which the Argentine "bulls and bears" wrangle in just the same fashion as their brother fauna do in New York or London. The next street is that

of stationers and lawyers. Then come the shops of the Florida, which street is also the afternoon resort of beauty and fashion. Next to Florida is Maypu, the street of wholesale merchants, and then Esmeraldas, where are many theatres, music-halls, skating-rinks, shooting-galleries, ball-rooms, and beer-gardens. Buenos Ayres is even more of a cosmopolitan city than Montevideo, about half of its population being Europeans by birth. You hear French, German, Italian, and English spoken almost as much as Spanish. Opera-houses, hotels, cafés, restaurants, and clubs of different nationalities vie with each other. The "Stranger's Guide" to Buenos Ayres is published in four languages. The population is put down at four hundred thousand, thus making it the largest city in the southern hemisphere, Rio Janeiro standing second.

The principal public square—the Plaza de la Victoria—is about eight acres in extent, and is situated near the center of the eastern edge of the city, just back of the custom-house. It contains two monuments, one an equestrian statue of General San Martin, the illustrious colleague of Bolivar in the War of Independence, and the other a sort of pyramid of liberty, made of brick and stucco, and erected in remembrance of the heroes of the same conflict. The latter is a very tawdry, cheap-looking affair, without any redeeming architectural features. A bronze monument was ordered, as far back as 1826, to replace this one, but has not yet made its appearance. On the north side of this plaza are the cathedral, the archbishop's palace, and the opera-house. The cathedral has a portico, with a symbolical pediment, and a blue tile-covered cupola. On the façade are huge bosses of white and gold wood-work, displaying ecclesiastical crooks, mitres, scarfs, and keys. The interior contains nothing extraordinary, save a great marble and bronze monument in one of the chapels, erected in 1880 to the memory of General San Martin. It is in the form of a bronze sarcophagus, reared upon a lofty marble pedestal of four different colors. The opera-house exteriorly is not imposing, while interiorly it is



*4 Private Residence, Buenos Ayres.*





very like that at Montevideo. On the east side of the Victoria Plaza is a huge two-story and Mansard-roof building—about the only really handsome building in Buenos Ayres—which contains in one wing the government-house, in the other the post-office, while in the center is the grand entrance to the custom-house. It is wholly a modern style of building. On the south side is Congress Hall, and the rest of this street is filled with very inferior one and two story shops, which spoil the general effect of the square. On the remaining side, the west, are the Town Hall and police department. The Town Hall has rather a fine lofty clock-tower; of the police headquarters nothing favorable can be said. While criticising so harshly the public buildings of so large and wealthy a city, I ought to mention that while Buenos Ayres is to remain the capital of the nation, the capital of the province of the same name has been removed to La Plata, a city forty miles to the southeast, where a number of governmental buildings, in the most lavish style of modern architecture, are in progress of erection.

The Recoleta, or public cemetery, is at the northern extremity of the city. There is an elaborate gateway prefaced by some pretty gardens, but inside are only a few cypress-trees, and monuments set in rectangular rows and so close together that the place has quite the look of a stone-cutter's display-yard. Why the citizens of Buenos Ayres could not take thrice the amount of land, and lay it out with trees and lawns and flowers, and neat gravel walks, I can not comprehend. Such a style of graveyard as our Greenwood, or Cypress Hills, or Woodlawn, does not exist in all South America. The people of Buenos Ayres, unlike those of Montevideo and the west coast, do not employ mural burial to any extent. Here the popular style of interment is either in vaults below the surface, or in marble tombs just above it. In either case there is generally a more or less ornamental structure, fitted up with a miniature altar, and filled with wreaths, inscriptions, cards, and other touching tokens. The door is usually of latticed iron, and the coffins may plainly

be seen lying upon iron gratings at each side, or below, in a vault.

Many fine country residences are seen on the outskirts of Buenos Ayres. One that I visited, in the eastern part of the city, belongs to a wealthy native merchant. The house is a very large one, sumptuously furnished, and from its lofty tower a widely extended view of city, country, and river may be obtained. The grounds fill an entire and very large square, and are surrounded by a high brick wall. Here are gardens worthy of Versailles or Fontainebleau. Nature and art are combined to the best effect. Both temperate and semi-tropic zones are represented, and grottoes, summer-houses, marble statues, urns, fountains, arbors, and conservatories abound. In one place is a splendid avenue lined with the ever-picturesque cocoa palm. At another spot a huge old pine-tree supports near its crown a pretty belvedere, reached by a spiral staircase. There are rich orchards, attractive flower-beds, great clumps of shrubbery, velvety lawns, and rare graperies. Everywhere run paths covered with beautiful pink and white shells. It costs the proprietor one hundred thousand dollars a year to keep this magnificent place in order. In returning to the hotel I passed two banking buildings—the Banco Hipotecario and the Banco Provincial—which are as handsome and appropriate samples of what such edifices may be as any European or American city can show. They are of brick and plaster, two stories in height, with central towers and imposing façades. Inside, the furnishing and upholstery are of the most luxurious description. Marble, bronze, tiles, stained glass, mahogany, and frescoes have been everywhere lavishly employed. These buildings cost about one million five hundred thousand dollars apiece.

There are a number of theatres in Buenos Ayres, all of them quite large, with from three to five tiers of boxes. At one of them I saw Ambroise Thomas's "*Mignon*" given in good style by a French lyric company; in another a comedy by a Spanish dramatic troupe; in a third Alexandre Dumas's drama of "*Denise*" by an Italian company, the "star" of

which was a brother of the famous tragedian Ernesto Rossi ; and in a fourth a grand symphony concert, with an orchestra of seventy "professionals," as the bills styled the musicians. The orchestra were seated upon an ample stage, and gave, with good expression, selections from Massenet, Saint-Saens, Rameau, Wagner, Weber, and Liszt, together with an overture and a march of mediocre merit by the band-leader. The theatres have an average seating capacity of three thousand ; while the Politeano Argentino, constructed in such a manner as to serve for a circus as well as theatre, will hold nearly five thousand persons. But Buenos Ayres is to have a still larger theatre, and at a cost of three million dollars. It is to cover thirteen thousand square metres, and will accommodate six thousand spectators. Its stage is to be larger than that of La Scala.

Of course, I paid a visit to the new capital of the province of Buenos Ayres, La Plata, forty miles from the city, and near the great river, with which it is to be connected by a ship-canal. I went by a good railway, over a perfectly flat and well-cultivated country, a great part of the distance in full view of the river. The cars were of the American pattern, with the exception that there was a central partition in each car. A door in every partition, however, permitted continuous communication throughout the train. The railway-station at La Plata is an enormous three-story structure, with a great Mansard-roof. The new city is laid out in chess-board fashion, though it is also provided with boulevards diagonally cutting through it from angle to angle, and with several plazas and a large park. It was only founded three years before my visit, but already boasted a population of thirty-five thousand. The public buildings—few of which were then completed—are on a very grandiose scale, three stories in height, elaborately ornamented, and standing in great gardens surrounded by lofty iron railings. One finds there all the public buildings necessary for a great municipality, such as a government palace, palace of justice, of the police, a national bank, a jail, library, museum, astro-

nomical and meteorological observatory, and splendid residences for the ministers and officers of the government. The museum is at present located in the great bank building. It contains a complete collection of Patagonian ethnography, and a very fine assortment of South American osteology. The public buildings of La Plata, when completed, will do honor to any capital, though I ought to add that they are all of brick and stucco, while the greater number of the dwellings are of wood. The port of the new city will cost, when finished, fifteen million dollars, and will be much more serviceable than anything near Buenos Ayres.

The pampas, or plain regions of the Argentine Republic, embrace an area nearly two thousand miles in length and five hundred in width. They rise from the east almost imperceptibly, in a series of terraces, till one reaches the slopes of the Andes. It is known that the sea was once over all this part of the continent; for under the surface soil there are gravel and great beds of shells of the same species now found in the Atlantic, mixed with the bones of quadrupeds now extinct, but of the same type as those, of much less size, at present existing. These pampas are covered with coarse grass, interspersed with desert patches. They support, as is well known, enormous herds of wild cattle and horses. Lately immense tracts of pasture are being converted into farm-land, and, while a few years ago not sufficient wheat was raised to supply the home market, the exports of this cereal in 1887 amounted to seven million bushels. The number of reapers imported into the republic the same year was fifteen hundred. The country being so largely a plain, railways are cheaply constructed. There are now over seven thousand miles running. The longest straight reach of railway in the world is on the new Argentine Pacific Railway, from Buenos Ayres to the foot of the Andes. For a distance of two hundred and eleven miles the line is laid without a curve. The level nature of the country will be evident from the fact that there is neither a cutting nor an embankment deeper or higher than three feet.





*The Famous Rocking-Stone of Tandil.*

## CHAPTER XIX.

### TOWARD THE HEART OF THE CONTINENT.

AMONG many wonders of nature in the Argentine Republic, I saw an especially interesting geological phenomenon. It was a great rocking-stone—perhaps the largest in the world—three miles from Tandil, a small village, which may be reached by railway, two hundred and fifty miles south of Buenos Ayres. The giant, mushroom-shaped quartz boulder stands upon the summit of some picturesque hills, perhaps a thousand feet in height. It weighs over seven hundred tons, and is so nicely poised that it rocks in the wind, and may be made to crack a walnut. Yet this boulder is so firm that one of the old dictators, Rosas by name, once harnessed a thousand horses to it, and was unable to displace it. There are, of course, many such rocking-stones scattered about the world, though I know of none nearly so large. The smaller ones are not less interesting. In New York State are two, one near the town of Monticello, of about forty tons, and the other in Salem, of over eighty tons. The former is nearly as round as an orange, and so nicely balanced upon a table of stone that a child, by pushing against either of two sides, can rock it back and forth; yet the strength of a hundred men without levers or other appliances, would be insufficient to dislodge it from its position. Its body is composed of a somewhat loose and soft sandstone, in which are imbedded numberless round and flinty pebbles, of a diamond-like hardness. In the valley where it is situated it is the solitary specimen of its class. Whence came this wanderer, and how? The other great rock stands two



feet from the ground, on stilts composed of three small pointed rocks of a different formation, and though easily moved to and fro, by the application of a man's muscular strength, can not be overturned or removed from its base. The attempt was vainly made by means of two hundred oxen yoked together and hitched to its massy bulk. All these boulders were undoubtedly so placed by glacial action—that is, by the melting of the ice; or else the glaciers of ages ago, having tossed these rocks about, like playthings, have finally deposited them in the extraordinary positions in which we now find them.

On October 18th I left Buenos Ayres for Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay, in a Brazilian steamer of about one thousand tons burden. It was one of a line which dispatches one steamer a month to Asuncion, and thence to Curumba, nineteen hundred and eighty-six miles, where it connects with a smaller steamer for Cuyabá, twenty-five hundred and three miles, the capital of Matto-Grosso, a large and rich province of Brazil. Asuncion is eleven hundred and fifteen miles from Buenos Ayres, by the rivers Paraná and Paraguay. My steamer was named the *Rio Apa*, after the river which forms the boundary between Paraguay and Brazil on the north. It was a paddle-wheel vessel, drawing but eight feet of water, and had good accommodation for first-class passengers, though the table was not all that might be desired. We had on board about twenty cabin passengers, among them the Brazilian President of Matto-Grosso, the commander of the troops there, a deputy from that province to Rio Janeiro, and several merchants, all bound for Curumba or Cuyabá. The President had been recently elected to this distant post, a change of ministry having taken place in Brazil. Our first stop was at Rosario, a city of about forty-five thousand inhabitants, situated on the west bank, and about sixty feet above the river. It consists, for the most part, of single-story houses, and is laid out at precise right angles. Tramways run in every direction. In the river, abreast of the city, were anchored several good-sized steamers, and along

the bank and at short piers were more steamers and many sailing-vessels. The prevailing style of the river-vessels appears to be a sort of brigantine, with light spars, and of these there is a very great number. With their fine lines, tall, raking masts, white hulks, and great spread of canvas, they resemble yachts more than merchantmen. When sailing on the wind, with four jibs, three square sails, and three try-sails set, they present a very trim and pretty appearance. I go on shore and walk through the principal streets. The wharves are covered with merchandise, which is being transported to town in great two-wheeled carts. These are drawn, in a most primitive fashion, by a single horse which is not harnessed by means of traces and shafts, but is simply secured by his girth to a great pole. He carries a sort of bag saddle, with one very long stirrup, the rider half facing the cart, and the horse, especially in starting, getting a strong side pull. I did not think that a horse could draw half so great a load in this manner as by a collar, but was surprised to find I had mistaken. It is much severer work, however, and wears the animal out much earlier. In the center of the Grand Plaza is a lofty marble shaft, with a figure of Victory atop, and at the base four life-size statues of Argentine heroes—soldiers and statesmen. It was erected in 1888, and is a fine piece of work from an artistic standpoint. The plaza is adorned with a double row of acacias.

Leaving Rosario, we find the banks of the river altogether uninteresting, being generally low upon the eastern side, and with bluffs, sometimes a hundred feet high, upon the western. The river averages two miles in width, with a current of about four miles an hour. The channel is very tortuous. First we skirt one bank, and then the opposite, frequently approaching within thirty feet of the shore. Notwithstanding this, we go at full speed all night, except when the weather is thick or foggy, when we anchor. Our speed is about ten knots an hour. The river contains many small islands covered with tall grass and green shrubbery. On the

banks poplars and willows are often to be seen, and occasionally peach and other fruit trees, with great farm-houses in the distance. We next stopped at the port of Paraná, the city lying upon a high bluff, about two miles distant, and being reached by tramway. At the port, where we received on board some flour and biscuit, were only the custom-house, a hotel, and the station of the tram-cars. A score of sailing-vessels were loading or discharging at the wharves, and a large steamer was just leaving for Buenos Ayres. As we went on, the province of Santa Fé was soon upon our left. This contains a great number of agricultural colonies, some of them reaching to the river-bank. The colonists are mostly Germans and Swiss, while still farther to the north-west are many Italians. The Argentine Republic receives more immigrants from Europe than all the other South American countries. Lately the rate of immigration has been two hundred thousand annually. I may add that this enterprising republic has doubled its commerce in five years and its wealth in ten. Its great vitality and growth lie in the fertility and cheapness of the soil and in the multiplication of numbers, both of human beings and the lower animals.

The next day we reached the town of Goya, six hundred and seventy-six miles from Buenos Ayres. The weather was becoming quite warm and the grass, shrubs, and willows were rapidly giving place to ferns, oranges, wild sugar-cane, and palms, as we approached the tropics. The trees were increasing in size and in density of foliage, and there was also a good deal of fine grass-land for cattle. The smooth bluffs showed very nicely the geological strata, exactly as they were formed ages ago when the Atlantic swept over all this region, depositing its sediment, layer upon layer, as far as the Andes. Alligators are sometimes seen basking on the sandy beaches, half hidden among the rushes. Opposite Goya is an immense district of the Argentine Republic, styled the Gran Chaco. This is now beginning to be settled, though its northern parts are a wilderness full of savage Indians.

Corrientes, eight hundred and thirty-two miles, was one of our next stops. Vessels drawing as much as ten feet can go up thus far. Four days from Buenos Ayres we entered the Paraguay, a river about a mile in width, with higher and drier banks than the Paraná, though with quite as tortuous a channel. Near the mouth of the great river Vermejo, which comes into the Paraguay from Bolivia, was an Argentine sub-prefecture of police, where was stationed a battalion of troops, with a small gunboat anchored near by. Upon the right we now had the Republic of Paraguay. Very many *camelotes*, or floating islands of water-plants, passed us, voyaging slowly down the stream. The banks are being constantly undermined and broken off by the current and wind—and thus are launched the *camelotes*. The country becomes more undulating, and is covered with forest or swamp. The heat is very great during the day, the mosquitoes very annoying during the night. The alligators increase in number, and are supplemented by *carpinchos*, or river-hogs.

About noon on the 24th, on suddenly turning a bend in the river, I saw before me the city of Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay, a plain town of single-story buildings, the only conspicuous edifice being the palace of Lopez (the famous Paraguayan general and President), torn with shot and shell just as it was left by the Brazilian fleet fifteen years before. We passed some batteries and the arsenal, and saw behind them a large hospital. Abreast of the city was a large, double-turreted Brazilian ironclad, whose sailors, as we came to anchor, manned her yards and cheered out of compliment to the President of Matto-Grosso, whom we had on board. There were but two or three vessels, save a dozen very small craft, in the roadstead or large sort of bay connecting with the river. The Paraguay itself seemed to be about a mile wide, the opposite shores being low and level, and consisting mostly of meadow-land. To the north beautiful green hills stretched away, ridge behind ridge; to the south, upon a prominent knoll, was a cemetery. The city before us bore a most woe-begone aspect, the buildings seemed all dilapidated

or half-built, and scarcely any people appeared. Evidently Asuncion has not revived since the late terrible war. Our anchor was dropped just six days from the time of leaving Buenos Ayres. As I landed upon one of the three short piers, a shower of tropical violence descended, and the streets were at once turned into rivers. The palace of Lopez, which commands an extensive view, is in a very good style of architecture, three stories in height, with a lofty square tower and grand pillared entrance. The lower story is of cut stone, the two upper of stuccoed brick. It has apparently been allowed to go altogether to decay. The walls are blackened, no sashes fill the window openings, and in one quite a large bush is vigorously growing. In front of the palace, and almost touching it, are rows of miserable mud-plastered and grass-thatched huts—a suggestive contrast indeed. I had no difficulty with the custom-house officials, and found quarters at the “Hotel Hispano-Americano,” a grandiose structure which was formerly a palace belonging to the Lopez family, but which the sudden changes of fortune hereabout have now turned into a public-house. There are two stories, each of great height. There is a very imposing entrance, with marble staircases, right and left, and a vestibule and court-yard full of great round pillars. The stucco-work embraces symbols of war, peace, music, art and literature, busts, elaborate scrolls and flowers, the whole painted a delicate pink and green upon a white ground. In the center of the tile-paved court is a well, with a beautiful coping cut from a single block of marble. Here also are marble tables, on which cooling refreshments are served. The corridors are hung with huge octagonal lamps of stained glass. Down-stairs are bar and billiard rooms, and above are tile-floored dwelling-rooms, which are separated by partitions that do not reach the ceiling by as much as four feet. This gives you the benefit, not only of your own share of air, but also of other people’s conversation, in various keys and unlimited quantities.

The streets of Asuncion are badly paved with huge blocks of stone, and are a foot deep either with sand or mud, accord-

ing to the season. Four horses are necessary to draw even a small, two-wheeled cart with a light load. The sidewalks are very narrow and of brick. They strive to keep the level, and this makes steps frequently necessary at the corner crossings. The houses are painted white, yellow, green, or pink, which always makes a street scene a picturesque one. All the windows have heavy iron gratings and green jalousies. The ground upon which the city is built is not only undulating, but sweeps quite steeply back toward the east. This topography necessitates a series of stone terraces in many of the streets. The city is laid out in chess-board fashion, with an avenue in the center, called *Calle Independencia Nacional*, running from east to west, from which, as in Buenos Ayres, the numbers of the houses divergingly increase, and each street running north and south has two names. The city is poorly lighted by kerosene-lamps, which are bracketed upon the houses. A tramway extends from the landing-place up through two of the principal streets and out to the northern suburbs. The telephone is largely used, the posts for the wires being the trunks of palm-trees, which will last thirty years or more. A telegraph connects Asuncion with Buenos Ayres, as do also two lines of weekly and two of monthly steamers. There are three daily newspapers published in Asuncion, at ten cents a copy. Of the city in general it may be said that it presents a semi-Oriental and semi-medieval appearance. Palms and bananas and other tropical trees and various flowers abound. But you meet few people in the grass-grown streets, and these are mostly women—the male population having been nearly annihilated in the disastrous war with Brazil, which lasted five years, and terminated in 1870. The census shows that the women actually outnumber the men six to one. It is like a deserted city, desolate, noiseless, and sad. Yet it must rise again; its situation is good, the surrounding country is fertile and beautiful, and the climate is healthy and enjoyable. The public buildings are few and not specially noteworthy, except perhaps the oldest. I have already spoken of the palace of Lopez. The

town-hall is a two-story, arched, and corridor building, containing the halls of Congress and the offices of the President and ministers. The custom-house, without being an especially fine building, is well adapted to its purpose, and the same may be said of the railway-station of the only railway in Paraguay, that which runs to the town of Paraguari, about fifty miles to the eastward. Lopez intended to have built a handsome large opera-house of modern style, which should occupy an entire square ; but it never got beyond the first story, as it now stands, a melancholy ruin.

I attended mass one morning at the cathedral, a very large old edifice, with two towers. The altar was ablaze with candles, arranged in ornamental designs, giving it somewhat the appearance of a set piece of fire-works. A large congregation was present, and among them were a few Sisters of Charity and two schools of children under their charge, the one of girls dressed all in white with white veils and shoes, the other of barefooted girls with blue veils. The greater part of the congregation, however, consisted of native women in white or gay-colored cambric dresses, with black-crape mantillas, worn, as usual, over the head. These were all barefooted, and generally carried fans. Besides these were a few ladies decked in ultra-French style, with enormous plumed hats, black-silk dresses, and high-heeled slippers. As usual, in South American churches, the men were conspicuous by their absence. An adjoining little garden contains the only monument in Asuncion, a tall shaft of brick and stucco, surmounted by a figure of Liberty. On the pedestal are the following four historical inscriptions : Foundation of Paraguay, 15 August, 1536—First cry for Liberty, 14 May, 1811—Declaration of National Independence, 25 December, 1842—Declaration of the National Constitution, 25 November, 1870.

## CHAPTER XX.

### A COUNTRY OF WOMEN.

THE largest market of the city occupies an entire square. The dealers are all women. I found the outer corridor filled with the wares, spread upon the floor, of those who could afford to pay only a small rent. Inside were rows of tables, and benches, and racks. Between the corridor and the interior was a series of small shops of miscellaneous merchandise. The market was well supplied. The river furnishes an abundance of fish; a great variety of vegetables are cultivated in the immediate neighborhood; various kinds of meat are raised on the best cattle-farms of the interior; and fruit grows everywhere wild and in profusion. The women had for sale also heaps of bread, dishes of butter, piles of white cheese, cream in stone jugs, maize, bouquets, and native beer, made from sugar-cane, in mugs. The market was filled to overflowing with the women traders and their customers, also women. The chatter and chaffing were almost deafening. Outside, one flank of the whole road was blocked with other venders, their wares spread before them on mats upon the ground, the scant portions of food offered for sale, and the small coins displayed, betokening the simplicity of habits as well as the poverty of the common people. In Asuncion the market-women have no carts or carriers whereby to send purchases home. The purchaser must take his basket, pan, pail, or paper with him. Large pans seemed to be the favorite utensil, and these, filled with the marketing for the day, or often for several days, the women gracefully carry poised upon their heads, a hand-



kerchief alone intervening. Everything is carried in this manner, and always without a spill—huge baskets of eggs, a closed umbrella, great jars of water, and likewise empty jars. These last are frequently borne in a very coquettish manner, resting securely at an angle of forty-five degrees. The hands are never employed to steady anything conveyed upon the head. It is otherwise in Egypt and India, where one hand or both are in frequent requisition. The middle and lower class women all walk barefooted, and this carrying of heavy weights upon the head greatly strengthens the spine, and gives them the same graceful carriage for which the Hindoo women are famous.

The women of Asuncion generally dress in white or light-colored skirts, and a chemise neatly embroidered with lace and cut very low upon the bosom. These are their sole garments within-doors, the climate being warm and equable. For the street, a loose white cotton scarf is added, and this is worn upon the head and shoulders like the black mantilla. The skirt is, of course, bound around the waist, and combines with the front of the chemise to form a pouch for holding money and cigars, there being no regular pocket anywhere. The hair of these women is brushed straight back from the forehead, braided in a great mass, and secured with a gilt comb. Flowers are occasionally added behind, or worn above the ears, between them and the head, and this latter custom has quite as pleasing an effect as the former, when you become accustomed to it. Gold pendent ear-rings are generally worn, and sometimes a necklace of gold and coral beads. The young girls, with their brown satin skin, their symmetrical features, pearly teeth, piercing black eyes, and dense black hair, are often very beautiful; while, on the other hand, the old women, wrinkled, blear-eyed, crooked, and attenuated, are frightful specimens of moribund humanity. While the disuse of shoes and stockings so largely helps in giving the women their elegant pose and walk, it rather deforms the feet, spreading the toes sometimes quite half an inch apart, and producing the flat, fan-shape termed splay-

foot. In Paraguay, as in Burmah, all ages and both sexes are constant smokers. When the cigar is not alight, they are busy chewing the end. A small, coarse roll of native tobacco is used, and as the cigars thus manufactured are not well made, they seem most of the time to be extinguished. It took me quite a while to get used to the spectacle of a pretty girl smoking a great cigar an inch in diameter. So few men are seen in Paraguay that I had almost forgotten to speak of them, and in fact have very little to say concerning them. Though small, they generally possess a fine muscular development. They are lazy, but splendid horsemen. The true native wears a white shirt and baggy trousers, with a gay-colored sash and felt *sombrero*, and he goes barefoot. I have hitherto been speaking of the majority. Others, and of course the upper and traveled classes, imitate Europeans both in dress and in manners. Among the Paraguayans, Indian blood seems to predominate to a greater degree than among any of the other Spanish-American nations.

The influence of climate in forming the habits of a nation may be daily observed in Asuncion. From five until eight o'clock in the morning the streets are full of people marketing, but from noon till 2 P.M. you may traverse the city from end to end and not meet a score of inhabitants. It is the hour of the *siesta*, the hottest part of the day, and the people are either breakfasting, reading, writing, resting, or most probably taking a nap. This is a universal custom, to which the foreign resident and the visitor easily surrender.

Excepting small copper coins, the only currency at present in circulation in Paraguay is paper. The printing on the face of this very confidently demands the Bank of Paraguay to pay the bearer for each paper dollar one "hard" or silver dollar; but you will soon find, in seeking change or making a purchase, that this paper money is at a depreciation of twenty-five per cent. This, however, is better than in the Argentine Republic, whose paper currency is worth but fifty-five cents on the dollar.

The Recoleta is the largest cemetery of Asuncion. It is

situated about three miles to the north of the city, and is reached by a mule tramway. The road led through long lines of orange and lemon trees, loaded down with rich golden fruit of great size. There were also many palms and bananas, and near the few bamboo and mud huts which we passed were gardens of beautiful flowers—oleanders, roses, pinks, daisies, and gay-leaved plants in profusion. I was greatly surprised at the number of people, most of them women and clothed in the deepest mourning, going in the same direction. There were also several small processions of what seemed to be families, following great black wooden crucifixes. I supposed it to be some church anniversary, but was hardly prepared for the sight which met my eyes on reaching the Recoleta. On either side of the entrance were a dozen women ranged in a row, and selling bread, sweetmeats, fruits, flowers, and liquors. The burial inclosure is filled with black wooden crosses and mural tombs, a few of the latter of some architectural merit; but there are scarcely any trees or flowers, and, as with the neighboring city, everything is unkempt and in disorder. An old church is connected with the Recoleta on one side, and on the other, strange to tell, are an Italian restaurant and beer-garden. At this point also a fine flower and fruit garden flourishes. It is a very nice place of the kind, but I do not remember ever having before seen the quick and the dead under such circumstances, in such juxtaposition. Instead of reminding me that in the midst of life we are in death, it suggested that in the midst of death we may be very much alive. Entering the Recoleta, I saw perhaps a score of men and at least five hundred women. The men remain uncovered during their stay in the cemetery, and out of sympathy, if not courtesy, I imitated their example. It seems it was All-Souls' day, when it is customary for Roman Catholics to visit the burial-places of their relatives and friends, to weep and pray there, to decorate the graves with flowers, to surround them with burning candles, and if able to afford the expense, to have a sort of requiem mass celebrated. There

were some half-dozen priests going about from tomb to tomb, followed by bands of music embracing violin, clarinet, flute, and trumpet. These musicians accompanied the priests in their drowsy mutterings. A black cloth, marked with a gilt cross, would be thrown upon the grave, and upon it rows of lighted candles would be placed. The priest would then go through his ritual for the repose and salvation of the souls of the dead, standing at the head of the grave, which he sprinkled with holy water. Upon one side stood the musicians, and upon the other stood or sat the relatives and friends, many weeping, but many also, as is seen in more civilized countries, looking serenely at the passers-by. In fact, there seemed to be quite as many people drawn to the cemetery by curiosity as by affection. As the priests moved from grave to grave, so moved the gaping crowd. The higher and richer classes decorated their family vaults with splendid wreaths of flowers, and stood in rows before them, their lips mechanically mumbling prayers, while the stranger was being eagerly scrutinized. At some of the graves would be seen a poor woman kneeling in the dust, to which her head was also bowed, and which, in true biblical fashion, she threw over herself, uttering meanwhile the most heart-rending cries, and weeping in such a violent manner that I feared it must all end in a fit. The cemetery presented a very extraordinary scene. The varied costumes of the people, the beautiful flowers, the gloomy-robed priests, the wild, pathetic music, the sobs and shrieks of the mourners coming from every direction, the crowd of bustling sight-seers, the odd forms of the monuments, the quaint old church—in which I afterward stumbled across a corpse lying quite unattended—the palms and bananas looming beyond the walls, the distant forests—such were the sights and sounds at which, alone, and bareheaded, under a tropical sun, I stood amazed. Nothing, however, but its utter strangeness could have caused me to intrude upon the touching grief of these simple-minded, faithful, and affectionate people.

From Asuncion I took a railway trip eastwardly into the

interior of Paraguay, to the town of Paraguari, already mentioned. The fare was one dollar and sixty cents. The locomotive and carriages were of English fashion and manufacture. There were four classes of passengers. People of the fourth were in open box-cars, without seats of any kind. These cars were, however, the best patronized and chiefly by women. The road was a broad gauge, but the cars were low and short. Our train was very long—eight passenger and as many freight cars, some of them full, and others brought along to be filled on the return journey. The engineer was not a foreigner, as I had expected, but a Paraguayan. We started at the early hour of 5.30 A. M., and did not reach Paraguari until 10.30 A. M.—or five hours for a journey of fifty miles. The first station was that of Trinidad, where there is a splendid old and curious church in which is buried the first Lopez, President of Paraguay, and father of the famous general. At the next important station about thirty women appeared at our car-windows, wishing to sell bread, meats, cigars, and lace-work of a very good quality. There were also many beggars, horribly crippled and disfigured by virulent diseases. We went on through mandioc-plantations, and forests containing many palms and bananas, until we caught sight of a fine range of hills upon the left, and soon afterward of the Lake of Ytacary, upon the western bank of which is a German colony, called San Bernardino, numbering about four hundred souls. The Paraguayan Government, it seems, gives free farm-lots of sixteen acres to each unmarried and thirty-two acres to each married male adult, besides providing free passage from Buenos Ayres, and giving advances of provisions for six months, a number of plows, and a quantity of seed, with three cows. The colonists have some hundreds of acres under potatoes, beans, etc.

We made frequent and very long stops where there seemed little else than stations. At each, and also in the train, were great crowds of women, but scarcely a man—another striking illustration of the results of the late war, and of the present disparity of the sexes. The engineering

obstacles in the construction of this road must have been almost nothing. There are no cuttings or fillings, and scarcely a bridge of any size. The road runs along the great meadows of an almost level valley, four or five miles wide, with but a few grass-thatched mud houses appearing here and there, and with low ranges of wood-clad hills on each side. We see quite a number of cattle and a few sheep. There is no tillage save that of the small vegetable gardens near each house. We pass a remarkable cone-shaped hill and an oddly formed table-topped one, and soon arrive at Paraguari, the present terminus of the line, though it has been graded half-way to the town of Villa Rica, some seventy miles distant, to which a coach runs once a week. The town or rather village of Paraguari lies about a quarter of a mile to the southward of the railway-station. I proceeded thither in a curious two-wheeled omnibus, having wheels some six feet in diameter, with one horse in shafts and the other free, which draws by means of a chain attached to the belly-band. Paraguari I found to be a small village of not more than one thousand inhabitants, laid out about a great grass-covered square, in the center of which is the market, where mandioc-roots, oranges, and a good supply of meats and vegetables, are for sale. All the way from Asuncion we had passed great orange-orchards, some of the trees being thirty feet in height, and covered with the luscious fruit, which here sells as cheaply as one dollar per thousand. Around the square, in simple single-story houses, are a few stores, a tinsmith's, a blacksmith's, a bakery, half a dozen shops of very miscellaneous merchandise, and a hotel kept by an Italian. Beyond, and scattered at intervals, are a few mud-plastered and tile-covered huts. In the garden of the hotel are fine grape-vines and peach-trees and flowers—including roses, pinks, oleanders, and many others common to Northern eyes. Around the village are great grassy plains, and, as a border, ranges of low hills, with here and there an isolated peak, and, near the railway-station, two precipitous wood-covered cliffs, which form about the only really picturesque sight since

leaving Asuncion. The country hereabouts would not differ very much from the central Western States of North America, were it not for the frequently occurring palm-trees, which of course give the general view a tropical flavor.

From Paraguari a coach runs once a week in a southerly direction, reaching some of the richest country and most valuable farms. It is intended eventually to prolong this route to Encarnacion, on the upper Paraná, and opposite the Argentine town of Posadas. But the present very limited rail and coach lines are everywhere supplemented by horse-back service, the real communication of the country. The horses are gentle, fast, and enduring. The saddles most esteemed are of English make or pattern, with a very wide girth—often a foot broad—which is not fastened, as with us, next the fore-legs, but upon the swell of the belly, or even behind it. Two girths generally are used, one being worn over the saddle itself. The bridles are very simple, though the bits are apt to be heavy. The horses are trained to obey with rapidity and exactness the slightest turn of the hand. I noticed many carts coming into Paraguari, drawn by three yoke of oxen, suspended above which was a long pole bearing bunches of feathers for driving away flies, and iron goads for spurring dilatory beasts. The carts are great, two-wheeled fabrics, with cylindrical hoods of hides and pliable wood.

On leaving Asuncion my plan was to return to the Paraná and ascend it to the Iguassu River, the boundary between Brazil and the Argentine Republic, wishing to visit in it some very remarkable and little-known falls, and returning thence to pass over by land to the Uruguay, and, descending it, to cross again the Plata to Buenos Ayres. On November 4th, therefore, I left the capital of Paraguay in the Rio Uruguay, of the Lloyd Argentine line of steamers, which runs six vessels a month between Montevideo, Buenos Ayres, and the ports of the lower Paraná and the Paraguay. We had a great many passengers, and most of them were bound to small river-ports. There was also a good deal of freight—fruits and vegetable produce. At a

station a little below Asuncion we took on board an enormous quantity of large oranges. Immediately upon the bank was a great heap of them, fifty feet in length, twenty-five in width, and four in depth. These were all brought on board in flat baskets, holding about three dozen each, carried as usual upon the head by women. About two hundred feet of plank had to be traversed from shore to steamer, and all the work was done quite in the middle of the day, under the bare sun, and with a temperature of nearly 100° Fahrenheit. These women have splendidly developed figures, and are very strong and enduring; but it took some fifty of them nearly five hours to get all the fruit on board. While they were thus engaged, about a dozen men sat in the shade of the trees, quietly looking on, but not one of them assisting in any manner. It was so hot at night that we were all compelled to sleep upon the open deck.

The next morning we reached Corrientes, where I had already stopped on my upward voyage. It is a large town, situated on high but level ground, about fifteen miles below the junction of the Paraguay and the Paraná, on the left bank of the latter. A half-dozen little side-wheel steamers lay at anchor abreast of the town, doubtless for the navigation of the upper Paraná. There is no custom-house inspection, though Corrientes is in the Argentine Republic, and we had come from Paraguay. I find an ordinary hotel in the center of the town. The streets are quite as sandy as those of Asuncion. They are fairly wide, however, with broad sidewalks. In the principal plaza is a tall column erected to Liberty, made of simple brick and covered with stucco. On one side of the plaza a new government-house is being built, on the other stand the police headquarters, formerly the old Jesuit college, a very quaint, old, two-story building, with a square tower, and cornices in quite the style of a mediæval fortress. The plaza also contains a *biblioteca popular*, or circulating library, which is open for two hours, morning and evening. In a stroll about town I found a theatre, a good market, a national bank, and numerous haberdashers.



## CHAPTER XXI.

### ON THE TRAIL OF THE JESUITS.

THERE are two lines of steamers running from Corrientes to Itusaingo, opposite the Apipé rapids, which prevent further navigation upon the Paraná, except by light-draught vessels in times of high water, when they go directly through to Posadas, the farthest town on this river, although there are some few hamlets still higher up. Formerly, in the dry season, or period of low water, people went up or around the rapids in a canoe, but now a coach line passes along the bank. The "Posadas," of one of the companies which send boats to Itusaingo, is a fine side-wheel steamer, with state-rooms on the upper deck, like the large Paraná steamers, but I did not feel like waiting four days in so dull a place as Corrientes, and accordingly took passage in a little iron double-deck screw-steamer, about sixty feet long and twenty broad. Her capacity was but eight passengers, for whom there were berths in the combined cabin and dining-saloon. The fare to Itusaingo, one hundred and sixty miles, was ten dollars. Our cargo was various, consisting of wire for fences, maté or Paraguayan tea, alfalfa or clover, sugar, wine, kerosene, and flour. Besides our wood-burning, high-pressure engine, we employed a large square sail. With both, however, running against the strong current, we could hardly make more than six miles an hour. The captain, steward, and several of the crew were Italians. The old Jesuit college, with its castellated tower, was a long time in sight, but finally it faded and was gone, and we continued within a stone's-throw of the bank, to avoid the swiftly running cur-

rent as much as possible. We had not gone very far before our engine broke down, and, after being nearly driven on shore by the combined force of wind and current, we were compelled to anchor until repairs could be made.

The banks of the upper Paraná, like those of the Paraguay, can scarcely be called interesting. They are flat, covered with coarse grass and large trees, and very thinly settled. This is true of them as far as the mouth of the Iguassu, some two hundred miles above Posadas. Beyond that, to its source in Brazil, the river is almost unknown. Sailing-vessels are non-existent. The only inhabitants seem to be in the water and air. The Paraná is full of water-hogs, alligators, and large fish of excellent quality, and it is covered with huge water-fowl. I shot numbers of all these, except perhaps of the alligators, which it is always difficult to know whether you have killed. We stopped every night at dusk for wood, and did not go on until morning. We lost much time in landing our freight, it being taken, parcel by parcel, on men's backs up the steep banks and on to the center of the villages. In South America, as in Asia, the traveler must be armed with a great amount of patience and urbanity. No one hurries, no one attends strictly to the business in hand. As with African negroes, the natives play and skylark like children with their work, for of course it is understood that what is not done to-day may always be done *manaña*, to-morrow. We were four entire days in reaching Itusaingo, which consists of only a few houses on a steep bluff. Upon the shore were about fifty natives, who had come down to witness our arrival. As the coach did not leave until the following day, we were obliged to pass another night aboard, and suffered terribly from insect pests. There were enormous swarms of mosquitoes, a poisonous biting fly, fleas, a sort of gnat, and about a dozen varieties of moths and beetles. The heat was very oppressive, and the dew like a light rain.

I found the coach for Posadas built after the Swiss diligence pattern, with four wheels, two benches facing each

other behind, and a sort of coupé front division. Beyond this projected a single seat for the use of the driver. This vehicle, which would hold eight passengers, is the national coach of all the River Plate countries. The team consisted of seven mules or horses—four harnessed abreast to the coach, a pair before these, and the whole led by a horse attached by a long lariat, and pulling as usual by his girth alone. This horse had a rider; the two behind had but to follow; and reins from the four others passed up to the driver. The road, or rather trail, for it was only a track across the prairie, was so bad that we were obliged to change our animals every six or eight miles. We rode along through the open plain, not far from the Paraná River. The pampa of these countries is really nothing more than an extensive grassy plain, bounded on all sides by the horizon. There is generally not a tree or shrub of any kind in view, and when you do see them you may be sure they are cultivated near some farm-house. Sometimes the grass is short and fine, but more often coarse and high. Cattle and horses are seen in every direction. Here one first makes acquaintance with the *Gaúcho*, or native horseman, a rude half-breed, who lives on the pampas and is employed in catching wild horses and slaughtering cattle. He is a small, dark man, very stoutly built, with straight black hair resting on his shoulders, scanty but long beard, and a physiognomy generally bespeaking hardihood, a free, wild life, and an intense love of liberty. He is dressed in shirt and short drawers, over which he wears a leathern apron with deep fringed edges. Of course, he is barefooted, and upon his head he wears a large, soft, black felt hat. He always carries a long, sharp knife in his belt. He sits his horse like a centaur; in fact, these people are born horsemen. We passed a number of large cattle farms, with their clusters of small houses surrounded by trees and gardens. The dwellings of the *Gaúchos* were very numerous, but, being ordinary mud-huts, do not call for any special description. At one place in the road we passed a gentleman traveling in his private carriage, with four horses, postilions, and

outriders. It was an extraordinary equipage. The horses were harnessed quite twenty feet from the carriage, and, all being mounted, of course there was no driver. We encountered another native, with his wife mounted behind him on horseback.

From Itusaingo to the town of Posadas the distance is about sixty-five miles, but there is not a single resting-place on the road, nor a spot where anything to eat may be had. The country does not even now seem quite secure; at least all my companions carried weapons, and I, having been forewarned, did the same. At each stopping-place fresh horses or mules would be caught in large corrals or stock-yards, and the others turned loose upon the prairie. Late at night we halted and prepared for sleep, some in the diligence, others under it. But first we made a lunch off potted meats, bread, and wine. At four in the morning we arose, drank some warm milk, which the *Gaucha* women drew fresh for us, and started on again. The gently undulating plain was covered with huge ant-hills of brown or reddish earth, and perched on many of these were owls and other birds. I noticed also many partridges and birds of gay plumage, but I heard no song. We passed caravans of the great wagons of the country, loaded chiefly with *maté*, or the Jesuits' tea, as it has also been termed. These carts had wooden wheels, six or seven feet in diameter, and were roofed with coarse straw or sometimes with tin. In them is placed a central floor, upon which the drivers, who often have their families with them, sleep and keep their cooking-utensils.

Posadas, the capital of the Argentine province of Misiones, I found to be a little town built of brick, and laid out at right angles, with a comfortable house for the governor, some barracks for troops, a few stores containing a heterogeneous stock, a bank, a club, and a hotel. A detachment of three hundred troops is stationed here, it being an outpost of the Argentine army. Bugles, drums, and the practicing of a brass band are heard all day long. Posadas has a weekly newspaper, several hackney-carriages, is lighted

with kerosene-lamps, and is connected with the Uruguay River, as with the lower Paraná, by diligence, the one the route by which I had arrived, the other that by which I intended to depart.

The next day I went to Encarnacion, a small town on the opposite side of the river, in Paraguay, and about a mile distant. The ferriage is by means of large sail-boats, and the fare is twenty cents a passenger. In the stream were lying a small gunboat, a steam-tug used for towing cattle-barges, and a little steamer belonging to a wealthy firm of Buenos Ayres—Messrs. Uribe & Co.—and employed at infrequent intervals in bringing *yerba-maté*, or tea-leaves, from some large plantations of theirs far up the river. It was in this small vessel that I proposed ascending the Paraná as near as possible to its branch, the Iguassu, in which I wished to visit the great falls. Encarnacion consists of a single long, broad street, running directly back from the river toward the north. About a mile in the interior are the ruins of the old Jesuit *reducciones*, or villages of converted Indians. The buildings are mostly of mud, and the outlines of the quadrangle of the convent may be readily defined. The massive wooden lintels are as solid as when originally built. The rooms are small, and some of them contain faint frescoes on the walls. The wood-work is exactly and strongly dovetailed, and there are turned bars in the windows. The old tiled roof is in some parts still intact. Other remnants of the Jesuit missions are scattered about this province, which is appropriately named *Misiones*—regions where missionaries preach the gospel among the heathen—in which the stone carving and masonry are still shown in capital preservation.

I was obliged to wait an entire week in Posadas for the departure of the little steamer, of which I have just spoken, for the head of steam navigation on the upper Paraná, a place with the very Indian-like name of Tupurupucu. It was called the *Carima*, and was an iron screw-boat, about fifty feet in length by twenty in width. Our captain—who

was also a merchant—was a native of the Argentine Republic, though with the very Moorish name of Abdon Ahumada. He spoke no language save Spanish, and had never been beyond the borders of his own country, but he was well-informed, refined, and genial, and I soon began to esteem him as one of the best friends I had made in South America. If these lines should ever come to his sight, he may be assured that I am more than grateful for his many kindnesses, and that I can never forget his charming companionship on those romantic days and nights in the solitudes of the Paraná and the Iguassu. Our engineer was also an Argentine, the pilot was a Portuguese, and the crew were Paraguayans, who spoke only Guarani, the great Indian dialect of central South America. There were half a dozen passengers besides myself. We were provided with wooden shelves to sleep upon, but had to furnish our own bedding. The berths and the dinner-table were in one and the same room, at the stern. The pilot-house was forward, high above the deck, and here, under a large wooden roof, was room for the passengers to sit and obtain unobstructed views of the river and its banks, and to enjoy whatever breeze might be stirring. We towed three sloops and several canoes, which descend the river with the current very well, but which can only return, and slowly, with a strong favoring wind. Our steamer can go down the river in less than half the time required for the ascent, and upon the upward journey is chiefly loaded with wood for the boilers. The crew occupied half the first day in cutting up a couple of bullocks, and hanging the flesh in thin slices or strips upon ropes stretched about the steamer. It thus dries and cures in the sun and wind, and becomes what we style “jerked” beef.

During the first day both banks were high, diversified in outline, and densely covered with large trees. There were no towns or villages; but at long intervals solitary huts, or boats drawn upon the sandy beaches, betokened the presence of the wood-cutter or herdsman. The burning forests indicated the clearing of land in many places. We met but few

sailing-craft, all of slight tonnage. About fifteen miles from Posadas we pass, upon the south bank, a large brick sugar-factory, belonging to the Governor of Misiones, who owns a large plantation hereabouts. In this place we leave two of our passengers. At night we anchor just below some dangerous rapids, which extend nearly across the river, and going ashore we visit a native known to some of our number. It is a very hot night, and the air is thick with every sort of insect; so we find the gentleman sitting under some trees near his hut, busily engaged in adding fuel to a great fire he has built to help drive the pests away. He is surrounded by his wife and six little children, all but naked, while five dogs completed the company. The man had the Christ type of face as painted by Salvator Rosa, with pointed beard and enormous mop of black hair parted in the middle. The children were engaged in shelling beans, somewhat like those which we call Lima beans. These, together with cassava, the starchy substance prepared from the mandioc-root, and fish from the great river, constitute almost the sole food of these poor people.

At daylight we steam on, stopping now to leave one of our towed flotilla, now a passenger, and now to send merely a few letters ashore. The banks were wild and deserted, though occasionally we saw the huts of the wood-cutters. The timbers of this part of the country are very hard, and serviceable for building purposes. With the *maté* they constitute about the only commercial products of the Upper Paraná. The only animal life in sight were white and yellow butterflies. Sometimes the whole river would be covered with millions of these, in clouds ten feet above the surface, and the sandy shore would be for miles colored with the varying tints of their wings. So distinct and solid was this color that at first I mistook it for some sort of fungus growth. During the day the river narrowed to half a mile. It preserved, however, its previous characteristics of tortuousness, forest-clad banks, and in a few places a current so swift that it could be stemmed only with the greatest diffi-

culty. At night we anchored as before, but suffered greatly from the heat, from large moths which dashed continually against our faces and necks, and from thousands of stinging, creeping, biting, ill-looking, noxious vermin.

The next morning at daybreak we continue our slowly advancing voyage. During the day an iguana was seen swimming across the river. Large birds were also observed standing upon the banks, and there were foot-prints in the sand of tapirs which had come down to drink. The river narrowed to a quarter of a mile. It is quite ten feet below its highest level, as I could see by great bare flats of rough, black, flinty rocks, and large mounds of the purest and finest white sand. We stopped at San Lorenzo, a few huts on the Paraguayan side, and again at Piray, on the Argentine side. Here I met a Dane, a shopkeeper, whom, together with Señor Ahumada, I invited to accompany me to the falls of the Iguaçu. We anchored near some wood-cutters, friends of the Dane, and after dinner went on shore to call upon them. On ascending the very steep bank, I found several large houses built simply of bamboo-stems, some distance apart, with grass-thatched roofs. The construction of these huts was admirably adapted to admit insects as well as air, while, of course, forbidding any privacy to the inmates. The people, however, are anything but squeamish. Adjoining the huts was a sort of small shed, quite open on most sides, and here were the beds—simple platforms of twigs, with blanket and pillow—where the people slept, somewhat protected by small smoldering fires against the regular nightly visitors. They thus succeed in driving away a few insects, by half suffocating themselves with smoke. Near by were gardens of maize and a few flowers. In a rough inclosure of bamboos was a horse, under a tree was a cow, and scattered promiscuously about were half a dozen wretched curs and a couple of very nice, sleek cats. Though these natives always have milk, and make excellent cheese, they know nothing of butter. There was a commodious pool of fresh water, which is brought thither in a bamboo trough several hundred yards



long, from a cool spring away up in the hills. A bathing-house for the ladies had been improvised in the woods, by simply stretching a piece of coarse cloth between two trees, the three remaining sides being uninclosed. This reminded me of the manner in which the Chinese used to build their forts, thinking it discourteous for an enemy to intrude at the rear. We entered the larger hut, and took seats in hammocks, or upon empty boxes. A large table at one side held all the culinary furniture. A small table contained a candle, the sole illumination, and some ornaments, among which was a very ingeniously constructed toothpick-holder, made of two large toucan-bills standing upon alligators' teeth. This was the work of the lady of the hut, a very pretty and sweetly innocent-looking girl. Her husband, a fine, muscular young fellow, at once ordered the courtesy of Paraguayan tea, which for some time circled round the company, amid great talking and laughing, the pretty girl being especially amused by two young gallants of our steamer's company. At my suggestion the charming hostess brought forth some more of her clever handicraft, a fan made of the gaudy feathers of several birds, with an enormous toucan-bill for a handle. This was a work of art which would have brought fifty dollars in New York. These natives are as simple and ingenuous as children, laughing at everything, and all talking and shouting together in a most diverting manner. They smoke incessantly, either mites of Paraguayan cigars, or cigarettes covered with bamboo-leaves. Physically speaking, they are superb specimens of humanity. Their costume is, for the men, simply a fancy-colored shirt and loose drawers, with a large felt hat, and often a gay-colored bandanna about the neck. They generally go barefooted, or sometimes wear *alpargatas*, or slippers made of hemp, which are not only cool but durable. The dress of the women is no less simple, being merely a chemise and skirt, though, with the taste and coquetry common to the sex everywhere, they generally manage to add attractions here and there, such as jewelry, flowers above the ears, embroidery upon chemises, or fancy

neckerchiefs. · All this is very pleasing, but not so their custom of going barefooted. The women generally speak Guaraní, but I often found that the men spoke Spanish also, more or less correctly. At night we were overwhelmed with thousands of mosquitoes, which of course made sleep an utter impossibility. How lovely and enjoyable the tropics would everywhere be, but for the ever-accompanying creepers and fliers which sing and sting!

At daylight we were off again, the river being now but a few hundred yards in width and lined by dark rocks of a volcanic appearance, as if, when molten, they had been suddenly cooled and stiffened. On both sides of the Paraná there are many tributaries, but the Iguassu is the first of any special size. This river rises in southern Brazil, near the Atlantic, flows almost due west, and forms the boundary-line between that empire and the Argentine Republic. This morning we passed the mouth of the Nacunday, which has a beautiful fall partly in sight from the Paraná. I also saw the house of Señor Adam, an Italian, who has lived here fifteen years. He has a large farm of maize and sugar-cane. In his garden is a cascade, forty feet high, in the midst of palms, ferns, and bananas, which are full of parrots, toucans, and brilliant butterflies. At night we visit a small waterfall in the river Itupi, and, though nearly devoured by sand-flies, succeed in getting a delicious bath. The next morning we pass the mouth of the river Monday, six miles up which there is said to be a fine fall of water. The general course of the Paraná, since leaving Posadas, has been nearly from north to south, but nevertheless it is exceedingly tortuous, and as you advance the channel runs first upon one side and then the other, doubling and twisting in most erratic fashion. Then there is the swiftly running and eddying current always at hand, to drive you either on rock or shore—so that altogether a specially trained and experienced pilot is required for Upper Paraná navigation.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE NIAGARA OF SOUTH AMERICA.

ABOUT noon, on the fifth day from Posadas, we anchor at the mouth of the Ignessu, here a river about a thousand feet in width and seventy feet in depth, with dark-green water, which contrasts to great advantage with the dirty-yellow flood of the Paraná. At this point the steamer is to await my return from the falls, a distance of twenty miles, which I expect to accomplish in two days. My party is soon complete, and all arrangements are perfected. Those who are to accompany me are Señor Ahumada, the Dane, the quartermaster, the cook, and seven Paraguayan sailors. We are to go at first in a canoe, about thirty feet long and five feet wide, and afterward on foot, through the primitive forest. The canoe is made of planks, with a flat bottom, stout ribs, and sharp ends, and is propelled by paddles about six feet in length, the men standing or sitting on the gunwale to ply them. Three or four paddle near the prow, and one paddles and steers in the stern. We have a rifle, shot-gun, revolvers, and bowie knives, and consider ourselves amply protected. The provisions for my friends and myself are in tins and bottles, and for the men a quantity of jerked beef, mandioc, and biscuit is provided. After paddling up-stream for a short time, the men think better progress can be made by going on shore and towing the canoe by a long rope, taking turns at this arduous work, which, however, considering the swift current, advances us more rapidly than by paddling. It is extremely hot, and we extemporize an awning out of our *ponchos*. The shores are steep and covered with great black rocks, tilted in

every direction, and I find among them fine specimens of agate, crystals, and beautifully polished pebbles. Occasionally we come to long, sandy beaches, and notice many shells and the tracks of tigers, water-hogs, tapirs, wild fowl, and young alligators. I see one of the latter on the shore, and also two seals crossing the river. The banks are at first some three or four hundred feet in height, and are densely covered with primitive forest. A short distance from the mouth of the river we pass a series of rapids, which, however, are not very tempestuous. I observe many large and small fish in the water, some of the large ones being of a beautiful blue and white color, and as much as fifty pounds in weight. I try to have a shot at some black ducks, but can not get within range. It is interesting to see the manner in which the men tow the boat—now running along the sand, now clambering over the rocks like so many monkeys, next swimming around some outlying bowlders in which the drag-rope is sure to get entangled, and then in the water up to their necks pushing and lifting the canoe with all their strength. The river is tortuous, and with its fine green banks and black rocks, its dark water and rushing rapids, presents altogether a picturesque sight. I take my seat in the bow, and, with a wave of my hand and about the only words of Guarani I possess, signify the position of rocks to our steersman sitting in the stern; for the river is full of sunken rocks, and its bed is of little else than honey-combed reefs, which account for the continually eddying, swirling water. The men play at their work, and, as one or another is swept off his feet by the tow-rope or by the oozy bank, afford us quite as much amusement as themselves. We stop frequently, for the men must have their maté, and as often as they find a cool spring I like to drink myself, though on all such occasions we are nearly devoured by a species of large black fly.

I land on the north bank, my first visit to Brazil, and take a long walk in search of wild men or animals, the latter preferred, and small ones at that. This part of Brazil is sparsely settled, or rather infested, by the Tupi Indians, who are

quite savage. I desired to study them from an ethnographic stand-point, but, as they are said to have a very disagreeable habit of shying arrows from behind trees at too inquisitive strangers, it is perhaps just as well that my curiosity was not gratified. Night coming on, I enter our boat and cross over to the Argentine side, and camp for the night on the sandy bank, under the stars and insects. I say "under the insects" advisedly, for we were literally covered with insects as with a blanket. So enormous were their quantity and voracity, that I doubt if any of us slept an hour, except those boatmen who covered their heads with their *ponchos*. There were moths, butterflies, mosquitoes, gnats, sand-flies, fleas, spiders, ants, etc., etc. The moths had short, thick, black bodies and wings of a dark green. They circled and circled, and whisked and brushed about you, until you were nearly driven mad. Despite the danger of alligators, though they are small and few in the Iguassu, we all took a swim in the river before supper, but found the water far too warm for comfort. The temperature, in fact, was very high by day and by night. The rocks over which I had climbed during the afternoon were so hot you could not hold your hand upon them longer than a few seconds. We made a fire, and the men took great slabs of jerked beef, which they strung upon saplings and prepared to roast. This was soon served up, simply in its own fat, and, though a little tough, it was not bad eating for a hungry man. The meat being cooked, each man advanced and cut with his bowie-knife from the general stock. The same stout, two-edged instrument was used also to split our adamantine biscuits, and it was interesting to observe how polite all were: no one put his knife in his mouth. We washed down our supper with sugar-cane rum and water, a single cup being passed around the circle. After this meal there was a brief interval of talk, story, and song, and then we all lay down upon the hard, clayey bank, upon single blankets, with *ponchos* at hand to cover us in the early morning. Our boots served admirably for pillows. We heard so many wild animals crying in the forests, that

I deemed it prudent that two men at a time should watch during the night, armed, the one with the gun loaded with buckshot, and the other with the Remington rifle, while each of my party had a knife or a revolver under his head. The fire was, of course, kept up all night, and the watch was to be changed once. And thus, with millions of insects upon, around, above, under, and partly through us, we tried to sleep, my thermometer indicating  $95^{\circ}$  at eight o'clock in the evening. But for the full moon and beautiful Southern Cross above me, the gently murmuring river at my feet, and the dark forest walls beyond, I should have been quite willing to confess that the explorer's life is not altogether a happy one. All things save eternity, I suppose, must end, and that fearful night at last really did finish its horrid existence, and we were all only too eager to start at daylight.

The high banks presented the same general appearance, but the rocky shores increased in savage grandeur. There were fewer rapids, and we were able to paddle for some time, half of us walking in order to lighten the boat and thereby hasten somewhat our progress. But soon I plainly saw that we could go no farther by canoe, the current being far too powerful, and giving conclusive evidence of furious rapids above. So, after a consultation, we made the canoe fast until our return from the falls, and each one loaded the canvas haversacks, previously provided, with his share of the food and baggage, and proceeded to walk, or rather clamber, over the rocks upon the south side of the river. The really arduous part of the journey now began, and I should recommend succeeding travelers not to make the forced march that I was obliged to undertake—because I could not hire my men for a longer time—but to take at least four days for the trip; or, if they wish to see the falls with much detail, say a total of ten days. All the food for the entire journey must be carried with you; for, though the country contains game, it is not to be depended on. Many of the rocks over which we have to climb are twenty feet square, of every conceivable shape, and tilted upon their ends or sides in the wildest confusion.

These rocks have a lava-like look, and many of them have circular holes, like the pot-holes of Switzerland and Norway, ground into them by whirling pebbles and water. The sides of others next the river are fluted like the basaltic pillars of the Giants' Causeway, in Ireland, but these on the Iguassu are of a yellowish, clayey color, though the material is hard and brittle. As we slowly toiled on and over and between these rocks, the heat was tremendous, for we were placed between two waves, one pouring down from above, the other reflected from below. At eleven o'clock the thermometer in the shade read 115° Fahrenheit, and two of my party quite broke down, the one a native and the other the Dane. We left them behind to rest under the trees until afternoon, while the remainder of us pushed on until finally the river-banks became so precipitous we had to take to the forest. Here we found that the trail made by a Brazilian boundary commission a few years ago was so overgrown that we had actually to hew a tunnel for our passage through the matted verdure. We had not, however, advanced two hundred feet into the thicket before I heard a jaguar breathing loud and snarling, as if he also were irritated by the oppressive heat. He made a tremendous noise by his stertorous breathing, and seemed to be near at hand, somewhere upon the very hill which we were ascending. This was the first creature that I heard in the woods; the first creature that I saw was a greenish-black snake, about four feet in length. I halved him with a blow of my bowie-knife. The quartermaster informed me that this serpent's bite was fatal. Wishing a jaguar-skin very much indeed, I thought it a good plan to halt and order dinner prepared while I started off to beard the jaguar in his den, if indeed he happened to possess so sequestered an article. His breathing had now become half a roar, so that no guide to his neighborhood was needed. After getting into a copse, however, where it was impossible to see ten feet in any direction, it suddenly and very impressively occurred to me that possibly the jaguar also might have a passion for collecting skins, and that he might utilize

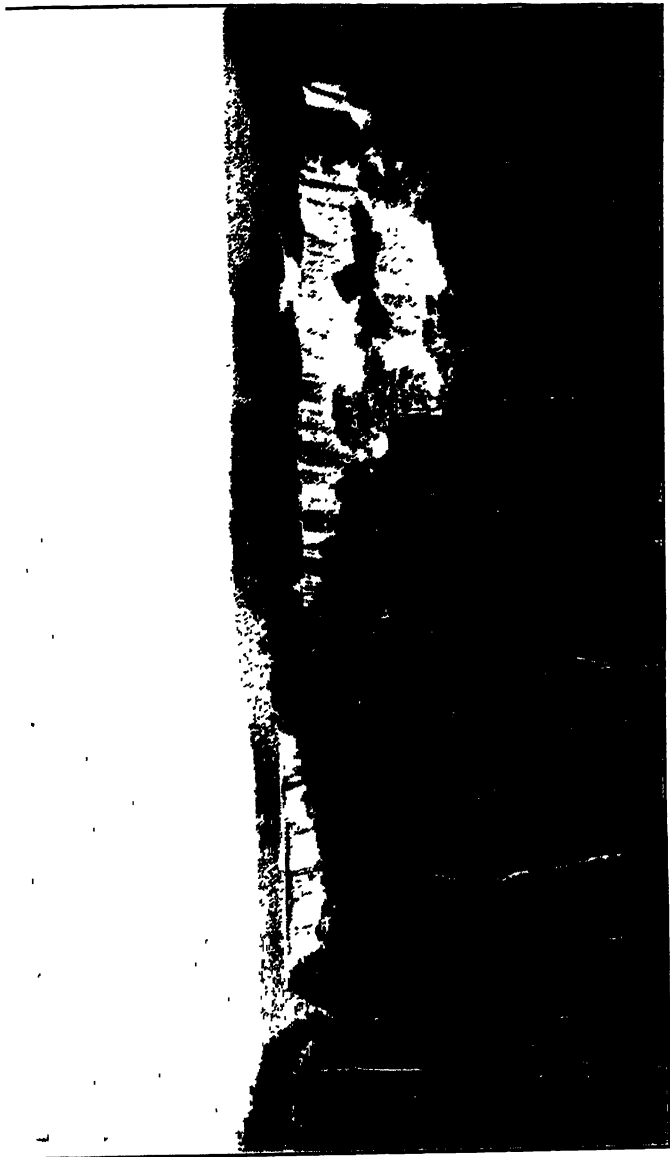
that propensity by seeing me first. My retreat was rapid, but as dignified as the circumstances permitted. My revolver carried a forty-four-caliber shot, and my nerve had heretofore proved so available that I took this risk, hoping that the brute might be both small and unsociable, though of course it would have been better for me to have a good repeating-rifle and more open ground. The forest contains many animals besides snakes and jaguars, such as tapirs, deer, wild pigs, monkeys, squirrels, partridges, and wood-turkeys.

The profusion of insect-life in this forest I have never seen equaled anywhere, excepting in some of the lowlands of Siam, and I have no desire to see it equaled again. You have a choice of evils: either to let the vermin settle upon you—for it is useless to brush them off, since, before your hands cease their motion, quite as many as before are upon you—or to keep no portion of your body uncovered, which is unbearable in such a hot, steamy atmosphere. I counted fifty bites on a little finger, all received in one night. These were mostly mosquitoes, though some were inflicted by ants. I can readily imagine a delicate, nervous man being actually worried to death by them. I mean that they so distress and enervate you, by constant fretting and worryment by day and loss of sleep at night, that you gradually become exhausted, your appetite and digestion fail, your blood becomes impoverished, and you are covered with sores, which itch dreadfully because of the poison they contain. Another dangerous pest of these forests is a tick, called a *carrapato*, which has a sort of trident of teeth serrated inward, and also six legs, each provided with strong, hooked claws. These parasitic torments climb out upon the branches of a tree, catch at any passer-by, and fasten upon him. Horses and cattle sometimes die from the exhaustion caused by the bites of these creatures, which settle in swarms. The traveler soon has the appearance of a person suffering from herpes, and frequently succumbs to fever. Still another very annoying and dangerous pest is the jigger, a small insect of the flea family, which penetrates the skin of the feet, and, laying its



eggs, rears a numerous family under it. If, on discovery, these are not immediately cut out, very serious sores are produced, which it becomes almost impossible to heal.

The remainder of my party coming up somewhat refreshed, we push on to the falls, the leaders having continually to use their *machetes*, or chopping-knives. We had to fight briars, vines, and roots; to ford brooks; to clamber over fallen trees; to crawl on hands and knees under thickets, at first up-hill and then on a level, until, after about two miles, we suddenly emerge upon a small stream which forms the first fall on the Argentine side of the river. From here we have a good general view of the situation and surroundings of the falls, though not nearly so complete a one as that to be obtained farther on, from the third fall. The streams are connected in several places above the falls, and to reach the brink of the third fall it is necessary to wade in water up to your waist for about half a mile. The bottom is of the same hollowed, honey-combed conformation as the rocks on the bank below, and being, moreover, polished by the current, presents a very difficult surface for walking. Still, we accomplished it without a tumble, and were rewarded by a most magnificent spectacle. So shallow was the fall to which we had come, and so comparatively weak was the current, that we were able, without great risk, to stand in the center of the stream, near the brink of the precipice over which it drops. The first view of the great falls in their solitary grandeur and beauty is perfectly overwhelming. You behold the "Niagara of South America!" They have, indeed, no such width, no such enormous volume of water as has Niagara—what falls anywhere have?—but they are of the same color and form, and, moreover, they are fifty feet higher, with environs still unmarred by the devices of man. Right before us, and some two hundred feet below, is the river, which here divides into two great streams, with banks fully five hundred feet in height. Between these branches is an extensive table-land, perhaps two hundred feet high, with precipitous sides, covered with large trees, somewhat like Goat



*The Dady Falls, Iguassu River.*



Island in Niagara River. This is about half a mile long, and stretches to the center of a semicircle one hundred feet higher, over which in twenty (in very dry seasons perhaps a hundred) different places roll the splendid falls of the Iguassu. The country above the falls is at first flat, with a low range of hills in the distance. The river here is two miles wide—that is to say, its various streams combined are of that width, for great stretches of uncovered land lie both between them and between the falls. Of the two principal falls, one is on the Argentine side and the other on the Brazilian. It is the latter which, in its horseshoe-shape, so strongly resembles the “Canadian” cataract. The other is a broad, straight sheet, like the “American” cascade. The first is about two thousand feet in width, the second twelve hundred feet. Below the falls the river is pressed between narrow escarpments of rock, and in its velocity it rages with all the seething fury of the “Whirlpool” rapids of our world-famous Niagara. The Iguassu down-pour, with its beautiful greenish-white water, drops two hundred and fifteen feet over sheer precipices of dark rock, and throws out and aloft enormous clouds of spray. In a windless day the thunderous roar may be heard twenty miles through these forest solitudes. Standing up to my waist in the flowing river, I filled my hands and drank to the health of Emperor Dom Pedro, of Brazil; President Roca, of the Argentine Republic; and President Cleveland, of the United States. Several of these falls have at various times received local titles other than the “Falls of the Iguassu,” but no specific name, recognized in maps or books, has ever been given them, notwithstanding that they are almost rivaled farther up the river. I therefore assume the explorer’s privilege of naming them Daly Falls, in honor of Charles P. Daly, LL.D., the learned and genial President of the American Geographical Society.

We returned through the forest and encamped near the jaguar’s lair, but, not hearing from him during the night, supposed he was absent from home. We kept in the center of the stream in going down, and shot the various rapids in

grand style, all my men at their paddles and shouting in a fashion vividly recalling Central Africa. We reached the steamer without accident or adventure, and, weighing anchor, started up the river to Tupurupucu, the present limit of steam navigation and the headquarters of the Messrs. Uribe's large *yerbale*, or maté-tea forest.



*The Daily Falls: a Near View from the Brazilian Side.*



## CHAPTER XXIII.

### A PARAGUAYAN RANCH.

THE exploration of the Daly Falls was probably the most important, as it was certainly the most interesting, event of my entire tour. As the reader is aware, they are situated in the heart of the South American Continent, upon the Ignassu River, twenty miles from its junction with the great Paraná. They are about equally distant—say a thousand miles—southwesterly from Rio Janeiro, and northeasterly from Buenos Ayres. Should the prospective visitor be able to make all the connections exactly, they might be reached, *via* the Paraná and the Ignassu, in two weeks' time from Buenos Ayres, or, I should suppose, in about the same time by way of the Uruguay, and crossing by land to the Paraná. But it is not well, in these dilatory countries, to trust to making such connections. The popular North American system of "through express" routes has nowhere, as yet, been introduced into South America. There, somehow, the people never appear to be engaged in any specially urgent business. The best route would, in my opinion, be by way of the Paraná, and it would be well to allow two months for the round trip from and to Buenos Ayres. But, though a sight of the falls is worth toil and hardship, I fear that, such is the lack of conveniences and accommodations at present and in prospect, that it will be a very long time before it will become fashionable for tourists to go there.

After dinner on board the steamer at Tupurupucu, the captain kindly invites me to go up to the house of Messrs. Uribe and spend a couple of days, while his steamer is loading



*yerba* for Posadas. We have a horseback-ride of three miles through the somber forest, but upon a good road, over which tea is transported in carts to the steamer. Upon arriving, we are served with rich milk, and cakes made of maize, and then we go to bed upon cots spread for us upon the earthen floor of a large room, of which one side is quite open. A row of horses, a few feet distant in the corral, look at us as long as we have a light, and then we hear the grinding of corn, like so many little mills, until we fall asleep. The ground being flat and mostly cleared of vegetation, we enjoy a welcome respite from our recent foes of the insect world.

Upon arising in the morning I was served with the invigorating maté, and then took a stroll, to observe more carefully my location and surroundings. The establishment, a typical Paraguayan farm, formed, of course, a great square—everything in South America seems built in a quadrangle—inclosed by a stockade. In front were the corral and a great warehouse in which the maté is stored; on either sides were sheds for the huge wooden carts used for transporting the *yerba* to the river-bank; beyond was a store of miscellaneous goods for the employés, and also the office, dining-room, and bedrooms. Directly in front of the latter was a large grass-roofed space, where nearly all day long stood a score or so of horses, mules, and cattle, a light fence only separating them from the corridors of the building. The store contained a stand of carbines to help subdue any mutiny of the *peons*, or day-laborers, or any incursion of marauding Indians. Behind the main buildings, which have grass roofs, mud and bamboo walls, and earthen floors, with very little furniture, and that of the simplest character, are the huts of some of the employés, the kitchen, and an iron mill for grinding maize and maté, all under open sheds. Cooking is performed on a large wooden box filled with earth, and standing upon four legs. Only three or four pots and kettles are used. The flat and almost treeless plain of this estate is about fifteen miles square, and upon this are pastured about a thousand head of cattle. The *campo*, as it is called, is covered with

both fine and coarse grass, beautiful flowers, and many great red ant-hills. Some of the latter are ten feet in height and four in diameter. They are scattered all over the face of the country, and look in the distance like the stumps of fallen trees, or tree-stumps that have been left in clearing the land for agricultural purposes. They are occasionally open at the bottom and utilized as ovens by the natives. The *yerba* forests are five or ten miles distant, and here, in the season, some six hundred men are employed. On returning to the house from my walk, I am served by a thinly clad, barefooted Indian with a large cup of milk warm from the cow, and a great hot roll of baked cassava. I find both very delicious. Soon thereafter, in company with Señor Ahumada, I start out on horseback to visit an Indian family living in the neighborhood. A dozen saddles are always kept upon the fence in front of the house, and as many horses are in waiting, ready to be used by any one. This corral is at all times of the day a very interesting arena, where horsemen are continually coming and going, and cattle are being driven in or out. The Indians I find living in very primitive style in bamboo huts, containing little or nothing in the way of either furniture or food. A huge wooden mortar, with a long pestle of a hard wood like mahogany, both similar to those found in Africa, are used for pounding maize and other grains. A fire for cooking is built on the ground in one corner. Hammocks are stretched in the veranda, and here the natives loll and smoke by day and sleep by night. The weapon of the men is a huge bow, with long, poisoned arrows. There were some very prettily plaited baskets made by the women, and calabashes were used for holding water. These Indians did not understand a word of Spanish, and our combined stock of Guarani was insufficient for any extended conversation.

We next took a long ride through the forest to the river Acaray, a small stream which empties into the Paraná a short distance below Tupurupucu. The trees and orchids much interested me, as also the variety and profusion of ani-

mal life. As we jogged along, a small iguana crossed the road, a little farther a hare, then a snake, then, in the air, a gaudy toucan. Birds chirped and monkeys chattered in the thickets. The air was radiant with clouds of the most beautiful butterflies, of every size and color. At the river was a great shed filled with flat-bottomed boats, used to transport the *yerba*. In returning I spied an ant-bear and a small deer. We breakfasted at noon: a hot and oily vermicelli-soup, a dish of boiled beef and mandioc-roots, then one of roast pork, with a curious salad flavored with onions and spice, a dish of rice with cream and sugar, the whole washed down with native wine, tasting strongly of grapes, and followed by cups of tea and cigarettes. Our dinner, at 8 p. m., was almost a repetition of this, and both were wholesome and delicious meals, eaten with appetites engendered by the free exercise and fresh air of the country. The heat was so great, however, that every one was compelled to take a long *siesta*, our beds being arranged by the side of the table, both after breakfast and dinner. Generally by nine o'clock every one is in bed, and all are up and stirring by five and some frequently by four of the morning. While our steamer was loading three thousand arrobas (an arroba is twenty-five pounds) of *yerba*, I spent two very delightful days at the ranch of Tupurupucu. There is good fishing in the neighboring rivers, and partridges may be shot within one hundred yards of the house. The only drawback to a thorough enjoyment of this free style of life is the great heat, which may be expected during at least one half of the year. The downward trip to Posadas occupied but two days, and was uneventful. I was obliged to wait four days in Posadas for the tri-monthly diligence to San Tomé, a village on the Uruguay River, and about sixty-five miles distant.

We finally left Posadas at six in the morning in a diligence like that in which I had come from Itusaingo, having seats for eight passengers, and a team of six horses—four wheelers and two leaders, with a postilion about twenty feet in advance, whose horse was attached to our team by a lariat.

This latter method seems to effectually prevent balking, and besides keeps the team well up to its work. Four passengers besides myself were bound to San Tomé. They were all merchants save one, the priest of Posadas, who had been invited to a church *fiesta*. Our route lay over an all but treeless plain, containing fine meadow and coarse tufts of grass, and the road was, as before, a mere track across the prairie, which we often left in order to make short cuts, or to select more even ground. The country was very thinly populated. Where there were clumps of trees we generally found small ranches, and at such we would change horses. We changed so frequently that more than one hundred horses were used in the short journey of sixty-five miles from the Paraná to the Uruguay. We passed a few of the great wooden ox-carts of the country, carrying *yerba-maté* or hides to the river-ports. Sometimes the oxen are directed from the cart, sometimes by a horseman who uses a long pole for the purpose. About one o'clock we halted for the day at a ranch where a small mud hut stood for the use of travelers. Many domestic animals were gathered around—chickens, dogs, cats, geese, also some paroquets, and a monkey. Suspended by ropes were great quantities of meat, drying in the sun and wind. As soon as we arrived, cots were prepared for our *siesta*, and the table was set for breakfast. It was amusing to see the finery of the bed-linen employed upon rude cots in a grass-roofed, mud-walled, and mud-floored hut. The sheets and pillowcases had at least a foot of lace embroidery attached to them. This was evidently highly appreciated by the chickens, for they had not only free access to the hut, but to the beds and breakfast-table. It is very striking, all over the world, how inconsistent semi-civilized people are with the luxuries or, at least, the comforts of life. At night we all took our cots out-of-doors and slept soundly until daybreak, each with revolver or knife, or both, under his pillow, including even the man of peace and good-will, the *padre*. Every one in these countries is accustomed to carry either knife or revolver; yet I could at first hardly comprehend its necessity, never hear-

ing of any deeds of personal violence, and finding everybody so courteous and pleasant, masters and servants, and even strangers. I had supposed it to be a sort of survival of feudal times arising in a similar and as sensible a manner as the fashion of our wearing two buttons behind upon our coats. Once everybody wore a belt, and the two buttons were used to support it behind. Belts are no longer worn, and yet the buttons have not been excised. Instead of dying out, they continue to survive, like rudimentary organs. I inferred that it was the same with the weapons so universally carried by the South American people; but the next day I saw that these weapons could be quite as useful as ornamental. A man, whom we took up for a short distance, had some few words with one of the other passengers regarding his seat. Nothing more happened at the time, but upon alighting the dispute was at once renewed. One accused the other merely of not being complimentary, when revolvers were whipped out in a trice, and it was as much as the rest could do to prevent reciprocal onslaught. In fact, only the presence and persuasion of the priest prevented bloodshed. After this little episode, I put a few extra cartridges in my pocket and whetted my bowie-knife, fearing that, if there was a general fight, I might be "counted in" without the polite preliminary of consulting my wishes.

As we went on, the great green sea of grass, with occasional copses of trees, made an undulating country about us. The plains were plentifully dotted with cattle and horses. The former were sleek, but most of the horses were sorry-looking hacks. We passed a few small streams, but not until we reached the neighborhood of the river Uruguay did trees abound. The people, of course, know nothing of "through" routes, or of the motives that impel travelers to hasten. There is, therefore, little or no accommodation on the road. For some of our meals we had to take with us cold meat, bread, and wine, which we would eat while our horses were being changed. Instead of completing the journey in a single day, as might easily have been done, we took the halves of

two days. San Tomé I found to be a small village upon the bank of the Uruguay, in a perfect forest of orange and banana trees. The houses are like those of Posadas, one story in height, made of rough, unplastered brick. A hotel and a club occupy the greater part of the same building. A bank appears in evidence of civilization, and quite a number of stores contain the ordinary articles of sale. The streets are lighted by kerosene-lamps. On one side of a large plaza stands a very old church, of dark rough stones, cemented together with rubble-work, which produces quite an ornamental effect. The Uruguay River is here about a mile wide, with muddy water, a strong current, and green, wooded banks. In the stream, which is all of a hundred feet below the level of the town, I found a few sloops, loading with hides, *yerba*, and wood, for ports down the river. The steamer, which runs to Ceibo, an Argentine port, and others intermediate, did not leave until three days after my arrival. It proved to be a little paddle-wheel vessel, of twenty tons, and drew but thirty-two inches of water. The captain was an Argentine, the engineer a Scotchman. There were accommodations for twenty passengers, part of them in the open saloon, and a part in two cabins, in the stern, set apart for women and children. We started with one passenger besides myself, and took two more on board at the first stop, the town of San Borje, in Brazil, where we also shipped two thousand hides and a quantity of wool.

In going on from San Borje we have a loaded schooner in tow. There is a strong breeze from the southward, and a number of sailing-craft take advantage of this to stem the swiftly running current, their sails standing out in the style known to sailors as "wing-and-wing." The larger ones are rigged like our brigs, and the smaller ones with a single mast or sail, or sails, like the conventional Mediterranean *felucca*. We stop several times to load wood for our boiler, great piles of it being stacked at intervals upon the high banks and thrown down to us. It is sold at the rate of sixty cents a hundred short sticks. There are several steamers which

navigate the upper Uruguay—that part of it between San Tomé and Ceibo, a distance of about one hundred and seventy-five miles. Below Ceibo, for a distance of one hundred miles, steam-navigation is interrupted by a series of falls and rapids, though a great part of the river is traversed by native boats, and at certain seasons of the year, when the water is especially high, the whole of it. A railway on the Argentine bank, one hundred miles in length, connects the freight and passengers of the upper and the lower river navigation. A like railway has also been projected upon the Uruguay bank, but only a small portion of it has been completed. From Concordia, the southern terminus of the Argentine railway, the river is wide and deep, and there is almost daily steamer communication with Montevideo and Buenos Ayres. The Uruguay is not like the Paraná as regards its reefs. Here they are far too many and too massive to pay for excavating a ship-canal. In the Paraná the Apipé rapids form in a single spot the sole obstacle for nearly two thousand miles of that splendid water-way. Under a small moon and very bright stars we went on all night, and reached the Brazilian town of Itaquí at daybreak. Here were anchored in the river a monitor and two gunboats. On shore was a large arsenal and a garrison. The town is small, and not much of it appears from the river, which, being here quite narrow, makes the place of considerable strategic importance to the Brazilians. There is also an important trade in the *yerba-maté*.

I do not think I have yet spoken of the practice of maté sipping among people in Paraguay, Uruguay, and the Argentine Republic. Maté and cigarettes are as ubiquitous here as coffee and pipes in the Levant. Maté is taken the first thing in the morning, and again about the middle of the afternoon, regularly. Then, besides, whenever you call upon a person, at any time of day or evening, maté is generally served as a delicate attention, whether your visit is of business or friendship. The maté is always proffered in a little egg-shaped gourd, no more than four inches in depth and three in diame-

ter. This is first nearly filled with the maté from a little opening at the smaller end and then very hot water is added to the brimming-point. A long brass or silver tube, the size of an ordinary lead-pencil, at whose lower extremity is a sort of spoon pierced with holes, is then inserted. This spoon is used to stir the maté, and through the tube you imbibe the tea. The gourd holds only a few swallows, and after being emptied is taken out, refilled with hot water, and handed in turn to each of the others in the company. It frequently thus circulates half a dozen times, a boy being constantly employed in serving it. Sometimes a little sugar is added, but I found the natural taste a rather pleasant bitter. It is a strong, stimulating drink, whose tonic influences extend over several hours. Wealthy people have their maté gourds carved, and the silver drinking-tubes elaborately ornamented with figures of plants and birds. All these people, both rich and poor, use the maté, and besides, great quantities of it are exported to Brazil and other more distant South American states. The appearance of the *yerba-maté*, or tea-shrub, is like the English holly. It grows without cultivation on the borders of the wildernesses, and there are even entire forests of it. There are only two simple processes in the preparation of the maté, which thus gives it a certain advantage over the Chinese product. The first is the cutting of the trees and the gathering of the young leaves, which are generally dried in the field over quick fires. The second process is the crushing of the dried materials, which is carried on at a maté-mill. The one which I saw at Tupurupucu had six wooden stampers worked by teeth, placed spirally round the circumference of a revolving cylinder. The motive power was a strong mule. Other and larger mills, however, derive their power from water passing an overshot wheel of great diameter. These frequently turn out three tons' weight of maté per day.



## CHAPTER XXIV.

### DOWN THE URUGUAY.

WE called for some fresh provisions at the Argentine village of San Martin, so named in honor of the famous General San Martin, who was born here. Opposite is the most important affluent of the Uruguay, the Ibicuy, a river navigable for native vessels for upward of one hundred miles. The next stop was also in the Argentine Republic, at Restauracion, a village delightfully situated on the top of a hill, in the midst of luxurious vegetation. A few miles inland is the ruined mission of San Ana, one of the most fertile of the old Jesuit settlements. Here Aimé Bonpland, the eminent French naturalist and traveler, and joint author with Humboldt of the "Travels in the Equinoctial Regions of the New Continent," spent the last twenty years of his life. Upon returning to Europe with Humboldt, after their five years of exploration and residence in northern South America, Bonpland presented to the Paris Museum of Natural History his valuable collection of six thousand new species of plants, and was appointed by the Empress Josephine superintendent of her gardens at Malmaison. The subsequent career of this great botanist, owing to the overshadowing glory of Humboldt, is not so well known. In 1816, when forty-three years of age, he sailed for Buenos Ayres, where he became a professor of natural history. At the end of five years he set out on a journey to the Andes, but in passing through Paraguay was captured by the troops of the dictator Francia. After a residence of nearly ten years, under strict surveillance, he was released in 1831, and afterward came to San

Ana, where he established a vast garden, and acclimatized numbers of strange plants. Bonpland died in 1858, but one year before his illustrious colleague Humboldt.

In the evening we anchored nearly opposite Restauracion, at the Brazilian town of Uruguayana, a place pleasantly situated on a hill sloping back from the river and covered with orange groves. A large barrack showed conspicuously near the bank. At daybreak on the next morning we started down the river, now at a greater rate of speed, having got rid of the vessel which we had been towing. The river was about a mile in width, and the banks were low and but little wooded. In the distance was fine meadow-land, and several herds of ostriches were seen. We reached Ceibo, the port of the town of Monte Caseros, three miles distant, about noon. Three or four small steamers were clustered here, and half a dozen sailing-vessels were moored in a little creek upon which stands the railway-station, a suitable brick and iron edifice. The train departed at 1.30 p. m. for Concordia. The line is English in its equipment, and the carriages have iron sunshades at the sides, as in Egypt and India. There were but two classes of passenger-cars, and a small postal and baggage van, but many freight-cars which were loaded principally with hides. Monte Caseros is a small, dull town, with much good pasture going to waste in the streets. The line of railway to Concordia passes the entire distance through an undulating prairie of grass, with trees visible only on the banks of the distant Uruguay. The river itself is not in sight, although we run parallel to it, until we near the end of the journey. In the pampa are many great herds of cattle and horses, and a few sheep and ostriches. Uruguay consists mostly of luxuriant pastures, and the chief industry is the raising of cattle, horses, and sheep, as in the Argentine Republic. Half a dozen stations dot the line, some surrounded with only a cluster of native huts, others communicating with a neighboring town or colony. At Concordia, which we reached in six hours, we entered a fine large station, built quite in the English style. The town of Salto,

with its whitewashed, stuccoed houses, shone resplendent in the setting sun. This is on the opposite side of the river, a few miles above Concordia. The latter is a bustling town, with a tramway, a plaza full of trees, a cheap-looking Liberty column, an unfinished cathedral, and a hotel as good as any in Buenos Ayres, if not better. It is kept by a Frenchman, and is large, clean, and comfortable, with a very liberally supplied table.

At seven o'clock the following morning I left for the town of Fray Bentos, and the famous meat-extract factory of Liebig, in Uruguay. Two large steamers, of different lines, sailed simultaneously, and both were well patronized. In the river, at Salto, were several merchant-vessels and a small steamer, and near the town were two *saladeros*, or meat-salting factories. There was also a large *saladero* at Concordia. Both these towns are busy places. Concordia, in fact, is the third town in importance in the Argentine Republic, and Salto enjoys the same rank in Uruguay. The steamer on which I took passage was a large iron, double-deck, paddle-wheel boat, with very powerful engines to oppose the strong current, and with accommodations for several hundred passengers. The service is irreproachable, and the table excellent, as might be expected, the line being French. One of these fine large steamers leaves Concordia for Buenos Ayres five days in the week. For the first part of the journey the country was very thinly settled, and the banks were low and fringed with trees. Here and there were glimpses of the prairie beyond. Some of the views were smooth, soft, and mildly picturesque, with palms and other trees thinly scattered upon the green and yellow meadows. About noon we reached Paysandu, a large Uruguayan town, built upon a hill gently sloping back from the river and partly concealed by trees. The river is here less than a mile in width, with a swiftly flowing current. We reached Fray Bentos about five o'clock in the afternoon. At that point the river makes a sharp turn to the east, and widens to an expanse of several miles. Fray Bentos is a small village

built upon a high peninsula, with broad, macadamized streets and a plaza crowded with trees. On a similar headland, about a mile south, are the buildings of the Liebig extract-of-meat establishment and those of its employés, making a small village by themselves. Half a dozen vessels were in the river, engaged in shipping the well-known juice.

The next morning I visited the famous factory. The grounds are surrounded by a high brick wall, entered through a lofty archway. The manager and superintendents live within this inclosure, though the most of the employés are in the village apart by themselves. The company employs about a thousand hands, who with their wives and children form a community of over twenty-five hundred people. In the private office of the manager were a fine large library of English, German, and Spanish books, and a table loaded with recent English periodicals. Upon a huge sideboard stood an excellent bust of Justus Liebig, the great German chemist. There was also a cabinet containing jars of all the various kinds and sizes in which the extract is packed for market. Adjoining this room were several used by the cashier, secretaries, and book-keepers. The company work but seven months of the year. They have some thousands of acres of pasture, and some hundreds of thousands of cattle. Since the company was started, in 1865, the number of cattle slaughtered is 2,600,000, representing a value of \$36,400,000. During the slaughtering season 1,000 oxen are killed daily. They are good and sound animals, and not less than four years old. You are shown by obliging clerks through all the different parts of the factory. Connected with the establishment are all sorts of machine-shops, so that nearly everything necessary is made upon the premises. There is a tin-smith's, a carpenter's, and an engineer's shop, each on a very complete scale. Adjacent is a good iron pier, at which vessels may lie and load directly from the works by means of a tram-road.

A short distance out on the pampa there are large corrals, and a stockade-bordered lane leads into the slaughtering-yard.

Arrived at this general depot, about fifty cattle are closely penned, and a man, standing on the stockade, lassoes them one by one, the end of his lasso being attached to a neighboring winch, turned by steam, which hauls the fated beast, stumbling and slipping and pushing aside all animals in its way, till its head touches a beam where stands the *matador* or killer. This man is armed with a short, broad-bladed, sharp-pointed knife. With one blow, close behind the horns, he severs the spinal cord, and the animal drops with a heavy thud, but without a struggle, upon a small iron truck. This is at once drawn (the lasso having been disengaged) by two men into a great shed, where about one hundred men are busily at work skinning and cutting up the carcasses. Not unfrequently the horns of the one lassoed become entangled with the horns of another, and they are brought up to the beam and dispatched together. Along one side of the great shed are long ranges of rails for hanging meat, and along the other is a flat, flagged place, slightly shelving, upon which the oxen are laid. Here, by means of a lasso attached to a horse, the animal is hauled into its place, where a skinner is waiting for it. He immediately cuts its throat and begins his work, very rapidly removing the skin. Though the victim's sensation is probably entirely destroyed by severance of its spinal cord, yet muscular action is not; and it is rather ghastly to see the struggles of an animal with half its skin off, and to detect a sound painfully like a bellow. These movements seem to take place when certain nerves about the neck are touched and thus set in action. Soon the animal is cut into a hundred pieces, and the parts are quickly sorted and taken in different directions. The meat, warm and quivering, is cut from the bones and hung upon the rails provided for that purpose, and the skins are put into large brine-baths for soaking. Entrails, skulls, horns, tongues, hoofs, and even the blood, are carried away. Everything is carefully preserved, and every part of the animal is utilized. Even the bones are ground and, mixed with the meat after the extract is obtained, with hide-trimmings and blood, are

made into an artificial guano which proves a very efficient fertilizer. The skinners wield knives like razors, work with lightning rapidity, and show profound knowledge of bovine anatomy. They will skin and cut an animal into a hundred pieces in eight minutes. The operation has been done in five. Each skinner gets fifteen cents per head; but, if in skinning he makes a hole in the skin, he loses his payment for that animal. In the height of the season he disposes of about thirty-five in a day. The sight of the great shed, where thirty bullocks at a time are being skinned and cut up by wild-looking, half-naked men, covered with blood from head to foot, the pavement running rivers of blood and clotted gore, is one not soon to be forgotten. Perhaps it would be as well that a very sensitive person should not inspect this part of the establishment. But the fine adaptability of everything for its purpose, the splendid order observed by the workmen, and the preservation of as high a degree of cleanliness as is consistent with such a business, strike the visitor as very remarkable.

When it has cooled, the meat is cleared of fat, and is stewed in large oblong caldrons, in which the water is kept somewhat below the boiling-point, as it is a peculiarity of the extract that it contains no matter not soluble in cold as distinguished from boiling water. The thin soup so obtained is then strained off and carefully skimmed, which removes any trace of grease that may have remained in the meat. It is then passed through a series of elaborate evaporations, out of each of which it comes thicker, until it reaches a consistency rather more solid than treacle. The liquid becomes a jelly on cooling. It is now ready for use, and is packed in large tins holding about a hundred and ten pounds of the extract. Each of these tins contains, on an average, the substance of fifteen animals, and is worth about two hundred and fifty dollars. The tins are exported in that form to Antwerp, where they are examined by a special chemist attached to the company's general depot, after whose approval and guarantee, as regards composition and flavor, the extract is

potted, put up in cases, and sent out to all the markets of the world.

As every one knows, Liebig's extract of meat is used as a highly condensed and nutritive food, as a tonic for the debilitated and sick, as a stock-pot for soups, made dishes, and sauces, and for flavoring meat, game, and fish. A pound of extract is sufficient to prepare one hundred and ninety portions of soup, of a strength equal to that obtained by the cooking of forty-five pounds of meat during three hours. The preparation contains chiefly fatty matter, flavoring and odoriferous principles, meaty acids, and certain soluble alkaline salts. Though from thirty-four pounds of lean meat but one of the extract is acquired, yet the concoction does not contain as many highly nutritive as stimulative qualities, which act as excitants of the digestive organs and tend to restore the appetite. The article never deteriorates, because it is wholly destitute of grease, albumen, and gelatin. The Liebig company claim an annual sale of eight million jars.

In the evening I take the steamer for Buenos Ayres. From a point just above Fray Bentos the river increases to three miles in breadth, and thus continues, with low, uninteresting banks, to its mouth. At seven o'clock the following morning I reach Buenos Ayres, after an absence of about two months.

On December 22d I left Buenos Ayres for Rio de Janeiro in the *Hevelius*, a fine vessel of three thousand tons burden, belonging to the Liverpool, Brazil and River Plate great fleet of steamers. The *Hevelius* was bound for Antwerp (with calls at Montevideo and Rio), carried the Belgian mail, and displayed the red, yellow, and black banner of that kingdom instead of the British flag, under which the greater number of the steamers of Messrs. Lamport and Holt sail. She lay out in the Plata, together with about twenty others, all large ones, just fourteen miles distant from the city, not being able to get any nearer, owing to their draught and to the extraordinary shoaling shore. I doubt if any large seaport in the world has such a bad harbor, or more

properly roadstead, as Buenos Ayres. Four or five of the passengers were taken on board in a small tender. On our way the frequent appearance above the surface of only half the masts of vessels, hinted plainly enough of the dangers and risks of River Plate commerce. I found the *Hevelius* deeply laden with her cargo, and possessing accommodations for a goodly number of passengers, distributed in three classes. Those of the first class were very comfortably lodged. The saloon was a superb room, built upon the deck and lined with white marble, which gave it a cool, comfortable look, at least for those occupying it during the tropical part of the route. It was, moreover, very luxuriously furnished and ornamented, but the table was of the character too often found in English steamers—a small variety of very plain food, simply prepared, and tasting as if all had been cooked in the same kettle. Not fewer than five meals were furnished daily. In these particulars the French, Italian, and German steamers are generally far superior to the English, though I am free to admit a sort of compensation in the correct discipline and seamanship always to be found on steamers of British nationality. We weighed anchor at six o'clock—Buenos Ayres lying so low as to be quite out of sight. We passed two Argentine war-vessels, a monitor and a sloop, and reached Montevideo early the following morning. Here we spent the day loading dried beef and live sheep for Rio Janeiro. The remainder of our cargo consisted of wool and hides, bound to Antwerp. Anchored near us were a score of steamers, several of them crowded with Italian immigrants. The beautiful and convenient position of Montevideo, as compared with Buenos Ayres, is at once apparent. Montevideo, however, is about all there seems to be of Uruguay, excepting the large towns of Paysandu and Salto, on the Uruguay River. At sunset we departed for Rio Janeiro, a voyage of about eleven hundred miles.



## CHAPTER XXV.

### RIO DE JANEIRO.

WE celebrated a very merry Christmas, on the 27th passed the Tropic of Capricorn, and late in the evening sighted a powerful light on one of a group of islands lying a short distance from the entrance to the harbor of Rio de Janeiro. It is a revolving light, and, showing first white and then red, makes a very pretty sight. As we approached the entrance of the harbor, the dark hills, with their diversified forms and bare, precipitous tops, loomed grandly on either hand. They did not seem to be, on an average, more than fifteen hundred feet in height. There was, as yet, no moon, though the stars were brightly illuminative. The harbor of Rio is about one hundred miles in circumference, lies directly north and south, and is almost exactly of a pear-shape, the long and narrow entrance forming, as it were, the neck of the fruit. To the left, as we passed in, rose abruptly from the sea a great, precipitous rock, appropriately named, from its formation, Sugar-Loaf. Though but thirteen hundred feet in height, it is so steep and smooth that it has been climbed but by only three or four adventurous persons. So sharp is it, that its conical summit does not appear to be over twenty feet in diameter. It stands dark and frowning, a grim old sentry on its post day and night. The entrance to the great bay is about a mile in width. On the left, not far from the Sugar-Loaf, is a small fort, and upon the north headland, near the water, is a large and powerful fortress, mounting one hundred guns. The hills back of this are not more than one thousand feet in



*View of the Entrance to the Harbor of Rio Janeiro.*



*View from the Summit of the Corcovado.*



height. We sheered over to within hailing distance, and were challenged (in Portuguese), "What steamer is that?" Our captain answered from the bridge, "Hevelius." "All rightee" came back from the fortress, and on we sped, past another fortification, on a small island in mid-channel, and still another, on an island far to the left, near which we anchored for the night, the forts meanwhile exchanging some lime-light signals. The harbor had here widened to about two miles. On the left lay the city of Rio de Janeiro, with a broad street, at the water's edge, some four or five miles in length. This, having an unbroken line of gas-lamps, presented a very beautiful appearance, as did also the hills beyond, bespangled with thousands of scattered lights. Upon the opposite side of the bay is a large suburb called Nictheroy. Here, on projecting points, are two more fortifications, and a headland about the center of the great city bears another; so that altogether Rio, with its seven fortresses, ought to consider itself amply protected, especially when we add the presence of several huge ironclads moored a short distance from the shore. As our anchor fell to the distant bottom, the bright moon rose above the eastern hills, and illumined a marvelous scene. The whole bay was surrounded by little, pointed, and turreted hills, standing one behind the other, in every conceivable position, and ranging in every possible direction. Some were bare, others covered with vegetation; but at the bases of all could be seen palms, bananas, and other tropical plants. The bay was sprinkled with islands near its shores, which were very deeply indented. The northern banks were too low and too distant to be distinguishable, but the splendid range of the Organ Mountains, some three thousand feet in height, could be dimly outlined in the far distance. Beyond old Sugar-Loaf, to the southwest, was a precipitous cone called the Corcovado. This peak is about twenty-three hundred feet in height, and has a belvedere crowning its summit, which is reached by a cog-railway like those of the Righi and Mount Washington, and from which a magnificent view of the bay and city of

Rio may be obtained. The extreme picturesqueness of all these hills about the bay I leave to my illustrations rather than to my pen. At first I greatly regretted being compelled to enter so renowned a harbor at night, but I afterward congratulated myself; for I had the unusual experience of beholding it crowned by starlight and gaslight on the edge of the ocean's murky darkness; then illumined by a glorious yellow moon; and, finally, sparkling in the daylight beside an azure sea. Upon going on deck I beheld what must undoubtedly be called the most romantic and amazing grouping and display of natural and artificial objects to be witnessed on earth. I know not to what to compare this city; it is altogether unique in situation and appearance. In one sense it somewhat resembles Valparaiso, with its streets winding about the bay and running up little valleys, and its buildings covering the sides of steep hills. But in Valparaiso we have an amphitheatre of long, narrow ridges, while here we have many little conical peaks. In Valparaiso were twenty ridges; here were twenty peaks. There the ridges were much alike; here no two peaks were of the same height, shape, or position. In the former city we have a sort of background peculiar to the temperate zone; but in Rio there is the wonderful flora of the tropics, with all its marvelous light and shade. Rio is really a hundred times as picturesque as Valparaiso. Such a wonderfully diversified picture I have never seen elsewhere. There seem to be nowhere two heights, or two levels, or two lines of any kind the same. The buildings of Rio remind me of a city of southern Italy, although it is rather more Oriental than any town of the great Mediterranean peninsula. The walls of the houses are colored red, yellow, brown, and pink, with variegated trimmings, which, with the curious spires and domes of the churches, the tops of the scattered brown and gray peaks, the verdure in the distance, with a great expanse of shining water in the foreground, lighted by an early tropical sun, produced altogether a scene at which I gazed entranced. The great bay of Rio, with its average depth of sixty feet, could easily



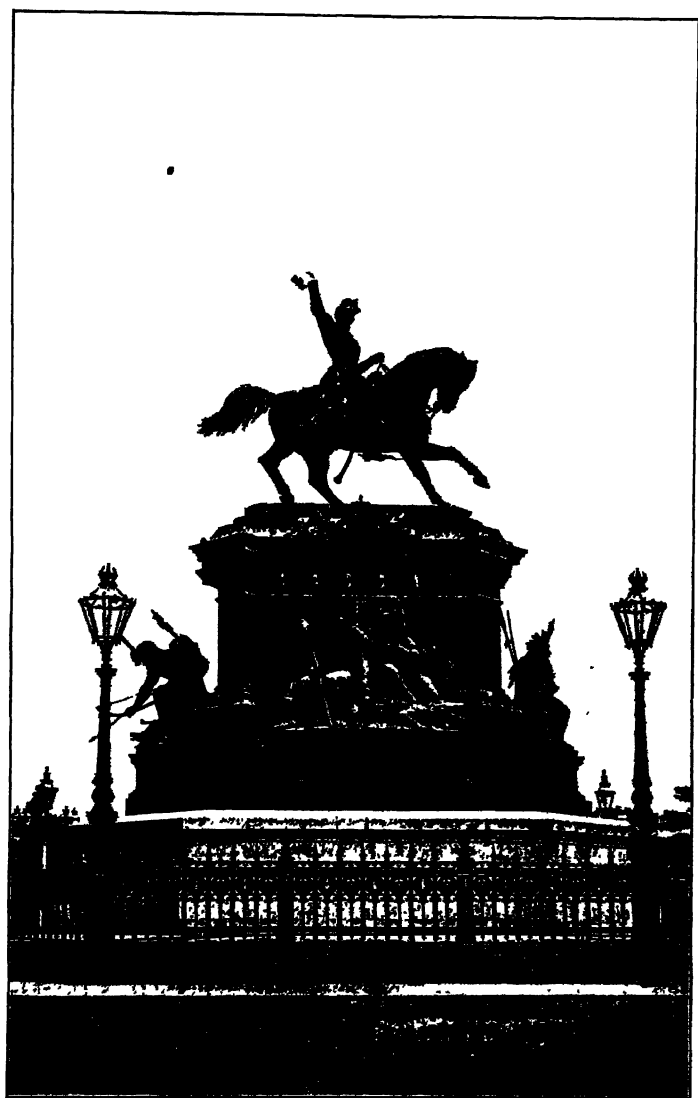


contain the navies of the whole world. It is fed by a few goodly sized and several smaller rivers around its northern shores. Besides the great number of small islands is one very large, in the western corner, with the home-like name of Governor's Island; but most of this magnificent bay is quite unobstructed for shipping. We hove anchor, and proceeded to our permanent anchorage, near the custom-house and the business portion of the city. We passed ferry-boats which were almost a counterpart of those in New York Harbor, some huge Brazilian ironclads, and men-of-war of other nationalities, and then reached a few steamers, with a fleet of ships beyond, the greatest number of them being anchored far out in the bay, though it is quite possible for large vessels to come right up to the splendid wharves which fringe much of the city.

I land near an arsenal, and where a gigantic ironclad stands upon the stocks in process of construction. I walk through a portion of the business section, and then take a tram to the hotel in the southern part of the city. The old business part of Rio is built upon level ground, on a broad point of land which juts out into the bay. This part of the city seems like a bad imitation of Lisbon. The streets run approximately at right angles, but are generally not more than ten feet in width, paved with "Belgian blocks," with an open central drain to which they slope, and with sidewalks on a level with the street and not more than three feet in width. The streets are so narrow that one does not wonder carriages are not permitted in the narrowest and most frequented of them. Even in the others it is a bad arrangement that sidewalk and carriage-way should be on a level, for the carriages continually drive upon the pavements, almost grazing the store-fronts and compelling foot-passengers to jump into the nearest doorway. The houses which border these streets are very picturesque. No two are alike. They range from two to four stories in height, and are in every style of architecture, though all have little projecting balconies, and many have alcoves on the upper flights. Some of the larger and



handsomer stores and public buildings are built of cut stone—a sort of gray granite—others have door and window frames of stone, and the remainder of brick and stucco; or the first story will be of stone, and the others of brick and stucco. The walls of all the brick and stucco buildings are gayly colored, and this, with their carved balconies, low ceilings, and small windows, reminds one strongly of Lima. The ground-floors are occupied as stores, generally small and darkish, but containing a most extraordinary variety of goods of every quality and quantity. As in Montevideo, most of the streets have circlets of gas crossing them at frequent intervals for illuminating the city on feast-days, which are here, as elsewhere in South America, many and merry. Every house has, besides, its flag-staff projecting over the street. Then the shopkeepers have a way of suspending all sorts of signs and advertisements—placing also a large portion of their stock in trade in the doors and windows—in such a manner as to almost meet above your head, and serve, together with many awnings, to shut out the torrid sun, but alas! the air also. The signs mostly project horizontally above the heads of the passers-by, who, as they stroll, may thus very easily get a good general idea of the imports and industries of the country. In these commercial schedules I was always reminded of the streets of the great Chinese cities, and notably those of Canton, which are quite as wide as many of those of Rio Janeiro. Tramways, of both narrow and broad gauge, thread the streets of Rio in every direction. The cars are all open at the sides, and are drawn by strong and fleet mules. Many other public vehicles are drawn by mules or horses. One of the conveyances is a sort of light, two-wheeled, single-seated gig or tilbury, with one horse, and another is like the conventional hackney-coach, with two seats, and drawn generally by two mules. The coachmen are often mulattoes, and those attached to private stables are very gorgeously liveried. Of the many public squares in Rio, most are comparatively small. The hotel I found to be in the style of those in the East Indies, with a profusion of shower-



*Status of Dom Pedro I.*



baths in great stone tanks, and rooms in detached cottages, opening upon fine gardens filled with odd-looking trees and beautiful flowers. Many great trees were covered with enormous bunches of scarlet and yellow flowers, just as small shrubs are with us at home. Always striking and interesting, too, were the noble columnar palms, with their smooth, grayish trunks, fifty feet in height, and topped by great tufts of leaves twelve feet in length. It is midsummer here—though “New-Year’s” in New York—and exceedingly hot (thermometer 100° Fahr.). The people in the streets are dressed in light linen clothes. Only those compelled by business interests reside at this time in Rio, and most of these have their sleeping quarters on one or another of the many beautiful outlying hills. All the hotels are situated in the southern extremity of the city, near the shores of the bay. The rooms are carpetless, but contain a cane-bottomed bed, with very thin mattress and pillow, mosquito-curtains, and comfortable bent-wood furniture, with, of course, a hammock for day-lounging. The windows and doors will probably be of blinds only.

The day following my arrival I visited the Corcovado peak, the view from which is the great “show-sight” of Rio. This peak is situated some three or four miles in a direction southwesterly from the heart of the city. It is a great granite cone, precipitous at all points save one, and up this winds the mountain railway. The tramway takes you through the beautiful suburbs to the neat little station, whence nine trains each way are run on Sundays and holidays, and four each way on other days. Before entering the single car, which holds about fifty passengers, and which the engine, with an inclined boiler, pushes before it, I noticed that the engine was made in Switzerland, with central cog-wheels and brakes. The road was surveyed and built by a Brazilian engineer. The engines weigh twelve tons. The rolling-stock cost three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and the road carries about fifty thousand people a year. To reach the summit of the Corcovado the railway winds around

the sides of the valleys and along the ridges, a distance of nearly two miles. It passes right through a virgin forest of splendid trees, shrubs, creepers, ferns, and orchids. The greatest declivity on the road is thirty feet in a hundred, against twenty-five in a hundred on the Righi and thirty-three in a hundred on Mount Washington. The curves are uniformly of a radius of three hundred and ninety feet. Near the first station is an iron viaduct, about three hundred feet in length and seventy-five in height. Several smaller viaducts are built, but there seems to have been much more cutting than filling, the total excavation amounting to seventy-seven thousand cubic metres. So much for the physical and mechanical facts of the road. It is more difficult to voice the impressions received while making the journey to the summit of this natural "coigne of vantage." Few things are more difficult than to portray in language the splendor, grace, and beauty of tropical scenery. Théophile Gautier could have done it, for his temperament was tropic, his ink was equatorial, and his pen was nibbed with sunlight. No matter how far you may wander, the plants and flowers always have a strangeness, the atmosphere new effects. In brief, in ascending Corcovado you pass through the heart of a tropical woodland sitting in a comfortable railway-car! About two thirds of the distance to the summit a good hotel has been built on the side of an immense valley, over which is a magnificent prospect of the plain where the famous botanical garden has been laid out, a great lagoon, some turret-topped, rocky hills, and the limitless ocean studded with little islands beyond. The hotel is provided with a French restaurant, and even a billiard-room and a shooting-gallery. It is the custom of many of the city people, during the hot, unhealthy summer, to go there to dine, sleep, and breakfast, or even to dine, and return to town in a late train. On holidays the place is crowded. Many fine walks diversify the neighborhood, and through occasional breaks in the dense forest you obtain views any one of which is worth a voyage from New York. The nights are cool, and, what is also greatly to the



*By Rail to the Corcovado.*



purpose, you breathe pure air. From a point just beside the hotel you can see the towering top of Corcovado to the eastward, but you can not see the bay of Rio nor the city; the view is to the south and west. The plain is everywhere dotted with the picturesque villas of wealthy citizens, and among the great green groves of trees you may occasionally see one covered with the most brilliant flowers. Between all course the yellow roads and paths, while the ocean gleams in purple haze, with a border of emerald shore.

On continuing the ascent from the hotel you pass over many steep grades along a ridge so sharp that you may look down toward Rio on one side and toward the ocean on the other, and suddenly you come out of the woods on to the very brink of a precipice, with a sheer descent of nearly two thousand feet. Part of the road-bed has been blasted from the cliff, while some of it is built upon its very face. And here, to add to your terror, is the greatest declivity of the railway. It is a more appalling passage than any upon Mount Washington or the Righi. Should any gearing yield, a rail or a nail break, or any sudden obstruction occur, nothing could prevent the train being hurled over the precipice. Soon after leaving this *mauvais pas* we have glimpses of the bay, the Organ Mountains beyond and above, and the capital here and there between its many hills at one's feet. The train halts about two hundred feet below the top, at a point beyond which it would be impossible to advance except by a spiral tunnel of the rocky summit itself. The time consumed in the ascent is just an hour. The summit is nearly a bare granite rock, in which great steps have been cut to facilitate the visitor's progress. This, as well as a neighboring rock, nearer the bay and a little lower, has been surrounded by stout concrete walls. On the first rock there was a great, iron, octagonal belvedere, which was fastened deep down into the solid stone by enormous iron bars; for though usually only mild trade-winds blow, sometimes there are gales which, at this height and exposure, would severely test any structure. The other and smaller inclosure—it is



hardly ten feet in diameter—is uncovered, and is reached from the belvedere by steps cut in the rocks and a narrow passage bounded on either side by blood-curdling precipices. On all sides, in fact, except that on which you must approach, are sheer precipices of more or less bare rock, fifteen hundred to two thousand feet deep. A stone merely dropped over the crowning walls would, in most places, descend at once to the plains far below. The wonderful panorama unfolded in every direction is unsurpassed in magnificence anywhere in the world. Nowhere is there so grand, so varied, so picturesque a view—mountains, hills, the ocean, a huge, island-studded bay, and a city of nearly four hundred thousand inhabitants. I had heard of the marvels of this mid-air vision, and had prepared my mind, but the reality almost took away my breath. I do not wonder that many a spectator has been moved to tears. There are doubtless vistas more awe-inspiring, such as those of the Himalayas or of the Bolivian Andes, but I know of none more emotionally impressive than this at Rio. It is a peep from a balloon which shows you at a glance how a great section of the globe has been made and ordered, how land and water are distributed, and how man, the innovator, has taken advantage of every physical fact to impose upon them his own designs. I could write a chapter on the great insight into the workings of nature and man as afforded by the top of Corcovado. The total panorama embraces at least fifty square miles, which, on a clear day, may be distinctly seen without the aid of telescope or field-glass. During my stay at Rio I made three or four visits to the summit of Corcovado, where I would sit for hours, always seeing something new, or something old which made a new impression. On one occasion I remember the air was of such crystalline brightness, and the sky so absolutely cloudless, that I saw, clearly outlined, the entire extent of the splendid Organ Mountains, and almost imagined that I saw to the end of eternity itself.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### STREET SCENES.

A BOOK might be written entitled "Street Scenes in Rio." The Brazilians, both men and women, spend a large part of their lives in the streets, which abound with the most striking sights and sounds for the new-comer. Walk along the Ouvidor—the principal business street—at almost any hour of the day, and you will find it full of men, not hurrying along in the excitement and worry of business activity, but standing and chatting in couples and in large and small groups as at a reception. Walk along any of the private streets, and you will notice the heads, and most of the bodies also, of women hanging over the window-sills and minutely scrutinizing every passer-by. The curiosity of the Brazilians is not only inordinate, it is morbid. During business hours, in the busiest streets (if any of them are busy, as we understand the term in North America), you will find every doorway blocked by merchants, who are very closely engaged in staring into the streets. They do not seem to expect anything especial to happen—nothing does happen; they simply gaze upon every passer-by as if he or she were the very first human being they had ever seen. Now, if the object of this doorway and street lolling were the hope or expectancy of seeing an occasional fire, a procession, a police arrest, or even a dog-fight, there might be a partial excuse for it, though business did suffer. But even during the small portion of the day that the merchants are in their stores, they do not pursue their vocations with any ardor or earnestness. They treat a customer with a most nonchalant air, as if they cared nothing

for his money in comparison with a quiet, lazy life. Sometimes the shopkeepers reply at once, to your inquiry, that they have not the article which you wish, and, if afterward you discover it, they merely smile and arch their eyebrows. Frequently, if you ask for a particular thing, they will direct you to a large case or cabinet, and, opening it, motion you to search for what you have asked, while they are busy peering out the door, smoking a little paper cigar, or joking with a friend. No matter how much or how frequently you buy, they allow no discount. If you object to an extortionate price, they repeat it, and simply shrug their shoulders; whether you buy or not is quite the same to them. Another exasperation to a foreign purchaser is to find a shop closed on account of its being one of the many feast-days, or perhaps the alleged business hours have not begun, or may be they are over.

It is well understood that the members of the Latin race are nowhere averse both to see and be seen. They appear to have very much more time at their disposal than other races. As they are not generally a studious, reading people, possibly their lives would be very dull but for this idiosyncrasy. At any rate, it is undoubtedly the most impressive trait of the Brazilian. It does not belong alone to the women, to the uneducated, to the lower classes; it is a universal national characteristic. At the theatre I have seen a large part of the audience looking at each other, while an interesting performance was in progress. Frequently, on a railway-journey, I have been the only passenger who would not leave his seat and rush to look out at a station, where again would be quite as many people drawn from their homes and stores by a similar irresistible inquisitiveness. Most of the houses are provided with window balconies, but the window-sills of those which are not are always covered with cushions, over which the occupants may lean in their acute interest in passing strangers, both animal and human. Near the gates of those rich people whose mansions are unavoidably situated at some distance from the street, pretty little summer-houses are built,

where the family may sit and see. The most splendid house in Rio, if not in all South America, has been sacrificed to this peculiarity of excessive curiosity. The large three-story palace is built directly upon a dirty, hot, noisy, dusty street, with the paving-stones running quite up to the house-walls, and not a tree to screen or set off its cold, stiff stone-work. As the proprietor owns a great stretch of land extending from the street quite down to the bay and covered with splendid old trees, fruit and flower gardens, walks, fountains, and statues, one wonders why this stately edifice was not placed in the center of the grounds, or at least near the bay. But the owner passes a good part of his time in the country, where there are not many people to stare at save his servants, and, like all the rest, when he is in town, he must pry into the streets. Yet, with all this fault-finding, I feel that some allowances must be made, especially for the women. Their servants relieve them of all household work; there is not much marketing to do; the houses contain but little furniture to care for; they do not read; and society ordains that, generally, unless accompanied by husband or other male relative, they must remain quietly at home. Without tastes to gratify, without resources in themselves, they are literally driven to pass quite one half of their lives hanging over a window-sill or lounging in a balcony. Many of the women of the upper classes, however, take to music—singing and piano-playing—and the number of consecutive hours a day they will devote to practice shows clearly enough how straitened they are for other employment or enjoyment. A few become good pianists, but the majority are wretched strummers, going over and over again, day after day, frivolous French, Spanish, or Portuguese operas. The windows and doors of the houses being always open, the neighbors are apt to get a surfeit of these. In short, to be more truthful than gallant, I must describe the music practice of Rio as a public nuisance. And this music, with horn-tooting added, frequently continues all night in private (though more properly public) balls, so that sleep is an impossibility. It seems a

pity that the climate of Rio will prevent municipal edicts similar to those once issued in Weimar, Germany, to the effect that persons in the act of playing on the piano must not leave their windows open, and that every person wishing to give a musical party at night must pay a tax of twelve dollars.

Another thing, which at once attracts the attention of the stranger in Rio is the sallow, half-dead look, the undersized and meager appearance of the Brazilians, at least of the white Brazilians. The negroes, on the other hand, are sleek, vigorous, and jolly. But Rio has, in truth, a very hot and vitiated atmosphere—for at least one half of the year—which slowly but surely saps the powers of both mind and body, and is particularly deadly to the European or North American immigrant. It is sad to think that one of the fairest cities in the world is also one of the most fatal to health and even existence. Fortunately, there are sanitariums in the numerous hills about the city, and to these sick citizens often flee, literally for their lives. During the hottest season the Emperor, the court, and diplomatic body, and also Brazilian noblemen and capitalists, reside on the comparatively cool and wholesome heights of the Organ Mountains, at Petropolis or Theresopolis. Others, whose business requires their presence nearer the city, spend their evenings, nights, and mornings at one or the other of the neighboring hill resorts, such as Paineiras on the Corcovado, Tijuca, or near the Gavea. It is not alone the vitiated air during the day, but also the hot, stagnant nights which prevent sleep and weaken the system, while a lack of exercise and an excess of work and worry produce dangerous fevers and bowel complaints. This brings me to say a few words about the dreadful scourge, yellow fever, with which Rio has been so frightfully afflicted. Yellow fever in Brazil resembles the cholera in India in at least one respect: you may be perfectly well and strong one day, and the next not only be dead but buried. In a very bad season the death-rate from yellow fever in Rio has been as high as two hundred a day. In ordinary sea-

sons, of seventy people who are attacked, at least twenty will be likely to die. Since its first appearance, some forty years ago, it has hardly missed a summer's visit of greater or lesser gravity. The drier the summer, the worse the fever. In fact, in very dry years, such as those of 1873-'74, the fever generally takes the form of an epidemic. The Brazilians, both white and black, suffer much less from it than foreigners, and among the latter those nations which happen to be represented there by the lowest classes, as the Italians and Portuguese, are decimated, owing to their filthy habits and the greater hardship of their existence. A sort of compensation is found, however, if compensation it can be called, for while the negroes are the freest from the ravages of fever, it is almost they alone who suffer from another terrible and prevalent disease, namely, small pox. The great causes of the prevalence and virulence of yellow fever and small-pox at Rio are the bad drainage of the city, the dearth of fresh air occasioned by so many surrounding hills, and the stagnation of water and garbage along the indented shores of the bay. To these must be added the other charge of the dirty habits and hard and poor living of so many who become victims. Latterly much has been done to improve the drainage. An offer has been made by an English company to level one of the smaller hills back of the city, which would let in a great current of pure air, and also have a tendency to reduce the temperature several degrees. The stagnant water of the bay would hardly seem remediable. With the habits of the people government has long since successfully grappled. Very much has been said about the smell in the streets and their filthy condition. I, however, must say I generally found them well paved and clean, and the smells no worse than in other great cities similarly situated. It would, indeed, be a model city which in the tropic zone was quite pure and sweet.

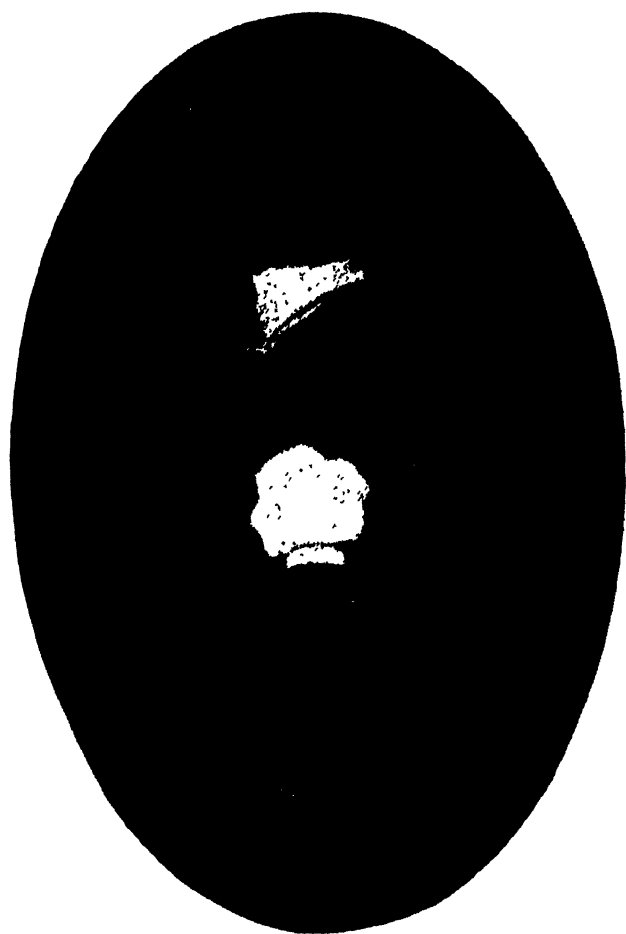
Upon landing at Rio and making your first purchase, you are amazed at being told that some trifle you have selected will cost so many hundreds of this or even thousands of that ;

and you are no less astounded when the bill of an ordinary account is presented you which contains five or six figures. The Brazilian currency is probably, at least in theory, the most infinitesimal of any in the world, except the antediluvian small shells called *cowries*, and circulating as money in Africa and India. Thus, the unit of the Brazilian monetary system is a *real*, written 0\$001, which is equal in value to one twentieth of a United States cent (a cowrie would be equal to about one fiftieth). Of course, there is no such coin in circulation, the smallest being ten *reis* (the plural of *real*), a copper half-cent. There is, by-the-by, in circulation in Hindostan a copper coin of the value of one twelfth of an American cent. In Brazil a copper coin of forty reis circulates, to which succeed two nickel coins of one hundred and two hundred reis respectively. Next comes the paper money in notes of one thousand reis, called a milreis; two milreis, five, ten, twenty, thirty, fifty, one hundred, two, three, four, and a maximum of five hundred, which is thus distractingly expressed numerically, 500\$000; though there is an imaginary denomination, named *conto*, which is a thousand milreis and is thus written, 1:000\$. The par value of the paper milreis is equal to fifty-five American cents, but at the time of my visit it was at a discount, being only worth thirty-six cents. A little gold and silver were also in circulation. A strange prejudice is entertained in Brazil against silver coins; and, while the dirtiest and most ragged bill is accepted without hesitation, the equivalent silver coin is received reluctantly, and got rid of as soon as possible.

The market of Rio is situated directly upon the harbor, where are basins of cut stone for the boats which bring a great part of the produce from the islands and fertile shores of the bay. The market building is an enormous affair, covering a large block, with several annexes on adjoining streets. Several open squares are filled with venders. The supply of fish and fruits was very profuse, as was to be expected from the tropical situation of the city. Among the fish I noticed the ray, skate, mackerel, prawns, and oysters. Among







the fruits were oranges, lemons, bananas, pears, cherimoyas, and pineapples. In one part of the market were many live animals for sale, such as monkeys, pigs, dogs, cats, and marmosets; also birds, such as flamingoes, parrots, pigeons, macaws, and Guinea-fowl. The greater number of the market-women seemed to be negresses, and great fat, glossy creatures they were. They wore turbans on their heads, strings of colored beads on their necks and arms, and chemises so loose as to be continually slipping off their jet-black shoulders. In Rio you do not have to go to the market for all your supplies; some of them come to you, and in novel fashion. Thus you frequently have calls from a turkey-seller, a man who generally has a brood of twenty or thirty fowls, which he marshals with a long pole, keeps cleverly together, and so drives them from door to door for inspection and sale. You will also be amused at an early morning or late evening call of cows, which are driven from house to house and milked in measures of a size to suit each customer. The calves are tied to their mothers, but of course are compelled to wear leather muzzles. This saves the expense of horse, cart, and cans, and is a convenient method of obtaining pure milk. It ought to be introduced in those countries where the pump so frequently intervenes between cow and consumer, or where the favorite revival song of the milkman is, "Shall we gather at the river?"

I will conclude this chapter with an account of the greatest street scene of Rio—the Carnival—which, however, I did not witness until my return, on March 7th, from a long journey in the interior. Of course, every one knows that this festival of merriment and revelry occurs in most Roman Catholic countries during the week before Lent. In Rio the Carnival lasts three days. Business is wholly suspended. There are processions with music, and the streets are full of people in mask and gown, who dance and sing and blow horns, and make a generally disagreeable rumpus. The streets are dressed with the banners of all nations, little flags, and colored lanterns, are lined with plants in tubs and strewn

with leaves. Formerly it was not safe to go into the streets without a rubber suit, as water was thrown from the houses upon passers-by. Various fruits were also hurled back and forth. To wear a high silk hat during the Carnival was simply to make a target of one's head. But the police determined to break up these scenes, which always cause disorder and sometimes serious breaches of the peace. I observed that those who took part in the tawdry, uninteresting processions, and the dancing and monkey-play of the first day, were mostly negroes and mulattoes, of both sexes. The Carnival, as now celebrated at Rio, is not at all a saturnalia, but rather a season of jokes, some of them amusing and harmless, but others of a serious practical character. Although business was intermitted, and the whole city given over to festivity, I did not anywhere observe either man or woman under the influence of liquor. Nor were there any serious brawls or conflicts with the police, or any arrests made by them. During the festival all the theatres have auditorium and stage floored to a level, where at night masquerade balls are given to the public. On the last of the three days, from noon onward, the streets were filled with a restless, swaying crowd, disguised in dominos and masks, blowing trumpets, talking in falsetto voices, while all the balconies, windows, and doors of the houses were crowded with onlookers, women and children being especially prominent. But neither those in the streets below nor balconies above appeared to be in holiday attire or fine dress, and for a very good reason. It is a custom of these people, instead of pelting each other with bon-bons, as in Rome and Mexico, to squirt perfumed water over one another. This is contained in little leaden vials, such as those in which painters' colors are packed, and great stands of them are held for sale all along the principal streets. The men, or rather boys, who are most wedded to this species of delirious sport, are rude enough to devote their attention to the passing girls and women, and I was glad to see these victims not infrequently vigorously return the delicate attention. Often you

might notice half a dozen streams playing simultaneously upon one person, whose clothes would be completely drenched.

The grand procession started down the narrow Ouvidor about 5 P. M., and was two hours in passing a given spot. It was of course the conventional procession—mounted military bands, ladies and gentlemen of the seventeenth century, great floats with *papier-maché* figures caricaturing recent political events and their participators, skits of local nature, all sorts and conditions of goddesses, carriages filled with “merry maskers,” burlesque actresses in tights, etc. The floats bearing comic representations of recent national events were received by the good-natured crowd with roars of laughter. Just then some unsavory disclosures had been made regarding the treatment of slaves, and I remember a successful hit was that made by a hill, upon the top of which four negroes were engaged in singing and playing cards. Up this hill two slave-owners were striving to climb in pursuit of the negroes, but just as they were about to reach the summit, the effigies of two well-known abolitionists were shot up out of the depths before them, and the discomfited owners slid back at once to the bottom of the hill. This amusing scene, controlled by interior machinery, was frequently repeated as the procession wound along. King Carnival sat upon a gorgeous throne, quite thirty feet above the ground, and was drawn by eight gayly caparisoned white horses. As it became dark, several of the streets were lighted by their circlets of gas, passing under which the vari-colored train made a very pretty spectacle. The procession kept winding on, up one street and down another, till it was time for the various balls to begin. Enormous crowds, which had just seen it pass one point, would rush off to another street and take position to watch it again. Their interest seemed never to flag, nor did the vivacity of those taking part in the pageant. During the night I visited half a dozen of the public balls, and found everywhere the greatest enthusiasm and gayety. At each theatre were large bands, but they

played very inferior dance-music. There were as many spectators as dancers, the boxes and galleries always being crowded. The maskers presented small variety in costume, and few attempted to act the characters assumed. At nearly all the theatres a sort of *fandango* or *cachuca*, a lively national dance, was extremely popular. It consisted of wriggling and suggestive posturing rather than of dancing, and its evolutions were extremely vulgar, not to say indecent; but so strong is custom that those in the boxes, who were evidently ladies, watched without flinching, and with great interest, those upon the floor, who certainly were not ladies. Negroes and mulattoes everywhere predominated. The childish delight and extraordinary gayety of these participants, unprompted by liquor, and unflaggingly kept up all night, were undoubtedly the most striking characteristic of this Rio Carnival. Yet every one was lamenting that it was not what it used to be—that the pomp and mummary were only a dim reflection of the mirthful, happy days gone by. But is not the whole Carnival scheme quite out of place in the civilization of to-day? It would seem more at home in the middle ages.





*A Part of the Avenue of Royal Palms.*

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### PUBLIC BUILDINGS AND GARDENS.

THE famous Botanical Gardens are reached by tramway, at a distance of about six miles in a southwesterly direction from the central part of the city. You pass for a long distance along the shore of the bay, through streets of the elegant country-houses owned by Rio merchants, each of a different style of architecture, and all surrounded by beautiful inclosures of trees, fruits, and flowers, with ornamental statuary and fountains. Some of the houses are faced with pretty tiles in various patterns, others are covered with the red tiles similar to those generally used upon the roofs, but all are ornamented with raised stucco-work of medallions, tracery, and arabesque borders, in diversified gay tints. The great Sugar-Loaf Peak, near the entrance of the harbor, as we approached seemed composed of solid granite, with no vegetation save a little grass. It is always a striking feature in the everywhere-romantic scenery of Rio Bay. You can hardly believe that it is not artificial, contrived and made by human skill and labor, a monument of some other and greater Cheops. Leaving the bay, we turned to the west, with the rocky needle of Corcovado upon our right and ahead great wild peaks, one of them, called the Gavea, rising aloft in the form of an enormous square tower. The road continued to be bordered with charming villas and brilliant gardens, as our team of mules bore us briskly along at the rate of six miles an hour. I have never seen animals in better condition anywhere; but the tram company can afford the outlay, for its stock is at a premium of four hundred per



cent. We were soon skirting a great bay, with a range of hills between us and the ocean, and this brought us almost directly under the Corcovado, which here presents a sheer precipice of gray rock. Not very far distant I spied a part of the great avenue of palms, from which the Botanical Gardens derive their chief glory.

The gardens are upon level ground, near a bay or inlet of the sea, and are surrounded by the wildest of mountain scenery, a grand setting for the wonders and beauties of nature as here cherished and displayed by man. Directly facing the entrance-gate extends for nearly half a mile the celebrated avenue of royal palms, and crossing it at right angles, parallel with the street, is another avenue of a little less length but hardly less splendor. The main avenue consists of a hundred and fifty trees, placed thirty feet apart, arranged in a double row, inclosing a path twenty feet wide. I say "inclosing," for as you look up the avenue you see two gigantic walls of gray wood, solidly roofed by huge green tufts. It is a living arborescent gallery, superior to any ever created by an Aladdin's lamp. These palms have an average height of eighty feet, and an average diameter at base of trunk of three feet. A neatly graveled walk leads between, and where the avenues intersect stands a pretty fountain. As you walk along the noble passage, you look upward between the giant trunks at the distant mountains, at the blue sky, at the sea. Each produces a distinct effect. You contrast these forest monsters with the pygmy shrubs and flowers, and it seems as if the palms belonged to some other sphere, as if this verdant corridor led to the mansion of the gods. Though these royal palms are the special boast of the Botanical Gardens, it should be known that they contain also what is probably the finest collection of tropical flora in the world, excepting only that at Buitenzorg, near Batavia, in the Island of Java. The climate agrees with everything imported, though the enormous empire itself supplies nearly every exhibited species. The picturesque arrangement of the plants has been effected with but little





*A Profile of the Avenue of Royal Palms.*

artificiality, and in a way more instructive and pleasing than I have seen elsewhere. The contrasted plants alone add great variety to the scenery. Sometimes an avenue is lined for a distance with similar trees, then with others; next with one species on one side and another on the opposite; afterward in clumps, no two alike; and finally in clumps all alike. For the professional botanist, a visit to this ordered Eden would be like a foretaste of paradise. Though but a very mild sort of amateur myself, yet during my long stay at Rio there was no week in which I did not at least once wend my way thither, and roam enraptured through the miles of labyrinthine verdure.

Of the number of interesting plazas in Rio perhaps the first would be the Campo Sant' Anna, or Acclimation Square, on the sides of which are the Senate, the Mint, the National Museum, the municipality building, and the station of the great Dom Pedro II. Railway. The little park is wholly artificial, the ground having originally been quite level, but it now presents a beautiful series of hills and hollows, lakes and copses, lawns and flower-beds. In one place is an enormous heap of rocks, over which tumbles a small waterfall into a pond filled with pretty gold-fish. The interior has been fashioned into a great cavern, in which you see counterfeit stalagmites and stalactites, water dripping into dark pools, streams here, cascades there, paths up, down, and winding around, with irregular patches of light and shadow. Clumps of plants have been scattered about the exterior, and the whole appearance, both without and within, is that of perfect naturalness. Trunks of trees bridge the ponds, as if accidentally fallen there. The whole arrangement, which at a short distance would deceive the most acute observer, has been constructed from stone and cement, under the direction of a German savant. The Cascade Grotto, as it is called, is one of the particular sights of Rio, which a resident is sure to ask if you have seen. Every Sunday afternoon a large military band plays in the center of this park, while the *beau-monde* of the city promenade up and down the smoothly graveled walks.

On the west coast of South America, the Church is very powerful and influential, especially in Ecuador and Peru; but on the east coast there not only seem to be comparatively few churches, but these few are not much attended even by women. Certainly of all countries Brazil is the least under the control or influence of the priesthood. The mass of the people ignore them, while by the more educated classes they are treated with contempt, as in Guatemala and Mexico. In Rio I have frequently gone into half a dozen churches of a morning and found not a score of people in all of them, and this at the customary hours of worship. I have occasionally heard mass celebrated before half a score of people, and have seen an entire altar of priests going through their service with no audience save a single bored verger, who at once removed his eyes from the ceremony and riveted them upon me until my departure.

One day, at one of the largest and handsomest churches of the metropolis—that of San Francisco de Paula—I attended a grand requiem for the repose of the soul of the then recently deceased Ferdinand II. of Portugal, the brother-in-law of the Emperor of Brazil. The imperial family, nobility, diplomatic corps, senators and representatives, high officers of the government and of the army and navy, were all present in court dress, with a profuse display of stars, crosses, medals, and ribbons. The church was draped in deep mourning, outside and inside, with frequent recurrences of the royal cipher “F. II.” Facing the sacred edifice, a regiment of troops, with full band, was drawn up. Upon the arrival of the various royalties in their state carriages, the troops presented arms, and the band played the national anthem, while the huge bells tolled in the massive towers above. A large crowd was assembled, but no enthusiasm, no cheering, simply curiosity, was displayed. For a solemn mass this was undoubtedly becoming behavior. In the center of the church had been erected a lofty catafalque, covered with crimson and gold velvet, with appropriate badges of mourning, three rows of great candles in gilt candlesticks,

and two rows at either side upon the floor. A fine orchestra assisted impressively the gloriously chanted mass. The archbishop and bishops officiated in full canonicals. Of course, a eulogy was pronounced upon "F. II." The ceremonies had a grand pictorial and emotional effect. The simple black dress of the civilians, the brilliant uniforms and court dresses of the others, the rich brocaded robes of the priests, the somber ornamentation of the church, the drooping flags and banners, the arms of Portugal everywhere displayed in conjunction with those of Brazil, all blended together with innumerable soft and harmonizing lights, produced a scene that excited the most solemn attention and feeling.

The wonderfully picturesque situation and surroundings of Rio, added to the general sights and scenes of its business quarters and dwelling suburbs, at first rather overshadow its public edifices—for so large and wealthy a city there are, in fact, but few remarkably handsome large buildings—but, on the other hand you soon learn that their contents are valuable and interesting or their purposes useful and civilizing; charity, amusement, information, instruction, are widely dispensed.

One of the most splendid hospitals in the world is that called the *Misericordia*. It is larger and better appointed than the one at Lima, already described in these pages, though imposing rather from its vast size than from any special architectural merits. It covers an area of ten thousand square metres, is two stories in height, is built of granite and brick, and stands close to the shore of the harbor, whence refreshing breezes blow through its windows and wards to the several beautiful gardens of the interior quadrangles. The total capacity of the hospital is twelve hundred patients, and it receives from twelve thousand to fifteen thousand a year. The general wards are free, but the hospital provides special accommodation and privacy for those willing to pay one dollar and a half per day. The internal supervision of the hospital is in the hands of Sisters of Charity, each of whom has charge of a certain work or cer-

tain portion of a ward. I obtained permission from the Mother Superior to inspect the hospital, and an official guided me continuously through all parts, from the reception-room and the splendid saloon of the emperor, where business meetings are held, to the dispensary, the instrument-room, the kitchen, the chapel, the operating-room, with an amphitheatre of seats for attending medical students, the wards, the dead-house, and the dissecting-vault. Everywhere was the most scrupulous cleanliness, everywhere the most perfect order and discipline. The floors are of polished oiled wood, the wainscoting is of gay-colored tiles. The building seems all halls and doors and windows, as of course is necessary in so warm a climate. As the patients lie in their beds, some can look out over the bay and its shipping, with grand views of distant hills, while others have almost equally refreshing glimpses of the beautiful flower-gardens of the inner courtyards. There are wards for women and children, of course, as well as for men. The dispensary and chemical laboratory form a large department, and as many as five hundred people, not in the hospital, are frequently in one day supplied gratis with advice and medicine.

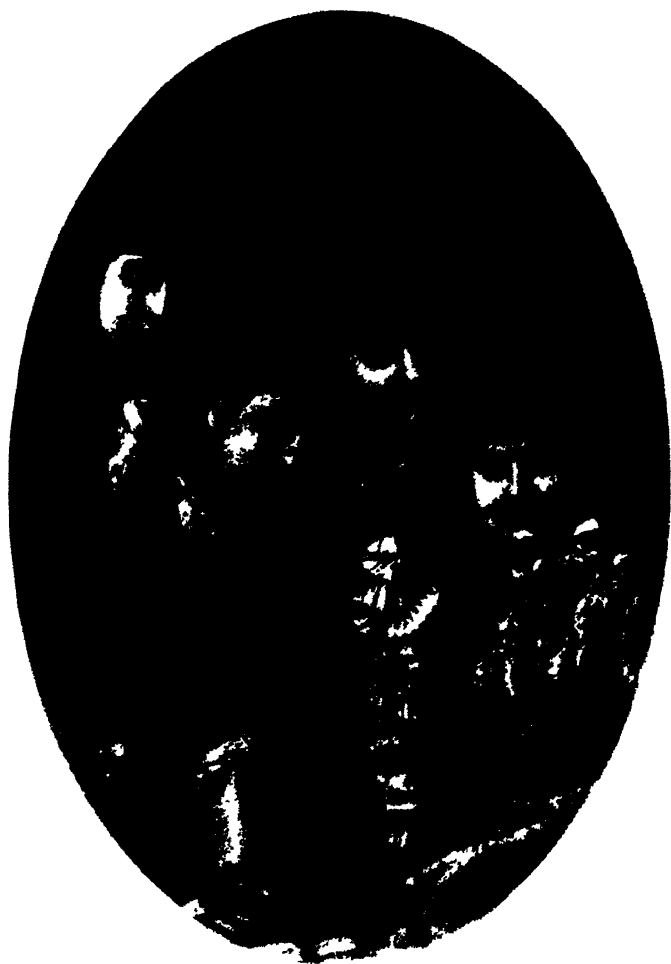
As I entered the different sections, a Sister approached and conducted me through her special department, giving me information in the most obliging manner. Many of these nuns were old, and some were masculine and coarse in appearance, but occasionally I met one of rare beauty and grace, who put to me question upon question about the great gay world from which she was separated in all but memory. I remember one in particular, whose sweetly soft black eyes, and sad, resigned air, called forth a feeling of mingled sympathy and admiration. Her secluded youth, beauty, and tenderness haunted me for months. What baseness, what treachery, what terrible romance of love—I knew it must have been love—had brought her there? I praised in no unstinted measure the perfect hospital and its noble work. “Ah, monsieur,” she said, “only the great God knows how much good is done here.” “Yes, *ma bonne sœur*,” I replied,

with no flattery, "and it is due to you and the others, whose loving care, self-sacrifice, and ardor produce such grand results." If ever there was a class of women the world over who deserve the reverence, I would almost say devotion, of all men, it is the sweet and merciful Sisters of Charity. I never pass one of the "holy community" without an instinctive impulse to raise my hat in token of profound respect.

One afternoon I visited the Academy of Fine Arts, and found nothing to say in praise of the building's exterior. Inside it is admirably adapted to its purpose, namely, the giving of instruction in the fine arts to youths of both sexes. It contains a picture and sculpture gallery, and many classrooms for designing, drawing, painting, engraving, modeling, and embroidering. The prizes were to be presented to the yearly graduates that very evening, in an opera-house which is just across the street from the Academy, and I had no difficulty in obtaining an invitation. It was announced that the Emperor, who is a great patron of art—and, in fact, of education of all kinds—would be present, and would bestow the diplomas and medals upon the fortunate winners. I was glad to have such an opportunity to see a representative Brazilian audience, and also to observe the manner in which such ceremonies were conducted below the equator. The performance was advertised to begin at 8 p. m., and I went early, in order to inspect the theatre, which is styled the Dom Pedro II. I found it to be a large building, occupying an entire block, and facing upon a small open plaza. The front was brilliantly illuminated with gas-jets, and decorated with the flags of all nations. Above all was the monogram of the theatre, surmounted by the imperial crown in brightly flaming outlines. In the lobby, down-stairs, a military band of seventy-five mulatto boys made music which sounded admirable as it reverberated through the massive corridors. Two wide flights of granite steps led up to the parquette entrances. Above were the portals to a balcony and two tiers of boxes. In front was a commodious foyer. The parquette was large, seating over a thousand, while the remainder of



the house, including "paradise," would hold perhaps four thousand. The interior was gayly ornamented in various colors, and the entire house was dressed with flags, mottoes, wreaths of flowers, and ornamented gas-jets. Above the entrances was a large box set apart for the princess royal and family. To the right of the stage was the Emperor's box, brilliantly draped in crimson and blue velvet, bordered and studded with gold-lace ornaments. Above was a huge gilded crown. The audience was already half seated when I arrived, and the enormous stage was filled with the pupils of the Academy, the boys dressed in plain black, the girls in white, with red sashes. A pretty effect was produced by arranging them in different groups. Next the foot-lights was a row of tables, draped and flower-dressed, and intended to hold the diplomas and medals. Behind these tables sat the professors of the institution, nearly all of them displaying numbers of miniature orders, and many wearing medals suspended by crimson ribbons from their necks. As regards the audience, the utmost license of dress prevailed. Some of the ladies were in ball-dresses of the lightest, daintiest shades, and attended by much-decorated gentlemen in "dress-suits." But by far the greater number of ladies wore dark clothes and hats, and were escorted by gentlemen in ordinary afternoon costume. The number of glittering orders and plainer ribbons and rosettes scattered about the house was profuse. But perhaps the most noticeable feature to a stranger was the variety of complexion to be seen—ranging from the pale white of the foreigner to the delicate brown of the Portuguese and the tan of the Brazilian, and gradually darkening through the creoles to the mulattoes, and finally to the blackest black of the negroes. All were mixed together—both out of and in the boxes—on terms of the most perfect equality. The blacks have crossed so much with the Portuguese blood, and miscegenation has gone so far, that many years ago, when it was proposed, in taking the census of the empire, to classify the whites and blacks, it was found impossible to determine the color line. It took me all the evening to get



*Four Pretty Sisters.*



accustomed to the novelty of the sight presented in the Dom Pedro II. Theatre.

I asked a gentleman to keep my seat, and rushed to a balcony of the foyer just in time to witness the arrival of the Emperor. Thronged about the theatre, listening to the music, was a large crowd, who I supposed would hail his Majesty's arrival with wild huzzas and much waving of hats. Fancy my surprise when I heard not a single cheer! First came, at a tremendous pace, two brilliantly uniformed hussars, who cleared the way, then two more, and then the Emperor in a close coach drawn by six gayly caparisoned mules, the leaders ridden by postilions, the wheelers driven by a gorgeously liveried coachman and attended by footmen behind. A score of hussars, at the side and rear of the coach, completed the escort. His Majesty generally appears in public attended by the Empress or some ladies of the imperial family or household, but on this occasion he was accompanied only by his chamberlain in court uniform, with a great silver and diamond star blazing upon his breast. The Emperor himself was dressed wholly in black, with the "grand crown" of the Southern Cross and the button-hole decoration of the Golden Fleece. He was received by the Council of the Academy, and escorted to the imperial box. And now a still greater surprise was in store for me. Not more than twenty people in the great audience rose as his Majesty entered and approached the front of his box, nor was there one loyal shout or applause of any kind. Naturally the Emperor did not bow in recognition of such a cold reception, but instead sat himself down and quietly surveyed the stage and auditorium. This was truly a democratic manner of receiving the head of a great empire. Even a President of a republic would have had a courteous recognition of some sort or other. A little balcony had been built in front of his Majesty's box, with stairs leading to the stage, up which the recipients were to go to receive their diplomas and medals. At the foot of the stairs were stationed, as a guard of honor, two little boys in uniform and with muskets.

These juveniles were relieved at intervals of half an hour throughout the evening, and caused some merriment to the audience, when, forgetting their parts, they indulged in little disputes directly before the Emperor, who himself had to laugh on one occasion when one of the Lilliputian warriors refused to be relieved, doubtless wishing to see the whole show from such a prominent position. The performance began with the orchestra playing the national anthem, the Emperor and the audience standing meanwhile. As performed by orchestra this hymn is certainly not very inspiring, but I heard it rendered afterward by the military band, and found it quite another composition. Then there was a terribly long-winded and florid oration read by a young Portuguese professor. It dealt with art in general and in particular, foreign modern art, Brazilian art, ancient art, and so on, for over an hour, as only an orator of the Latin race can gabble, until half the audience were asleep, the other half chatting and laughing, and the Emperor looking terribly bored, and doubtless wishing he was at home with his well-beloved books. At last the young man stopped, and there was great applause from those awake because he had concluded, but the fellow vainly bowed as if it were intended as a compliment. However, the noise woke up the sleepers, and the programme proceeded with the distribution of diplomas and medals. This also was drawn out in a ridiculous fashion and to a wearisome extent. Two little children, one dressed as a sprite, the other as a Neapolitan boy, carried, upon silver trays, the diplomas and medals, one by one, up to the Emperor, while the names were called off in succession by one of the professors, and the recipients had to make their way from all parts of the great stage, hoping to arrive simultaneously with their prizes. About fifty were thus tediously bestowed on the boys and then upon a like number of girls, an hour being spent in doing what might have been much better done in five minutes. After the young men received their testimonials, the orchestra played the saddest, slowest, and faintest symphony I ever heard at any

celebration. It sounded like a dirge over the death of art. The audience had stood enough already, and at this began to dribble out. The only clever thing of the evening was the recitation of a short original poem by a well-known local poet. This was delivered, singularly enough, from one of the boxes, but not from a central proscenium-box, as should have been the case. In graceful terms he complimented the founder of the Academy, and thanked the Council for their work. Several gold medals were then conferred on those professors who, during two consecutive years, had committed no more than five breaches of the rules of the Academy. It looked almost as if the supply of medals was excessive, and they were trying to unload stock. At this stage the poor bored Emperor took himself off, bowing several times to the audience, which this time at least was civil enough to rise. As his Majesty was driven away, the military band in the lobby gave the national hymn in grand style. Most of the audience now left, though a concert of half a dozen selections was still to be given by pupils of the Academy. So cold an audience, from beginning to end, I never saw, but afterward, at comic operas, I found the citizens only too lavish with enthusiasm and applause.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### ENVIRONS OF RIO.

Among the most noteworthy of the city's public institutions is unquestionably the National Library. It is located in a plain three-story building, in the southern part of the city, opposite the pretty little park called the *Passeio Publico*. The collection of books is very rich, and numbers about a hundred and fifty thousand, in all languages, and mostly in costly leather bindings. There are many cases of rare manuscripts and literary curiosities. The old Jesuitical manuscripts are regarded as of especial value, as well as those devoted to the early history of Brazil. The collection of the earliest-printed books is large and valuable, as is also that relating to the early history of Portugal and Spain and their American colonies. A splendid collection of rare engravings, one of Brazilian coins and medals, and many cases of foreign coins invite attention. Two large cabinets are exclusively devoted to valuable editions of the "*Lusiad*," by the Portuguese poet Camoëns. There are, besides, many paintings and marble busts, and among the latter one of Camoëns, with his sightless eye only too graphically represented. This library is open every day, and free to all, but for consultation only. Its reading-room is provided with the electric light, an unwise innovation.

But to myself perhaps the most interesting of all the public institutions of Rio was the National Museum, a plain though large two-story building, facing the park of Sant' Anna, in a central part of the city. The collection of the museum is good and very comprehensive, the three kingdoms

of Nature being well represented. The original purpose was the creation of a museum of natural history, but the institution was soon made a receptacle for all kinds of curios and objects of scientific and technical interest. From time to time it has been enriched with collections made by foreign naturalists traveling in Brazil, and by valuable contributions from native savants. To some, its most interesting and noticeable feature is its ethnographical and archæological department. The civilized and uncivilized Indians of Brazil may be studied by means of paintings, photographs, and a varied collection of their war, chase, and domestic utensils, implements, and manufactures. The reminiscences of the prehistoric tribes of Peru and Bolivia, as well as of Egypt and Syria, are interesting. Time should be given to a fine collection of pottery from the Island of Marajo and the lower Amazon, in which the evolution of ornamental designs has been carefully studied and abundantly proved by Prof. Orville A. Derby, an eminent American scientist, now for a number of years at the head of one of the great sections into which the museum is divided—that of mineralogy, geology, and paleontology. I spent a good deal of time at this museum, becoming well acquainted with the director, a Brazilian gentleman, Dr. Ladislau Netto, who has made some very valuable and interesting studies upon Brazilian archæology. He kindly presented me with some of the huge volumes published by the museum, and profusely illustrated by excellent engravings and colored lithographs, all made in Rio Janeiro. In one of these splendid volumes I noticed a contribution upon the "Ethnology of the Valley of the Amazons," by my lamented friend the late Prof. C. F. Hartt, who was chief of the Geological and Geographical Survey of Brazil, and in whose untimely death, some years ago, Science lost one of her most learned and most earnest devotees. The present head of this important survey is Prof. Derby, who went out to Brazil originally as one of Prof. Hartt's assistants. A fine library of natural history occupies a number of rooms of the museum building, and there is a large hall



which is used for the delivery of lectures. The museum has a list of active members, and elects as foreign associates those who have specially distinguished themselves in explorations or studies of a natural history character.

The Astronomical Observatory, over which I was politely shown by the director, is situated on Castle Hill, overlooking the bay and about the center of the shore-line of the city. Most of the offices and rooms of the observatory are reared upon the massive walls and columns of an old Jesuit convent, which furnishes admirable bases for the proper adjustment of delicate scientific instruments. I climb the hill by a winding, paved road, and enter the court-yard through a quaint old gateway. Here are the laboratory and the photographic rooms. The laboratory, besides a good outfit of necessary chemicals and instruments, has a small but valuable collection of minerals. Here also is a large room filled with astronomical and other scientific machines, of every size and character, mostly of French manufacture. Among them I noticed some splendid spectroscopes. Several of the larger of the astronomical instruments would be mounted, had the director the necessary room. Ascending several long flights of stairs, and finally a circular staircase in a tower, we reach the roof of the old convent, upon which stand the great iron dome with its nine-inch refractor, a room for transit instruments, the library, the director's and the secretary's offices, and a lofty iron tower, where the electric apparatus, wind-vanes, gauges, etc., are mounted. From the open platform an extensive view may be enjoyed of the bay and mountains, the ocean through the entrance to the harbor, and the city lying around and below. A sea-breeze almost continually freshens this place. The director showed me the photograph of a flash of lightning that he had recently taken. In his office were many American works on astronomy. The library was small, but contained some very valuable books, mostly in rich leather bindings. The observatory has published two large volumes, descriptive of its buildings, its outfit, and some of its most important work. These volumes are illus-

trated by very fine colored lithographs, made in Rio. The observatory also publishes infrequently monographs on special researches. It is, besides, charged with the duties of announcing meridian time every day, regulating the chronometers of the Marine and War Departments, and publishing daily meteorological observations. Work has been begun on a chart of the heavens, from which valuable observations are expected.

In Rio a great number of associations promote the progress of science, arts, and letters. Among these, the first place belongs to the "Historical, Geographical, and Ethnographical Institute of Brazil." This was founded half a century ago, with the view of studying the national history, and collecting, analyzing, and publishing documents of historical value. I visited the offices and rooms, which are large and airy, with tables for members. The library contains some seven thousand volumes, and a large and valuable collection of manuscripts and maps relating to the history of Brazil. Two other rooms are filled with the publications of the Institute and files of its exchanges. The Institute holds fortnightly meetings, which are generally presided over by the Emperor. It publishes a review, which annually forms a volume of one thousand pages.

The highest peak back of Rio, to the westward, is called Tijuca. In company with Prof. Derby, of the "Museu Nacional," and Mr. A. J. Lamoureux, the able editor of the "Rio News," I one day made a trip to it, and returned by way of the Gavea, toward the ocean and the Botanical Gardens. Our first objective point, however, was Whyte's Hotel, a sort of sanitarium situated high up among the hills, like the hotel on the Corcovado, and much patronized in the hot season by the debilitated foreigners of Rio. We first took a tram-car through the suburbs, a distance of about six miles, passing along a canal which had been originally built with the intention of thus floating ships from the bay around into the heart of the city, but the scheme did not prove successful, and the canal is now little better than a dirty, stagnant

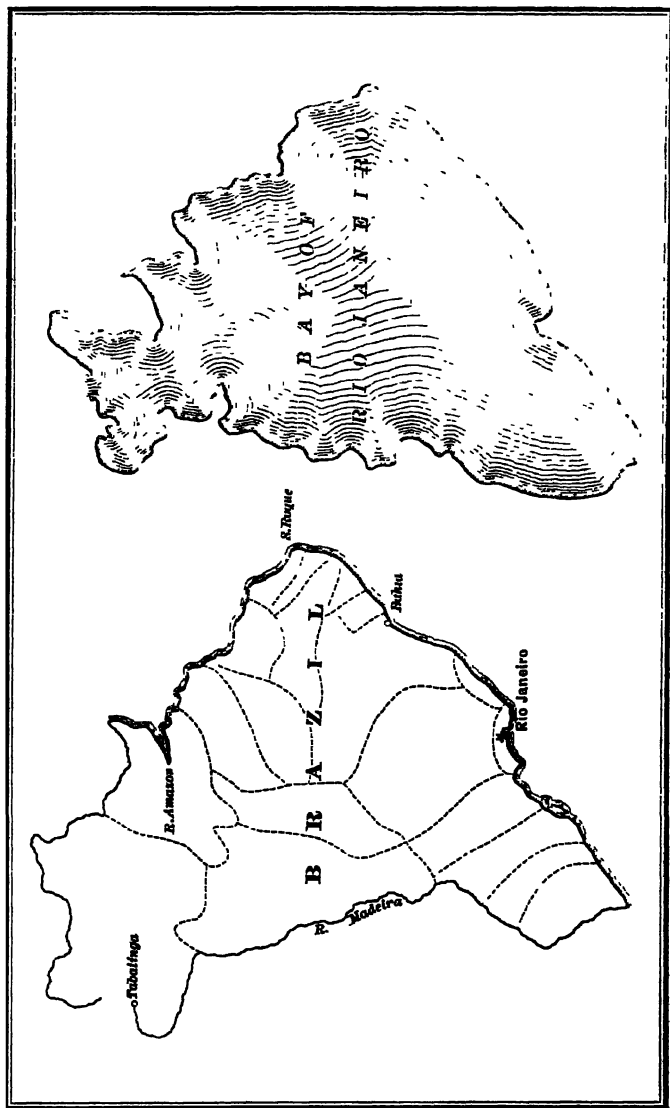
sewer, both unhealthy and an eye-sore. Then came a very pleasant change—a broad, paved street, lined with handsome country-houses ensconced in beautiful gardens of every species of tropical vegetation. During the latter part of this section, the road became so steep that we took on another team of mules; and afterward, leaving the tram, we were transferred to large stages drawn by four stout mules, and thus started up a narrow valley, the road zigzagging in such an extraordinary fashion that it seemed much of the time as if we had turned back. This part led through a beautiful forest, and we were able to obtain occasional glimpses of Rio and the delightful bay behind and below us. Whyte's Hotel—a series of long, narrow, low houses, nestling at the bottom of a little valley surrounded on every side by woody hills—was reached in two hours from Rio, a distance of some ten or twelve miles. This famous old hostelry, which formerly was so exclusive that travelers were admitted only through letters of introduction, does not, as might be imagined, command a view of Rio and the bay, or even of the ocean, or, in fact, of anything especial. It is situated in a deep hollow, on the opposite side of the pass from the capital, and about twenty minutes' walk from the ocean. It is an ordinary country hotel, though with excessively high charges in every department. Perhaps the most enjoyable thing about the place is a great swimming-bath. A short distance in the woods a rapid stream runs through a cemented tank, about fifty feet square and five feet deep. The water is deliciously cool and refreshing. It flows from the tank in a pretty waterfall, which is also useful as a douche.

From the hotel the ascent of the peak of Tijuca may be made in about two hours. You go on mule-back or horse-back to within about two hundred feet of the summit. Excellent roads for either riding, driving, or walking, wind about the hills in every direction. The country hereabout is a sort of government park, and besides the capital graveled roads, which have been flanked with beautiful plants, shrubs, and flowers, there are waterfalls, grottoes, ponds, flower-gardens,

and labyrinths. More than half the distance to the summit of the peak can be accomplished by carriage. The roads all pass through dense forests, so that one has constant shelter from the powerful sun. The side on which the bridle-path approaches Tijuca, shows it to consist of an enormous vertical wall of smooth rock. You pass this, however, and then wind on and up to a spot where there is a rocky precipice, at the foot of which you stand. Here the horse or mule must be left, and the remainder of the ascent made by means of wooden stairs and steps cut in the face of the bare rock. This part of the way is guarded by two huge iron chains. Arrived at the summit—three thousand three hundred and sixty feet above the sea—the view is remarkably fine, but it is a view of peaks and valleys and the ocean. You are able to see but a small part of the city of Rio. In the afternoon we took horses and rode around by the way of the great, table-topped peak—the Gavea—to the Botanical Gardens, and so back to the capital. This route gave us a fine look at the Gavea, with its perpendicular walls of smooth rock. Though apparently altogether unscalable, it has several times been ascended. At the summit of the pass, between the Gavea and the Corcovado, we found an opening in the trees and a pavilion whence we obtained a superb prospect over ocean and bay, and the suburb of Botafogo. This is styled the “Chinese View,” as the road from here down to the level of the Botanical Gardens has been built by Chinese laborers. It is a capital road, broad and with a very slight incline. It runs through a magnificent bit of primitive forest, and affords many charming little visions of land and sea. We passed one of the great city reservoirs, skirted the rear of the Botanical Gardens, taking a glance at the splendid avenue of royal palms, examined the large new cotton-factory, peered up at Corcovado, twenty-three hundred feet above us, and finally reached the tram line, which soon deposited us once more at our homes, after an absence of but twenty-four hours.

Of all the mountain resorts in the neighborhood of Rio,

Petropolis is the best patronized and the most famous. It is, in fact, the summer capital; for the Emperor and his household, the diplomatic corps, and the native aristocracy, go there to escape heat and fever risks. The wealthy Rio merchants also keep their families there, either in private cottages or hotels during the hot season, they themselves going in and out of town every day. A long, narrow, single-decked, paddle-wheel steamboat carried me in a northern direction across the beautiful Bay of Rio. In the front part of this steamer was a double row of seats, separated by a central aisle, as in the American railway-carriages. In the stern was a good restaurant, and space for the second-class passengers. Leaving the city, the scenery of the bay was indescribably charming. The line of hills containing the Corcovado, Gavea, and Tijuca, shrouded in mist, rose, inky black, against a clear blue sky. The vari-colored houses of the city, quaint of architecture, interspersed by a score of knolls, glowed in the dazzling sunshine and presented an entirely new picture at every mile we added to our course. The bright-green waters of the bay, dancing before a fresh southerly breeze, were covered with an enormous fleet of steamers and merchant-ships. Lighters and other boats were busy carrying freight and passengers to and from the wharves. We skirted the eastern shore of the great Governor's Island—a much larger island than its New York namesake, and very different in appearance. It is undulating and wooded, with many pretty little bays and villages, and scattered factories and dwelling-houses. To our right were numerous small islands, mostly uninhabited, and with their tall palms and other trees all bent in one direction, thus plainly indicating the course of the most prevalent wind. There seemed everywhere a great depth of water, as we frequently passed within fifty feet of an island. The Organ Mountains, extending along the northern side of the bay, were veiled in mist, and we could see only the lower and nearer hills, covered with a rich vegetation, and several of them crowned by a church, a convent, or a farm-house. Leaving Governor's Island, we headed



*The Map of Brazil and the Chart of the Bay of Rio Janeiro (a Curious Resemblance)*



directly north to the station of the railway, called Maua, in honor of the viscount of like name, who has in many ways greatly helped the material progress of Brazil. Maua is twelve miles from Rio, and is simply a landing-place for the steamer, with the buildings of the railway service. A train of four cars awaited us. The cars were fitted with transverse benches made of straw, a side door admitting to each bench. The locomotives used are made in Philadelphia, the cars are of English make. The steamer passengers filled the train. They appeared to be mostly business men, though there were also some ladies and children. We were quickly whisked eleven miles across a forest-clad plain, to the foot of the mountains, where our train was divided into two, run on the Riggensbach system. The road appears to mount directly upward through a sort of valley in the ridge, with very little turning, and with no specially steep slopes. The speed is greater than that upon any similar road I know of; it is at least double that of the Corcovado Railway. One high iron bridge is crossed, but no great engineering obstacles present themselves. As we ascend, we occasionally obtain magnificent views of the plain behind us, and of fine rocky peaks and cliffs before us. Not, however, until we near the summit of the pass—called Raiz do Serra (Root of the Ridge)—does the wonderful splendor of the prospect become apparent. Then one can look down upon the brown track of the road, by which we have just mounted, as it runs through the dense green forests. We distinctly see the station at the foot of the ridge, and then the road crossing the plain to the bay; and, carrying our eyes out over this, we notice first Governor's Island, and then far beyond we detect the Sugar-Loaf, Corcovado, Gavea, and Tijuca. Rio can be recognized only on a particularly clear day. As we continue, the atmosphere becomes pure and cool. Before the rack-road was built, it was customary to ascend the ridge by a capital macadamized road—a wonderful piece of engineering—of which you frequently catch glimpses in the ascent. A light coach, with powerful brakes and six mules, was used. At the summit of the serra



—the cog-rail section is four miles long—the divided train is reunited, and a Philadelphia locomotive takes us quickly over the remaining two miles to the station of Petropolis and the end of our journey.

Our whole time from Rio was but two hours. At the station a great crowd had collected, a few to receive expected friends, but most merely to gratify an idle curiosity. Touters for half a dozen hotels race up and down the platform, and omnibus and hack drivers shout at you over the low paling. One hears a different language on every side. It is like some famous Swiss resort. And this comparison is strengthened when you enter an omnibus and are driven up long avenues of shops and cottages, with small walled-in rivers flowing through the streets and wooded hills, and rocky peaks towering upward on every side. I am put down at one of the largest and best of the hotels of the place, the "Orleans," which stands on the western side of the town. It is set directly against the side of a hill which has been sliced down better to accommodate it, and bears in plaster letters, six feet long, its aristocratic name. From its piazzas may be had picturesque views of a part of the town and the hills beyond, the higher of which, being seemingly of rock, glow with a beautiful purple in the fading sunsets. At the time of my visit this hotel was full of fashionable Rio people. Four or five foreign ministers, with their families, secretaries, and attachés, also make it their summer home. The days are passed in walks, drives, picnics, lounging, and flirting; the nights with music, dancing, and conversation upon the cool piazzas—as at other fashionable resorts the world over.

The situation of Petropolis, among a cluster of knolls, is romantic and beautiful. It is about twenty-seven hundred feet above sea-level, and, though it is warm during the middle of the day, the nights are generally cool, and the air is always pure and wholesome. The streets are broad, and lined with trees. The houses are gayly painted and ornamented, and their grounds are a blaze of brilliant flowers. Then there are many beautiful drives and walks

to the neighboring peaks. The population numbers about ten thousand, among whom are many Germans; and, in fact, Petropolis has much more the appearance of an old German town than of a Brazilian. The reason given for this is that some forty or fifty years ago a colony of about three thousand Germans located on this spot.

The finest mountain scenery, the best climate, and probably the most various and interesting vegetation are found in Theresopolis, a mountain valley about fifty miles in a northeasterly direction from Rio. There it is higher, drier, and cooler than in Petropolis. The sharp peaks of the Organ Mountains in the neighborhood of the former are among the first and greatest objects of interest to every stranger. Theresopolis is frequently called the "Switzerland of Brazil," and the grandeur and beauty of its mountain scenery certainly give it some claim to such an appellation. At one time it promised to be the summer capital, for it was the resort of diplomatists, distinguished strangers, and wealthy Brazilians long before Petropolis was created. The journey there is of some difficulty, though no fatigue. Three times a week a little steamer leaves Rio, on which you may cross to the upper end of the bay, to a little village called Piedade, whence a diligence runs across the country to the foot of the mountains in about four hours. Here it is customary to pass the night, and early in the morning ascend the serra on mule-back. Almost at the summit the trail passes near the "Finger of God," whose sharp, inaccessible peaks are conspicuous from the city. You pass through a gap in the mountains into the little valley, in which, at a height of three thousand feet, Theresopolis is situated. It is only a straggling settlement, and has no first-class hotels at present, but it has a climate that can not be excelled; picturesque walks and rides in every direction; elevated valleys where the ounce and tapir are still to be found; and scenery which for sublimity and beauty probably has no rival in Brazil.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL.

ONE day I was driven in a tilbury about five miles north-west of the city proper, to the Emperor's palace of San Cristoval. It is situated within extensive grounds of much natural beauty, which have been laid out with good taste in winding avenues, lawns, artificial ponds, grottoes, fountains, and ornamental thickets. The site is a commanding one, and is well suited for an imperial residence. You pass two grand entrance-gates, and follow a very wide avenue directly to the palace, a building of brick and stucco, three stories in height. Guards were stationed about, but the greater part of the edifice appeared closed, notwithstanding the presence of the Emperor. His Majesty had held a reception the previous day at Petropolis, and this day, at six in the evening, he was to receive in Rio. I was honored with a private interview in the morning, being first ushered into a large waiting-room, and then into the chamberlain's office, a smaller apartment of similar character. His Majesty afterward met me upon an inner corridor of the palace, attended but by a single aide-de-camp, who, however, immediately disappeared. The chamberlain mentioned my name and nationality, and his Majesty advancing shook hands cordially, asking me (in well-accented English) when I had left New York. The chamberlain, at a nod, left me alone with the Emperor. Dom Pedro II. is of a very striking figure—tall, broad-shouldered, erect, with a large, intellectual head, gray hair, and a flowing gray beard. He has grayish-blue eyes, which, though keen, are yet kindly in their steady gaze.



*The Palace of San Cristóbal.*



His complexion is florid, his expression sober and dignified. He was simply clad in a black broadcloth "dress-suit," and wore on his breast the beautiful star of the Imperial Order of the Southern Cross, and in a button-hole the diamond and gold badge of that grand old historic order, the Golden Fleece of Austria and Spain. His Majesty always wears these decorations, but rarely any others, nor is he often seen in uniform or gala dress of any kind. He is very amiable, and altogether simple and democratic in his manners and tastes. At Rio he is generally seen in a carriage drawn by six mules, but at Petropolis he goes about on foot, attended by his chamberlain only. He gives no balls or dinners, but is always accessible to the public once a week, generally on Saturday evenings. He is especially noted for his tact, energy, and humanity. He is, therefore, very popular, and much loved by all his subjects. He did me the honor of talking with me half an hour, chiefly about my proposed travels in Brazil, though he spoke also of being much pleased with his visit to the United States a few years ago, of his friendly reception by the press and public, and of the cordial hospitality of General Grant. At parting he shook hands with me in the most gracious manner, and invited me to visit him at his summer palace in Petropolis, where he was going the following day, and where I had the further honor of an interview a little later on. I did not have an opportunity to inspect any of the apartments of the San Cristoval Palace, but was told that, although generally quite plain, the rooms were fitted with French furniture, and opened upon courtyards filled with beautiful flowers.

The Emperor speaks all European languages fluently, and his devotion to science and art is well known. He has, besides, high scientific attainments, and is a member of many learned societies in France and England. And I recall with especial pride that, on the occasion of his visit to the United States during our centennial celebration, he accepted "honorary membership" in the American Geographical Society, and at a special meeting in Chickering Hall made a little ad-

dress which shows so fine a command of English that I give it entire :

“Although sincere gratitude’s voice is always silent, I will not hesitate to utter my thoughts to the American Geographical Society for the honor it confers on me in the presence of men so prominent in geographical science, and such indefatigable explorers of regions, where man, rivaling as it were with Nature, feels that labor is his greatest glory and most solid base of happiness. On so solemn an occasion, however, it is my duty to express how, in my country, we prize geographical studies, which bring to light its elements of wealth, and secure for it—I speak as a Brazilian, but without partiality—a brilliant future, and also make it useful to all nations, with which Brazil has always endeavored to maintain a cordial friendship. I trust the American Geographical Society will allow me to express here a feeling adieu to all the people of the United States, who welcomed me with so much kindness, and to explain to them at the same time how sorry I am that a motive, doubly regrettable, has not permitted my remaining longer among them, to see and examine as much as I desired, notwithstanding the means employed by this great nation to overwhelm time.”

When, on the day appointed, I made my exit from the door of the railway-station at Petropolis, there stood upon the sidewalk, with but a single attendant, the most democratic of all sovereigns, the Emperor of Brazil, apparently out for a stroll, and stopping at the station to see the new arrivals, and nodding to acquaintances right and left in the most condescending manner. The imperial palace at Petropolis is a large, two-story building, with long, single-story wings, the whole made of brick and stucco, painted yellow and white, and of a style of architecture which recalls a Florentine villa. The interior is plain but commodious. The palace is surrounded by pretty gardens, walks, fountains, and pavilions. Not very far from here is the residence of the princess royal, not a very imposing house, but thickly encircled by masses of ever-blooming flowers. These Brazilian royalties gener-







*The Empress of Brazil.*

ally "take the air" in barouches drawn by four mules, with postilions and a single mounted orderly. They are always the recipients of the most profound salutations, which, whether from peasant or prince, they always graciously acknowledge. His Majesty's life at Petropolis, as elsewhere, is a very active one. Besides his political and social duties and offices, he daily takes long walks and drives. He is also an expert horseman, and delights in athletic exercise. He is a great scholar, and at the time of my visit was especially interested in the study of Sanskrit. Even when riding through the streets of Rio in the imperial carriage, he generally sits bareheaded, reading. In fact, his intellectual and physical activity are altogether phenomenal. I have just read, in a Portuguese newspaper, an account of his life in Paris, when on a recent visit to Europe for the purpose of restoring his health. The great astronomer, Camille Flammarion, had been visited by the Emperor, accompanied by a suite of twenty people. Dom Pedro manifested much interest in the library, collections, and instruments of Flammarion's observatory. The gyrating dome contains a large equatorial telescope, an instrument of high precision, whose management was familiar to the learned monarch of Brazil. The man really the fashion in the metropolis of the French Republic was the Emperor. He lived in the Grand Hotel, admitted visitors, and talked to all intelligently and modestly. In general he reserved to himself the right to ask questions. He attended balls, frequented scientific institutions, and lost no opportunity of gaining knowledge. He saw all the notable pictures and the great artists, he went to the conservatory, the race-course, the exchange, the opera.

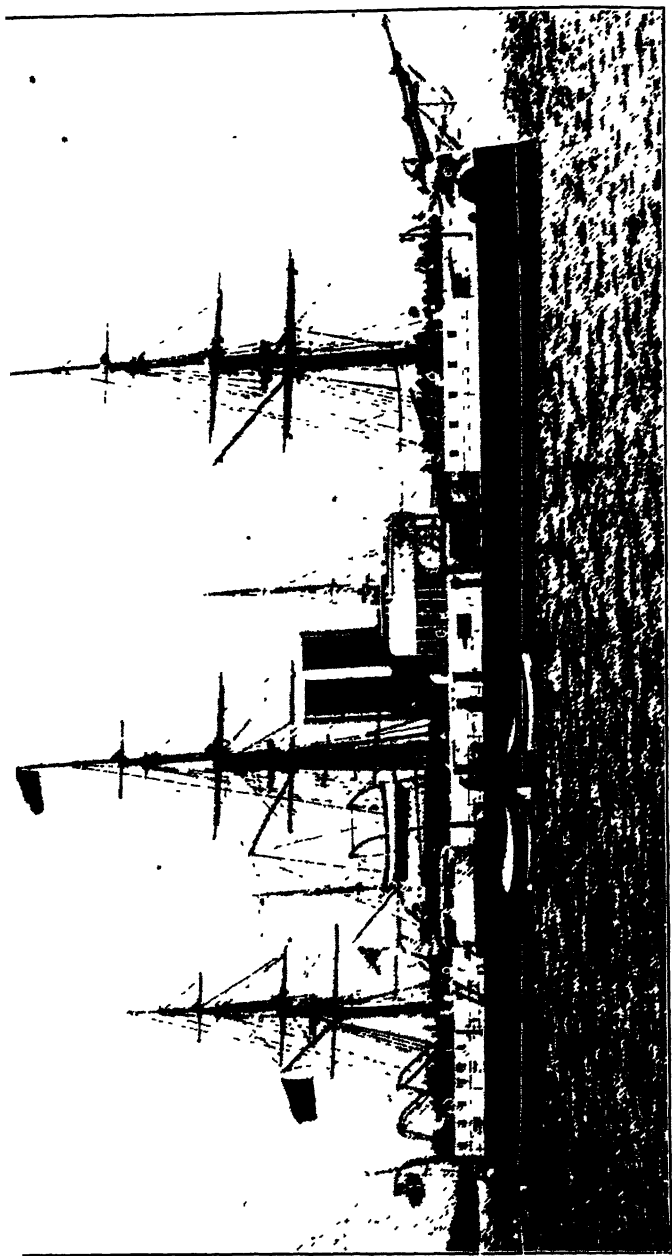
The Emperor was born in the palace of San Cristoval, on December 2, 1825, and began his reign in his fifteenth year—fifteen years after Brazilian independence—for his father, Pedro I., being unwilling to accept so liberal a Constitution, frankly expressed his sentiments, honorably abdicated, and retired to Portugal. Pedro II. was married in 1843 to an Italian princess, daughter of Francis I., King of the Two

Sicilies. The Empress is amiable, philanthropic, and very popular. The Emperor's heir is his only daughter, Princess Isabella, who has several times acted as regent. She is about forty years old, and is the wife of Count d'Eu, a grandson of Louis Philippe. Brazil is a constitutional empire, the Legislature consisting of a Senate and a Chamber of Deputies, members of the former being elected for life, and of the latter for four years.

Brazil is the first state in size, enlightenment, and importance in South America. It is nearly as large as all Europe, and larger than the United States before Alaska was acquired. It has vast resources—a fertile soil, immense pastures, great forests, and stores of minerals and diamonds. With one exception Dom Pedro's is the longest reign of any living monarch's, the accession of Queen Victoria preceding his by three years; and it is during his reign, and through his exertions and influence, that Brazil has steadily grown in power and importance. The national finances are in a prosperous condition, railways have been built, telegraphs and cable-lines have been extended in every direction, the navigation of rivers has been promoted, slavery has been abolished, and free education has been made universal throughout the empire. Long life and prosperity, then, to Dom Pedro d'Alcantara, Constitutional Emperor and Defender of Brazil, whose jubilee year draws nigh!

I took the opportunity while at Rio to visit the largest ironclad in the Brazilian navy, which was then lying at anchor in the harbor. It was the steam-frigate *Riachuelo*, the admiral's flag-ship. I found myself heartily welcomed at the gangway, and was presented to a lieutenant, who, having studied for some years in England, spoke the language fluently, and not only showed me all over the great man-of-war and explained everything that was new to me, but also invited me to remain to breakfast with himself and brother officers. The *Riachuelo* was built in Chatham, England, and everything about her equipment, from stem to stern, is thoroughly English. She is of six thousand tons burden, sharp





*The Brazilian Ironclad Riachuelo.*

at both ends, with three decks, three masts, two funnels, and three thousand horse-power, which enables her to steam sixteen knots an hour. Her length is three hundred feet, breadth fifty feet, depth thirty feet. She has two turrets, upon which her armor is eleven inches in thickness. Elsewhere the thickness is eight inches. Her armament consists of four nine-inch Armstrong, four four-inch, and eighteen Nordenfelt guns. Upon her upper deck she carries a great iron torpedo-boat, and between decks she has several machines which shoot forth torpedoes by means of compressed air. Her crew complete numbers four hundred men. There are two guns pointing forward in the bow, and two in the stern directed backward. On either side, at a short distance from the bow, are the large turrets which, together with their massive contents, are turned by machinery. The huge cannon are so nicely adjusted that a child can move them up or down, to the right or to the left hand. The frigate is everywhere lighted by electricity. In short, every modern invention and improvement in gunnery, in machinery, and in domestic equipment has been supplied to this splendid ironclad. The Brazilian navy, however, is not a very extensive one. There were two other war-vessels in the harbor, one upon the stocks, and five absent on foreign service. Doubtless if Brazil felt the need of a larger navy, she would build it, just as the United States would do. Lying near the Riachuelo was a large double-turreted monitor, which I also visited. Here, however, I was not so fortunate. Finding no one who could speak either English, French, or Spanish, I was obliged to launch forth with such "crippled" Portuguese as I then possessed. The monitor was called the Javari. Her decks did not rise more than three feet above the surface of the water. Her length was about two hundred and fifty feet, her breadth a hundred, and her depth thirty feet. She had three decks, and was plated, including the upper deck, with five-inch armor. Her armament consisted of four ten-inch Whitworth guns, two in each turret. This monitor is intended chiefly for harbor and river defense, though it can

safely visit the coast-ports; but, if the sea is at all rough, she is half under water all the time. The hatches and other apertures have to be battened down, and she is driven through the water as fast as may be. Air for the men to breathe has to be forced below by machinery specially provided for the purpose. On such a voyage it is needless to add that all on board are thoroughly uncomfortable.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### THE PROVINCE OF SAN PAULO.

IN company with my good friends, Messrs. Derby and Lamoureux, I made a ten days' visit to San Paulo, the richest coffee province of Brazil. We went by the Dom Pedro II. Railway, and returned by steamer from Santos, an important commercial city and the chief port of San Paulo. The distance to San Paulo city, the capital of the province of like name, is three hundred and ten miles, and the running time of the daily express thirteen hours, including stops. The cars were built on a sort of compromise with the American idea, though they, and also the locomotives, came from England. The start is made at the early hour of five in the morning, so as not to be obliged to travel at night, for fear of accidents. Our very long train was later on divided into several trains, each taking a branch road. The general direction of our route was first northwest, until we had ascended the mountains, and then southwest to San Paulo. For mounting the serra two locomotives were used, one at each end of the train. This part of the road contains fifteen tunnels, and is a splendid piece of engineering. One of these tunnels is a mile and a half in length, and upon it were expended seven years of labor and over two million milreis. The first section of the road passes over a flat, low country, but after leaving the town of Belem it begins to ascend the mountains in heavy grades and sweeping curves. The scenery is indescribably grand and beautiful, particularly from the neighborhood of Palmeiras, a little station overlooking the Macocos Valley, which enjoys a high reputation as a



health resort. The country is not thickly settled, and the towns at which we stopped are small and of the same uninteresting type. We breakfast at Barra do Pirahy, a small railway-junction town on the Parahyba River, about seventy miles from Rio. As we go on, we follow the Parahyba River, sometimes on one bank, sometimes on the other. It is a muddy little stream, full of rapids, and unnavigable save perhaps for canoes. We pass along a great valley, some fifty miles wide, with beautiful ranges of mountains on each hand, that toward the south being the coast range, and the least interesting. In the other, the Serra da Mantiqueira, we pass the highest peak in Brazil. It is named Itatiaia, and is about nine thousand feet above sea-level.

San Paulo lies upon a great plain, with low hills upon the entire horizon. It is a city of about fifty thousand inhabitants. The houses are of one story. There is a pretty public garden, with a tall tower from which a wide survey of the neighboring country may be had. Tramways reach the suburbs, where are many charming country-houses, at one of which—that of Mr. Squire Sampson, a retired American railway contractor—we were royally entertained for several days. San Paulo may be said to be the headquarters of the coffee interest, and from here run four lines of railway to the great coffee districts of the interior. Brazil, I may remind the reader, yields more than half the coffee consumed in the world, and the United States takes more than half the quantity exported. There are two and sometimes three coffee harvests in a year. In 1754 the first coffee-tree in Brazil was planted in the garden of the San Antonio Convent, in Rio Janeiro, but coffee did not become an object of cultivation until many years after. Early in the present century its value as an exportable product began to be recognized, and its cultivation at once became an object of general interest. The hills about Rio and around the bay were covered with coffee-orchards, the remains of which are still to be seen. Coffee cultivation, however, has long since disappeared from that vicinity, and with the opening of railways across the

mountain-ranges along the coast, has pushed its way into the virgin districts of the interior. The trade of Rio Janeiro is almost wholly dependent upon coffee. Mr. Sampson kindly accompanied us to a city called Campinas, about eighty miles to the north, in order that we might visit some of the famous *fazendas*, or coffee-plantations. The city of Campinas has a population of about twenty thousand. It is curiously situated in a great hollow of the plain, which makes it a very hot, uncomfortable, and unhealthy residence. The richer citizens, therefore, build their houses on the higher land of the environs. At the time of our visit to Campinas, a fair of local products and industries was being held, which was especially interesting from the great variety of coffee samples and coffee machinery exhibited.

From Campinas we made an excursion, in one day, to several of the neighboring coffee estates. The country roads were very bad, and I did not wonder that "buck-board" wagons were the favorite vehicles. Immediately upon leaving the city, the straight rows of the coffee-trees are everywhere seen extending along the bases of the lower hills. In fact, it is the same all the way along the railway, from Rio to San Paulo, and on to Campinas. Almost the only other cultivated products that attract attention are maize and mandioc, which are all consumed in the country. Perhaps the chief dependence of the people is upon mandioc. This is a shrub, with large roots, which, after being scraped to a pulp and pressed, are baked on hot iron or earthenware plates. The mandioc, when washed and dried, furnishes the tapioca of commerce. There is, of course, a similarity about the manor-houses of all the great *fazendas*. Most of them are placed high up on the side of beautiful valleys, with magnificent outlooks, and all have splendid fruit-orchards and flower-gardens, in which you see growing, side by side, the choice representatives of two zones. The houses are of enormous size, and are approached by massive flights of steps. The rooms are thirty and even forty feet square, and twenty-five feet in height, without carpets and with com-

paratively little furniture. There is a universal and diverting method of placing the sofa and chairs in the parlors. Three or four chairs always stand in rows at right angles from the ends of the sofa. This, of course, gives the room an oddly stiff appearance. In these rows the men always sit upon one side and the women upon the opposite. I did not see a library, or books other than a few novels, in any of these grand establishments. The bedrooms often have no windows or any means of ventilation, and are only lighted by their open doors. The size and style of the dining-rooms reminded me of those in the old baronial castles of England. We were invited to breakfast in one of these, and there met the proprietor's wife, a rather pretty woman, gayly attired. We were waited on by old and ugly slaves. The wife said little or nothing during the meal, and this was all that we saw of her, though we remained some time. I rather pitied her lonely existence, with no companions but negroes, and apparently with no employment or diversion save embroidery and lolling in a hammock. But I believe my sympathy to have been misplaced, for she seemed very contented, and to my question, "Would she not like to visit Europe?" she replied in the negative. In the same inclosures as the manor-houses were the quarters of the superintendent, the hospital, barns for the stock, and buildings for the preparation of coffee for the market. Several acres of a sloping hill-side near by, covered with cement and properly drained, were used for drying coffee. The most interesting buildings to me were the slave quarters—great quadrangles of low, single-story, mud huts, with a huge gate which locked the slaves in at night. I had the curiosity to examine one of the huts, and found therein nothing but a hammock, a bare bamboo bed, a few cooking-utensils, and the embers of a fire upon the mud floor. Some rude attempt at ornament had, however, been made by means of pictures cut from English illustrated papers. The slaves during all the day are, of course, at work in the fields.

And now I am naturally brought to a consideration of

the general subject of Brazilian slavery and emancipation, which, however, has been so freely and so frequently discussed in our daily journals and elsewhere, that I need but recount briefly my own impressions. By the law of the 28th of September, 1871, it was declared that from that date every newborn child of a slave within the limits of the empire should be free. All government slaves and slaves of the imperial household were also declared free. With the object of gradually freeing the slaves of private individuals, the same law established an emancipation fund, the proceeds of which were annually applied for this purpose. The total extinction of slavery, without danger to public safety, and without detriment to the rights of private property, thus seemed assured at no very distant date. A few months before I went to Rio, a law was passed making all slaves who were sixty-five years old free unconditionally, and manumitting all other slaves upon their attaining the age of sixty, on condition of their continuing, until the age of sixty-five to serve their former masters. Under this law slaves who were over sixty, but under sixty-five, at the time it was passed, would, though practically free, have longer or shorter periods of servitude still before them, according as their ages approximated that at which absolute freedom became their right. Those who had that right might, if they preferred, remain with their former masters, at a certain remuneration, unless they chose another manner of earning a living for which they were considered fit by the judges of the orphans' courts. An official valuation was fixed on all others, and an additional five-per-cent tax on all revenues, except export duties, was imposed for the interest charges on the proposed emancipation bonds, and for increasing the emancipation fund. The maximum price from the emancipation fund necessary to free a slave, under the new law, was four hundred and fifty dollars.

But there seems to have been a rapidly growing discontent among the slaves. In the southern part of the province of San Paulo a great simultaneous slave revolt had been planned for Christmas-eve, 1886, but was detected at the last

moment by one of the planters. An alarm was given, and military dispatched to the disaffected plantations. There was a concerted action among the slaves which boded ill for the future. The peculiar dangers of the situation were dangers which must have increased with lapse of time. The much-used statement that the end of this century would see the end of negro slavery in Brazil was not, under the system of enfranchisement, at all correct. There was still a large slave population which was being freed at an infinitesimally slow rate—only about one a year out of every two hundred of their number. Brazil had a large free negro population, which enjoyed all the privileges of white citizens. It acquired material advantages in the matter of wealth and position through the use of its freedom. The emancipation fund distributions among certain of their race were naturally observed with bitter disappointment and envy by the slaves. The natural result of all this was, to make them discontented and dissatisfied. It aroused feelings of desperation which, in the end, tended to revolt; and this danger increased from year to year. What should be done? The emancipation question had been studied from so many sides in Brazil, so many new projects had been tested, only to be afterward rejected, that I hesitated to give an opinion. And yet it seemed to me, with such light on the puzzling subject as I could obtain from every quarter, that instantaneous and total manumission would be the better course. The only way the Brazilian could disarm and avoid his threatened ruin was by decreeing immediate emancipation, and making suitable provisions for attaching the freedmen to the soil, for which negroes were better suited than any other race which could be brought into the country. Thus I wrote in 1886. Two years afterward, on May 17, 1888, the Brazilian Senate passed a bill—which had been passed by the Chamber of Deputies the preceding week—granting immediate and unconditional emancipation.

On May 18, 1888, a government decree was issued, appointing three days for festivities in celebration of the abolition of slavery. During those days the public offices and

almost all the private establishments were closed. The festival commenced with a grand mass in the open air, in the great square of Dom Pedro I., celebrated with immense pomp in the presence of the Princess Regent and family, the ministers of state, the foreign representatives, officers and officials of every rank, numerous corporations, societies, and schools, the garrison and naval forces of Rio, and an immense assemblage of people. After this imposing ceremony and a naval and military parade were over, grand processions of schools, societies, corporations, students, and public and private employés of all classes were organized, day after day, and marched with bands, banners, orators, and addresses, through the principal streets, which were all decorated with flags and foliage, and at night were brilliantly illuminated. The theatres were opened gratuitously to the public, and on May 20th, at night, two of the public squares were transformed into open-air ball-rooms, to whose gratuitous Terpsichorean exercises the people of Rio, and especially the newly made citizens, were invited—an invitation as largely accepted as generously offered. The balls commenced after a beautiful display of fire-works, and were carried on until the morning of the 21st.

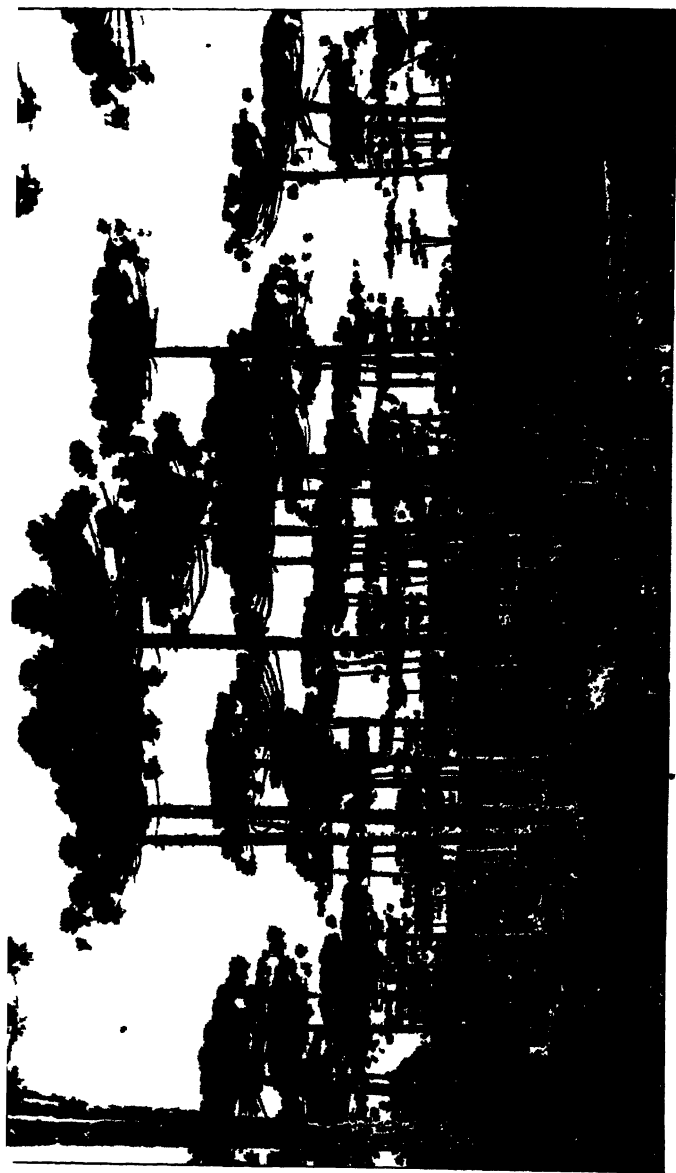
From San Paulo we took the English railway to Santos, its seaport, about forty miles distant, whence we intended to return to Rio by sea. The railway runs through an uninteresting expanse of country, until it reaches the summit of the coast range of mountains—the Serra do Mar—down which runs a cable road, a distance of five miles in four “inclined planes.” A train coming up balances that on which you descend. The height of the ridge is about twenty-five hundred feet. The wire cables used are an inch and a half in diameter. There are powerful engines located at the top of each incline. The steepest incline is ten per cent. This road has been open some twenty-odd years. Its original cost was very great, running, as it does, upon the steep flanks of valleys where much stone-work was required. Owing to the peculiar topography of this section of country, enormous floods of rain fall during a single brief storm. In order to

draw off these dangerous inundations, frequent sluices are built beneath the road-bed, and massive conduits almost continuously follow its surface. Destructive land-slides occasionally occur, notwithstanding precaution has been taken against them. The views from the summit of the Serra do Mar are superb. You look into a great valley full of bright-green trees, and away to peak after peak in the distance toward the sea.

Reaching the plain, a short run took us to Santos, a town of about twenty thousand people, built at the foot of some green hills and adjoining a short but deep river, which permits large steamers to approach its wharves, or at least anchor near by. Santos is probably the second seaport of the empire in the value and importance of its exports. It is a hot, dirty, damp, unwholesome place, but there is a large healthy suburb, about four miles distant, toward the sea, at the south, and reached by a tramway. Going out you pass many beautiful country-houses, and upon arriving you look over the Bay of Santos, and out upon the broad Atlantic. Opposite this place—called the “Barra,” the bar, where there is an exceptionally fine sea-beach, which is a favorite residence with foreigners—is a small dilapidated fort. All about the bay rise picturesque hills, and the coast on the journey to Rio shows many fine views of a like character. We took passage in the Argentine, of the Hamburg South American Steamship Company, a clean, comfortable, well-provisioned, and well-ordered steamer. As regards the great peaks to the northward and westward of Rio, I am at a loss to decide whether the view is more remarkable from the ocean or from the bay. At any rate, I feel safe in saying that the assemblage of peaks and ranges, rocks and valleys, coasts and beaches, lying promiscuously about the entrance to Rio Harbor, presents one of the most interesting scenic spectacles to be found anywhere in the world. As we came from another port of the same empire, we had no trouble with the custom-house inspectors, but upon landing found the city a worthy successor of the fiery furnace so graphically described in Holy Writ.







*Pines, Minas-Gerues, Brazil.*

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### A TRIP TO MORRO VELHO.

AFTER seeing everything of interest in Rio and its environs, and having visited San Paulo, I determined to see something of the interior of Minas-Geraes, the highest tableland, the most populous, and one of the richest and most important of the provinces of Brazil. The prairies are covered with vast herds of cattle, while below the surface in rocks, or alluvial deposits, or in the sands of rivers, are found gold, lead, coal, topazes, amethysts, and diamonds. I had proposed to visit the old Portuguese gold-mine of Morro Velho, the richest in the empire, and the largest and deepest in the world ; Ouro Preto, the curious capital of Minas-Geraes ; Nova Friburgo, the site of the first colony established in Brazil ; and Nictheroy, the capital of the province of Rio Janeiro. The journey would be performed by steamer, railroad, and mule-back. It would cover about one thousand miles, and require at least a month. The general direction of the tour would be north and south, and Petropolis, which I had already visited, would be the actual point of departure. From here I intended to go to a village called Entre Rios, on the Parahyba River, and about sixty miles distant. At the low-vitality hour of 4 A. M. I heard the bugle of the coach, and, hailing it, took the only remaining outside seat.

This coach was of the orthodox English pattern, holding four "insides" and fourteen "outsides." There were two classes of passengers. We were drawn by five mules, the three leaders being harnessed abreast. The coach was named "Celeridade," and well deserved its title, for we bowled

along at a swift gallop of at least ten miles an hour. The road has been built many years, and is a capital piece of engineering. It is macadamized, and at intervals are toll-gates. The streams are crossed by good iron-girder bridges. The company dispatches one coach each way per day, and, of course, carries the mail. But the care of this in no wise interfered with our progress. Bags were handed up to the guard on sticks, which, having removed, he threw back, and other bags were tossed out, without a pause in our speed. Leaving Petropolis we followed a narrow valley, containing the Piabanha River, nearly all the way to Entre Rios, crossing the stream several times. The whole ride was through a most picturesque region, and the excellence of the road, together with the rapid pace at which we covered it, made a very exhilarating journey. It being so early in the morning, and cloudy, overcoats were comfortable, and hot coffee at one station added not a little to our well-being. The gorge along which we flew was generally denuded of trees, and covered with corn, coffee, or pasture, alternately. The river was merely a great brawling mountain torrent, dashing itself over rocks, swirling around corners, and roaring and raging as if wild at being so buffeted. The hills were of the same uncouth, sugar-loaf, dome-and-peak character as those surrounding the Bay of Rio. Some were green and wooded, and some were of bare rock, precipitous and smooth, save for beautiful clumps of lichen. On the opposite side of the river a new narrow-gauge railroad—but not then in operation—followed us for half the distance to Entre Rios, to which it is to be eventually extended. Great carts, drawn by five yoke of oxen, and loaded with bags of coffee, were continually passing us on their way to the shore of the great bay, and thence to a market. In the coffee-plantations I noticed slaves at work hoeing maize, and superintended by mulattoes, each with an ever-ready whip strung around his neck. The houses were usually very mean mud structures, but occasionally we got sight of the superior headquarters of a coffee estate encompassed with beautiful gardens. Just before

reaching Entre Rios, we crossed the Parahyba River on a long iron bridge, supported by stone piers. Entre Rios is an insignificant little village, only important as being the junction of the great Dom Pedro II. Railroad, and also of another which runs a long distance to the eastward. Our coach made close connection with the train, in which I deposited myself and baggage.

At first we followed the valley of the Parahybuna, a branch of the Parahyba, both the banks and the hills being covered with coffee-plants of various growths, as evidenced by their varying shades of green. Then we gradually rose and passed over a ridge commanding a long backward view of woody hills, so incessantly undulating as to resemble a great ocean of tumultuous verdure. The various tints, from the most delicate green of the young coffee to the dark velvety emerald of the forests, melted their infinite gradations into each other, and made a particularly pleasing panoramic prospect. Besides the coffee, much maize was grown. I had observed that the coach-road was a veritable cork-screw; that often, at a distance of less than half a mile ahead, you could not for your life tell how you were to get out of the *cul-de-sac*, or which way the valley would wind. But of all the railway-rides I ever took, this was certainly the most crooked. In order to avoid the numerous knolls, it had to turn and turn, often making a complete semicircle. The formation of the country was quite extraordinary. Ridges were absent, but in their place were thousands of detached hills and hillocks, with very straitened valleys between. The railway might be accurately described as made of embankments, curves, and earth-channels. The soil being quite red, partly from the presence of iron-ore, the huge slices which were frequently pared from the hills looked like great scars on Mother Earth's green body. We stopped at many stations, but they were generally only the smallest of villages. Exceptions would be the towns of Parahybuna and Barbacena. The second section of our journey consisted largely of forests, while the third contained considerable grazing land. Occa-

sionally we could see large manor-houses, and the train seemed full of men whom, from their dress, manner, and conversation, I imagined to be coffee-planters. Slaves were everywhere at work in the fields, striving with enormous hoes to root out the ever-luxuriant weeds. A little before reaching Barbacena, a branch line runs a long distance to the westward.

The village of Lafayette is the present terminus of the railway, which, however, will soon reach Sabara, with a branch line to Ouro Preto. It is intended eventually to extend the Dom Pedro II. Railway from Sabara, on the Rio das Velhas, to the junction of that river with the San Francisco, of which it is the main branch. Uninterrupted steamer communication will be had down the San Francisco for thirteen hundred miles, to the famous rapids of Paulo Affonso. Around these rapids has already been built a railway, from whose terminus other steamers ply directly to the point where the San Francisco empties into the Atlantic Ocean. Lafayette and Rio are daily connected by an express-train each way. It is one day's mule-ride to Ouro Preto, and three to Morro Velho. There are three very fair little hotels in Lafayette—one of them has the winning title of "Friendship Hotel," and another is called "Good Hope Hotel." The station of Lafayette is about half a mile distant from the town of Queluz, which is built along the summit of a ridge of hills, whence a splendid view of the country in every direction may be had. It consists almost entirely of one long and very broad street, faced by one-story, whitewashed houses. At about the middle and at one end are churches. At the other extremity are a chapel and a cemetery. Queluz, but twelve hours from Rio, could not, in a certain sense, be farther off if it were a thousand miles in the interior. Rio is a great Europeanized city, importing or manufacturing every necessary as well as all the conveniences and luxuries of life; whereas in Queluz the people make their own clothes and soap. It is a very abrupt transition from culture to primitiveness. In Queluz the dead are buried in the parish churchyard, without any ceremonial and with no clergyman

present. The streets at night are unlighted. If you wish a prescription compounded, you will lose much time in searching for the druggist. He may be out riding or shooting, or his shop may be closed, or "peradventure he travelth." Even if found at home, he has been known to return word that the prescription would be "put up" *amanhã*—to-morrow. The doctors are landed proprietors. They practice medicine merely to pass the time, and will attend you if they feel in the mood. The prison of Queluz was on the principal street, with heavily barred windows, where the prisoners were not only talking with people in the street, but from which they had also thrust their legs and arms. Not only do the sentries chat with the prisoners, giving them all the daily gossip of the town, but they even play cards with them, the bars intervening between the two parties by no means handicapping the game. There are many lepers in Queluz. The prevalence of the disease is said to be in large part due to the people living almost exclusively upon a diet of pork and corn-meal.

The next day I left Lafayette for the gold-mine of Morro Velho, about eighty miles distant. I took a horse and two mules, one of the latter for my guide and the other for my baggage. My guide's name was Hippolyte, but, being a very black negro, I doubt if he was a lineal descendant of the Christian theologian, martyr, and saint of like name. He was originally a Brazilian slave, but had been given his liberty some ten years before by a kind-hearted owner. He was a great, burly, good-natured fellow, and proved an excellent servant. He wore huge spurs strapped to his bare feet, which had to me a very comical appearance at first, though it is the custom here; and he rode, moreover, with one or two, but never all, his toes placed in the stirrup. The road was about twenty feet in width, and when I say that I passed a few light, narrow wagons, with great wooden wheels, drawn by eight yoke of oxen, the reader has as fair an idea of its condition as if I added that in places the mud was a foot deep, and that the road extended up and down hill at angles of thirty degrees. These Brazilian turn-outs reminded me some-

what of the great Cape Colony wagons, which, with their twenty yoke of oxen "trek" away into the distant interior. The country was of the same general character as that already described as existing from Entre Rios to Lafayette—a rough sea of hills and hillocks. There was but little primitive forest, though considerable of "second-growth" timber, and not a little fine meadow-land. Some corn was cultivated, though but little coffee. The land seemed sparsely settled. Nevertheless, I encountered a goodly number of roadside stores and inns, and two or three somewhat pretentious hotels. Only one small village was seen. We passed many mule-troops—generally about half a dozen animals in a troop—loaded with coffee. These were coming down-country, though in going up they carried multifarious household merchandise. The loads of the mules were neatly roofed with great hides—an effectual water-proof covering. Most of the animals wore little baskets over their mouths, the object of course being to prevent their stopping to graze by the roadside. The leading mule bore a bell, whose tinkling the others were supposed to follow as willingly as sheep their bell-wether; but the mules here as elsewhere require constant prodding, so defective is their memory. The muleteers sing also quaint songs, rather to encourage the mules than to amuse themselves. In like manner the cart-drivers have a method—and a very disagreeable one—of making music for their oxen by putting charcoal on the axles of their carts, which makes them squeak in the most excruciating manner. You can tell their approach a mile off. The mule-troops were always attended by a couple of negroes—one mounted, one on foot—clothed only in hat, shirt, and trousers. All removed their hats, and saluted me in a very respectful manner. There were but few carts, probably on account of the wretched condition of the roads. We were hardly able to exceed a walk at any time during the day. The rivers are crossed by good wooden bridges; the brooks are forded. The horses of a few Brazilian ladies and gentlemen ambled past—the ladies with long, flowing habits and kid gloves, the gentlemen in white duck

suits and straw hats. With one party a two-mule litter carried the baby, nurse, and smaller children. The little native grog-shops, of which there were many, seemed well patronized. They contained sugar-cane brandy, domestic and imported beer, sweet drinks, cigarettes, etc. At Ouro Branco I stopped for lunch at one of the small hotels. It was not provided with chairs, at least not in the sitting-room, which had, however, a sofa and a bed. A high gate at the door effectually prevented chickens from walking in and babies from walking out.

Leaving this village the road skirted a low range of grass-covered hills for some distance to the eastward, gradually mounting them, and turning to the right for Ouro Preto, and the left for Morro Velho. We followed along this ridge for some distance, having everywhere magnificent views of the billowy land, until a terrific thunder-storm coming suddenly up shut out the horizon on every side. The lightning was really frightful. You had to shut your eyes after a flash, and then slowly open them in order to see the road, while the thunder fairly shook the ground under one's feet. I rode directly through a great black cloud, the electric flame almost singeing my mustache, and a firm conviction taking possession of me that the very next stroke would put an eternal quietus upon at least one inquisitive wanderer. The rain fell in such torrents as to actually make my shoulders and back sore. Not until sundown did it cease, and by that time I had reached an exceedingly primitive inn for dinner and sleep. I fought my way through the pigs and chickens in the front room, and found a reed-covered bedstead in a rear room. The only other furniture in the house was a table. The ceiling was of plaited bamboos, the floor of mud. On my way out to look for some drinking-water, my passage was disputed by a horse eating a few grains off the floor of the sitting—no, standing-room. Water for washing was brought me in an old soup-tureen, with a piece of a curtain for a towel. This was a specimen of a Brazilian *pousada*, or wayside-inn. And yet, with all this barbarism, the bed-linen



as in Ecuador and the Argentine Republic, was bordered with lace and fancy knitted-work! My pillow was round, like a Lyons samsage, and just about as large and as hard. The road hither, as might be imagined from the extreme irregularity of the country, had been very tortuous. Sometimes also it passed through cuttings—not made by man, but by water—the top of which, just the width of a cart, was ten feet above your head as you rode along on horseback. The carts in some places had worn ruts in the rock quite a foot in depth. I noticed a number of gold-diggings and washings, mostly made by the old Portuguese miners, and many landslides or land-sinkings, great cracks in the earth caused by the rains, the soil everywhere appearing of a bright-red color. Many of the neighboring hills had curious exposed rock formations. Indeed, the whole region possesses great interest for a geologist. My dinner was fairly good. Boiled mandioc-farina took the place of bread. The native beer was quite palatable, not unlike certain light German beers. The good people were not able to provide me with a knife, and so I had to bite from a large piece as best I might. At night the muleteers gathered in groups about little fires, and sang love-songs, with the customary *fandango* touch with which we are familiar. They accompanied themselves on a sort of guitar, called here a *viola*. Doubtless the novel surroundings of a moonlight night in the interior of tropical Brazil made this entertainment especially interesting to me.

Starting at six the next morning we passed through a country of pasture and forest. The hills were grassed and bare of trees, while the banks of the streams were thickly wooded. The excavations made by the old miners continued a striking and picturesque feature of the landscape. Their general tint was a bright brick-red, with variously shaded mineral streaks, and sometimes the banks of the hollows glistened with all the colors of the rainbow. The rain has washed and the wind has worn the great cavities into very fantastic shapes. Sometimes they are full of ridges, sharp as a knife; sometimes they are crowded with little pinnacles,

each of a different color; then again they are fashioned into a series of terraces and towers innumerable. As I rode along, the hill-side croppings, the bed of the road, and the banks of the streams all showed a sufficient variety of rocks and minerals to stock a cabinet. I halted for breakfast at a better sort of inn than that of the previous night. It was in the town of Caxones, a pretty little place lying along the low ridges of a valley, through which ran a river crossed by a wooden bridge. Many of the houses in this town were two stories in height, and a large and rather imposing church crowned a central hillock. In the course of the afternoon I passed through several villages. These usually consisted of a long, straggling street, with a double-towered church at one end and a chapel and cemetery at the other. The church seemed always to be placed upon high ground, easily to be seen from all parts of the village and environs. Upon a number of hill-tops were small chapels, with great wooden crosses at their sides. The latter were painted black and covered with a most extraordinary assortment of ecclesiastical emblems. Among them I noticed a rooster, probably in honor of St. Peter, a sword, a pitcher and wash-basin, skull and cross-bones, hammer and tongs, mingled with the wine-cup, sponge, spear, ladder, and other symbols of the crucifixion. At intervals along the roadside were small wooden crosses, some of them nearly covered with pretty flowering vines, and surrounded by neat palings. The muleteers gravely doffed their hats at each. But the frequent occurrence of these crosses is, to a visitor, extremely disheartening, for at each of them, it is said, some one died from sudden illness, or was murdered. The views during the afternoon embraced two thirds of the horizon. The road seems to keep upon the ridges where possible. At other times it winds high up the mountain-sides, so that nearly all the while you have charming visions of dome-shaped hillocks, of undulating pastures, of blue and distant ranges, of valleys filled with darkly graceful trees, and of pretty little villages, whose white walls gleam amid the all-engulfing green.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### DOWN THE GREAT GOLD-MINE.

WE stopped for our noon breakfast, the next day, at the village of San Antonio on the Rio das Velhas. During the morning we had passed a peak, to the west, of nearly a mile in height. All the afternoon the range of hills called the Serra da Piedade, of about the same height, loomed before us to the northwest. Morro Velho is at the extreme north-eastern end of this range. We finally ascended a sharp ridge, from the top of which we saw the village of Congonhas straggling along the road for a mile or so at our feet. The descent to this valley was very precipitous. Congonhas seemed to be a hamlet rather above the average. In the Grand Plaza I even noticed the word "Teatro" on a small single-story edifice. The cathedral contains a very remarkable series of old carved wooden statuary, cleverly arranged in historical tableaux, which illustrate scenes in the life of Christ and the apostles, and an engraved specimen of which I am fortunately able to show the reader.

Passing through Congonhas, you ascend another sharp ridge, and find just beyond it the village and mine of Morro Velho. The clatter of the mills is heard a long way off. The opening to the mine, the stamping and other works, and the dwellings of the miners, are crowded into a circlet of the hills. Dismounting at the general offices, I enter the private grounds of the San Juan del Rey Mining Company, and am received with open-armed hospitality by Mr. George Chalmers, the superintendent, in a large old-fashioned residence, built by the Portuguese miners more than a hundred



*Wooden Images in a Church at Congonhas.*



years ago. It is a very comfortable single-story house, fitted with every luxury of a high-class English home. The sitting-room and parlors are full of natural history collections, among them the skins of many animals shot by the superintendent, who is a devoted sportsman and collector. One stand contains a splendid lot of crystals with magnetic pyrites. The baths are supplied with cool spring water, which constantly flows through them. In one room is a fine large billiard-table. The lawn is marked for tennis, while in a little octagonal pavilion near by is an excellent library of books, with a large table, covered with magazines and other periodicals, and well supplied with writing materials. A broad piazza extends around the house, and affords interesting views of the neighboring hills. Rare orchids, in endless profusion, border the piazza, while a pretty inner court-yard is laid out with fruit-trees, flowers, and gravel walks. There are commodious stables and poultry-yards. A small menagerie of wild dogs, pigs, monkeys, deer, etc., would prove of interest to a naturalist, and of interest to every one would be the very intelligent Scotch terrier "Charlie." The mine, through bad management, had been running down very rapidly, when, about a year before my visit, Mr. Chalmers came out from England and took charge of it. Changes were at once initiated in all the departments, savings were made in old methods, new ones were introduced, and the mine and works were quickly developed and brought into a paying condition. Mr. Chalmers is a very young man—but thirty-three—for such a responsible position, but he has already proved himself just the person for the place. From six o'clock in the morning until ten at night he makes the rounds of the different divisions. He is ubiquitous, and his energy is untiring.

A very remarkable and interesting experience was my descent into the mine. At one of the neighboring offices some miners' clothes were given me. Especially useful as a shield against falling stones was a hat made of very stout felt. To the front of this a candle was stuck with a small lump of soft

clay. Two iron cages, or cars, were run with wire ropes, by water-power, and filled a vertical shaft, bored, after the first hundred feet or so, in the solid rock, to a depth of fourteen hundred and fifty feet. One car ascends while the other descends, carrying the miners, or at other times the gold-rock, in little iron cars, which are run in and out upon rails. Mr. Chalmers, the captain of the mine, and a boy with a bag of candles and a bundle of oiled rags, with which to illuminate special parts of the excavation, accompany me. From the bottom of the shaft the main gallery, with double track for the cars, runs off to near the present end of the mine, but several hundred feet above it. Here there is a small steam-engine, which is used to raise the ore in a great iron bucket from one of the platforms where the men are at work. Not far from a point where the gallery branches from the shaft, is the original starting of the drift by the present English company, the lode running toward the east at an angle of forty-five degrees. This drift descends several hundred feet to a large level space, then there is an abrupt descent of perhaps fifty feet, and another great level, another descent of fifty feet, and then a smaller level, and you arrive at the extreme bottom of the mine. Let me now go back and follow our footsteps as we made the circuit. We had reached the end of the main gallery, and stood upon some very heavy wooden flooring. There was nothing between us and the bottom of the mine, some four hundred feet below, save the several landing-stages. On one side was the rod of the huge pump, slowly, almost noiselessly at work. In the center was an opening where the ore-bucket was drawn up an inclined plane. On the other side was a round dark hole where we began a further descent upon long, narrow ladders, which dipped at a very slight angle—indeed, seemed nearly horizontal part of the time. The ladders being slippery, and not backed by planking, you could occasionally catch glimpses, through the rungs, of passing lights, and of men at work many hundred feet below. The experience was depressing, nor did the continual caution not to look down exhilarate us.

We descended innumerable ladders of interminable length. The roofs and sides of the mine were everywhere supported by the hardest woods of Brazil. Two feet square was the average thickness of these timbers, though I occasionally saw them as much as three feet square. At the bottom, such of the roof as I could see, seemed supported by great wooden columns, between which was a solid backing of heavy planking. Then some twenty feet below this was a row of enormous logs, placed at about fifteen feet apart. On our way down the ladders, at every landing we saw men at work, some putting in new timbers—for sometimes these rot quickly—others bracing old ones, or mending some of the hauling-gear. Each gang of men had an English boss. From the last stage the bottom of the mine is reached by a long wire-rope ladder, loosely hung against the perpendicular wall. It is necessary to have a ladder of this kind, for the frequent blasts would soon destroy a wooden one. The lode, at the end, two thousand feet below the surface, is about fifty feet in width, and so rich that the dark gray stone fairly glistens in the light of the miners' candles. Comparatively little water is in the mine, the pump drawing from a shallow pool through a long canvas tube. As fast as the gallery advances the huge timbers are placed just below the roof, across it. It seems wonderful how the men can get a tree-trunk three feet square, and nearly a hundred feet in length, into such seemingly inaccessible positions. It is done by means of great chains and the assistance of the steam-engine previously mentioned.

All through the mine the visitor is startled and alarmed by a variety of continuous rumblings and reverberations. The calls of the men to each other and the commands of the bosses have also an ominous sound. These goblin noises, penetrating through the murky darkness, combine with the miners' lights, which dart about like so many vicious jack o'lanterns, to surround one with a pandemonium. The air, however, is everywhere remarkably pure, a pleasantly disillusioning fact, rather unusual, as no fresh air is forced down



from above. At the end of the drift I found about a dozen men drilling holes in the ore-producing mineral vein, and another dozen engaged in putting in new timbers. From here you can look straight up, along some thousands of feet, to the beginning of the drift—over the two platforms, and above, to the roof, four hundred feet distant. The width varies from fifty to a hundred feet. It is a most wonderful, awe-inspiring cavity. No other mine in the world can boast of a greater. Boys with torches were sent to different points along the excavation, so that we could easily get an idea of its vast proportions, while the lights of men at work above indicated the distance of the roof. Clambering up the first incline, we found about fifty men engaged in drilling and loading the bucket with the ore. They were singing a wild refrain, keeping good time with the heavy blows of their sledges. Their naked bodies showed superb muscular development. They paused for a moment to salute our party with a double "*Viva!*" and then the banging, clanging, and strange though not unmusical singing, continued. What a grim picture it all made! I remember some of Doré's illustrations of Dante which might be exactly duplicated here; while the uncouth cries, oaths, blows, and rumbles, might with but little stretch of the imagination be thought fit for "the high capital of Satan and his peers." While watching the men, and standing upon the next higher platform, noises like distant but heavy thunder would occasionally be heard. These, they told me, were blasts in remote and smaller galleries. Dynamite is used for these blasts, seventy-five pounds a day being required. The men at the end of our gallery next fired seventeen charges, as we all stood under what is regarded as the strongest wall, for fear of possible stone-flakes falling, though the drifts are blasted and cleared so effectually that there is but very little danger. The various reports of the exploding charges were appalling. The successive waves of air struck us with powerful force. After the sharp crash, as of the heaviest artillery, the ground would shake violently beneath our feet, while the

whole mine appeared to be rocking and tumbling for some seconds. The reverberating echoes were especially sonorous. One particularly thunderous discharge answered for a parting salute, and, after four hours passed in inspection, we proposed to ascend by the forty-five-degree incline. A wire cable is attached to the top of a platform some hundred feet or so above. Straddling this cable, and seizing it with both hands, you walk along, pulling yourself slowly up the cliff. Arrived here, you take to the ladders, all of them steep, some of them nearly vertical. You finally reach the gallery that is on a level with the bottom of the shaft, to which you walk. Here was assembled quite a crowd of miners, who gave us another "*Viva!*" In going up to the surface the negroes in the car entertained us with some more of their half-barbaric songs. The miners seemed a contented, jovial set. They looked, too, quite robust, though that scourge of most miners, consumption, decimates them here as elsewhere. I had found the mine cool and pleasant, although our climbing exertions produced very free perspiration. Arrived at the surface, however, the warm, muggy air quite took away our remaining strength, and we were very glad, after dinner, to indulge in a lengthy *siesta*.

One evening Mr. Chalmers had the colored people come up to the "Casa Grande," the manor, to entertain us with some of their music, dancing, and games. About half of them were slaves, though only hired by the company, not belonging to it. They were all dressed in their smartest. The musical instruments they brought were two guitars, a flageolet, triangle, bells, and a tom-tom, like those used in western Africa, to whose accompaniment they sang, sometimes with a solo and chorus, sometimes all in concert. The dances were very amusing. In one of them the men occupied one half of a circle, and the women the other. A woman would then jump about and twirl around in the center of the ring, and suddenly stop in front of some man, or more likely run up against him, and then return to her place. This was regarded as a sort of challenge by the man,

who would at once leave the circle and go through a similar performance, halting in front of some woman. The latter would repeat the performance, and so on, alternately. This odd proceeding constituted the whole of the dance. But the performers were all enthusiasm and excitement, and skipped about so energetically that I was afraid some of them would get injured. In fact, such is occasionally the case. A crowd of a hundred or more were looking on, some clapping hands to the rhythm of the music, and all greatly interested and amused. The music, singing, clapping, laughing, and shouting made a fearful hubbub. Frequently one of the musicians, instrument in hand, would enter the arena and dance as wildly as any of the others, without ceasing his playing for an instant. A favorite and diverting game was "baiting the bull." A very good imitation of a bull's head had been made from an actual head of bone covered with cloth. A man imitated a bull by secreting himself in the skin of one of these animals, and supported the artificial head in proper position. This "make-believe" bull was then led in by two men, fantastically dressed, and wearing masks, who capered around the improvised animal without ceasing. The crowd followed the bull about the lawn, playing, singing, and dancing, as merry as children. Occasionally the bull would walk around in a circle, clearing a larger space for himself. All his movements were those of the genuine animal. Sometimes, with head down and slightly swinging from side to side, he would make a charge straight into the crowd, knocking men and boys "head over heels," and causing the women and girls to run and scream as only women and girls can on such occasions. The performance was continued for some time, and appeared to afford the colored people as much amusement as it did ourselves. At the finish the crowd all marched away, following the music and still dancing. It was a vivid reminiscence of western Africa. These slaves perpetuate not only their original habits and customs, but their languages, which they frequently talk among themselves, though, when they learn Portuguese, they are apt to forget

their vernacular. They are contented, peaceable, happy people, and the men who work in the mine are faithful and honest.

The clatter of the mills is heard night and day, Sundays and holidays, week in and week out. The mining works were all shown me by the obliging superintendent, Mr. Chalmers. A general view of the place brings into prominence a huge water-course and iron siphon coming down a hill to the extreme left, or west. The driving power is water, introduced in flumes, and this one is seven miles in length. Then you see, at the north, the quarter where the married slaves reside, and, some distance above it upon the hill-side, the abode of the bachelor miners, appropriately styled "Timbuctoo." The English miners live at some distance in the opposite direction. The stamping-mills, with their rock-crushers and the strakes, are in the center, tucked into a little valley; nearer are the huge mill-wheels, sixty feet in diameter, one of which furnishes the power for working the pump. Farther to the right is the negro church, and below it, some distance, the reduction and amalgamation works. Still farther on, to the right, up on the hill, is the little English cemetery, and below it are the neat cottages of the store-keeper and doctor, and, still lower down, the hospital. The great store-house of the company covers the hillock to the south of the *casa grande*. Here are collections of everything likely to be needed in the works or mine, from candles to machinery. By-the-by, eight gross of candles are every day used in the mine. The upper story of the store-house is filled with corn and beans for the consumption of the miners. Here also is an apartment which, on certain occasions, is improvised as a ball-room, and a smaller one adjoining is utilized for the serving of supper. The mine keeps busy five great stamping-mills, one of them being like those I have seen in California. The others are huge, clumsy affairs, though answering their purpose very well. I followed all the various processes of the works, from where the rough ore leaves the shaft's mouth, until I saw the gold bars ready for transport

to Rio and shipment to England. It is not necessary to detail here all this series of operations, which, though simple in theory, require careful and accurate attention in practice. The rock of the mine is a clay slate, not remarkably hard, but the gold, though richly abounding, is in extremely fine particles; or, to be more exactly scientific, the gold is found associated with arsenical and sulphur pyrites in a vein traversing clay slate. Employed in excavating and hauling the mineral, and timbering the mine, are some four hundred men, the nationalities embracing English, Brazilians, Portuguese, Italians, Germans, Austrians, Spanish, and Chinese. In the works are employed sixty Chinese, seventy-five English, and nearly one thousand natives. Many native women are occupied with the lighter work, as at the strakes and in the amalgamation-rooms. Crushing, grinding, and pulverizing, with the continued use of running water, and the final assistance of quicksilver, are the grand methods by which the perfect gold is separated from its ore-stone. Six times a year what is termed the "gold troop" carries the bars of gold in one of the ordinary country carts, attended by only two or three natives, over the terrible roads of Minas-Geraes, down to Lafayette and the Dom Pedro II. Railway, whence the precious freight is quickly carried to Rio. It is a remarkable fact that no escort is deemed necessary with this shipment, though I noticed that Brazilian travelers, like those in the Argentine Republic, wish apparently to be on the safe side, for they all carry large revolvers. The bars weigh, on an average, eight pounds troy, and contain about one half per cent silver. They have to be remelted in England, for purification, before being marketable, and are then worth about three thousand dollars. The present company, which has been working the mine for nearly sixty years, have taken out as much as three thousand pounds troy in what they term a "good year."

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### ON THE RIO DAS VELHAS.

DURING my visit at Morro Velho a small steamer belonging to the mining company was to go about one hundred miles down the Rio das Velhas, an affluent of the great San Francisco River, to a place called Jaguara, to obtain a cargo of timber for use in the shoring of the mine, and by courtesy of Mr. Chalmers I became the sole passenger. My kind host accompanied me to the town of Sabara, eight miles from Morro Velho, where the little steamer was lying. It was just after a rain-storm, and all the shallow hollows in the road glistened with minute particles of gold. The sand of most of the brooks, too, contained sufficient gold to pay for washing, while many of the rocks were composed of eighty-five per cent of iron. The steamer I found to be a small, paddle-wheel craft, about fifty feet long, and ten feet wide. Directly in the bow was a bench, covered with an awning, an admirable place to sit and see everything. Then came the galley, next the engine and boiler, and then a long cabin, and space for freight. The steamer itself, however, was not intended either for freight or passengers, but to tow an iron barge, of about thirty feet in length, and laden with logs and sawed timber. The steamer was under the command of an Englishman as chief engineer; then there were a native pilot, who had been fifteen years upon the river, a fireman, a cook, and three sailors. The steamer and the barge were built wholly of iron, some twenty years ago, at Jaguara, by a Frenchman, originally to bring proper lumber with which to build a bridge across the river at Sabara—a fine structure and,

thanks to the durable wood of the country, in good condition to-day. Sabara is a very picturesque-looking town, situated on a steep but low hill upon the bank of the river. From a distance one sees the customary two churches, at opposite sides of the town, and among the majority of one-story houses a few of two stories, all with glistening white walls, set off by dark-green foliage of many kinds. Sabara is located at what may be called the extreme head of light-draught navigation, for steamers drawing more than fifteen inches must stop a hundred miles below. It is to be a station on the Dom Pedro II. Railway.

We started about midday. The river was of a muddy-brown character, shallow, about three hundred feet in width, and with a five-knot current. It rises in the rainy season quite twenty feet above its winter level. But it is full of bends, and right angles, and curves which nearly complete a circle, and around which it was often difficult to pass. Although we drew but fifteen inches of water, yet we frequently ran aground, and had to be slowly poled off. Sometimes we grounded at one end, and would spin quickly around and go down-stream, stern foremost, until another grounding would turn us again prow downward. The banks were about five hundred feet in height, covered with either virgin or second-growth forest, and occasionally cleared and planted with maize, mandioc, coffee, and sugar-cane. Sometimes farm-houses were seen, and late in the afternoon, our speed having been about ten knots per hour, we passed the town of Santa Luzia, perched upon and extending along a green hill running back from the river, a fair copy of Sabara, though seeming somewhat larger. At Santa Luzia an old rustic, rickety bridge crosses the river, which, with no greater depth, has now widened to about five hundred feet. From here onward the country became more open, and the hills were rather lower. Many of the banks in the river were covered with sleek-looking cattle lying in the sand, partly to save themselves from the attacks of insects and partly to obtain more of the breeze. Some very large fish are caught

in the Rio das Velhas. Mr. Chalmers has in his parlor a stuffed specimen, five feet in length and proportionately broad, which came from the section below Jaguará. At night we stopped at a farm-house which had a sugar-cane distillery—though this was not the reason we stopped—and many other out-buildings. Just before mooring, we ran aground and swung around at right angles to the course of the river. At this juncture the men stripped themselves, and, jumping into the water, pried with their long poles against the bow and stern until the steamer was once more afloat, when we soon arrived at our stopping-place for the night, and just before a terrific rain-storm came on. We were quartered in an enormous two-story house, whose windows contained each forty-eight panes of glass—not on account of the largeness of the windows, but on account of the smallness of the panes. The people owned about a dozen slaves, who at the time of our arrival, at nine in the evening, were engaged in pounding corn, singing in unison the while, notwithstanding the day's labor had lasted so long. After drinking coffee and exchanging compliments with the host and hostess in the parlor, I was ushered into one of the little inner unventilated bedrooms with which all Brazilian farm-houses seem to abound. My heart sunk within me as I entered this dark closet, but rose at once upon catching sight of my pillow, exactly eight inches by four in size, but covered with embossed and embroidered birds and flowers and vines.

We started about six o'clock the next morning, the river being extremely tortuous and the palm-leaf tufts very beautiful, as sharply outlined against the dense forests. The light green of the corn-fields also contrasted prettily with the dark green of the woods. There were many large trees in full bloom, of beautiful colors. The navigation now became much better, and we boomed along at a famous rate, the river continuing from three to five hundred feet in width. There was much fine pasture upon the higher hills. I noticed many cords attached to low poles near the banks. These were the set lines used by the people for fishing.



They employ a live bait, a sort of minnow, and examine their lines twice a day. The river is full of edible fish. There are also water-hogs, but no alligators. I saw many canoes, thirty feet in length and only two in width and two in depth, hollowed from a single trunk and propelled not by oars or paddles, the men sitting, but with poles, and men standing. There were many small mud huts, with doors, but without windows, the smoke escaping, as best it might, through the roof. About these huts were generally raised coffee, sugar-cane, tobacco, beans, bananas, and cotton. Just enough of the latter is grown by the natives to make their own clothes, cloth for which the women weave upon a loom of the most primitive construction. At one hut where I landed was an automatic corn-smasher, or rice-huller, in operation. Briefly, the machine was a long, balanced stick of timber, arranged with a sort of hammer at one end, and with a large hollow for holding water at the other. The water having filled the hollow, the log naturally tilted, spilling the water, causing it to descend and the hammer to strike forcibly the corn or rice placed under it in a mortar. The process was slow (which does not matter much in Brazil) but labor-saving (which matters very much in Brazil). The pounding is done not only slowly but also very imperfectly, and one marvels at the lazy ingenuity of these people, where a little honest work would effect so much. We reached Jaguara at three o'clock in the afternoon, and made fast to the bank, next to an old side-wheel steamer, which, after having been sunk for the past fifteen years, at some distance down the river, had just been raised, and was being refitted for a freight-boat.

Jaguara is simply the name of what was once one of the largest farms in Brazil. It was sold some years since, and one half was bought for its timber by the mining company. The English engineer of the steamer and his family take charge of the place, and are the only foreigners living in the neighborhood. All the buildings necessary to a grand estate are here, though they are now going to rack and ruin. There

is first a large manor-house, then the superintendent's, priest's, and doctor's houses, huts for the slaves, an immense sugar-mill, and all the customary appliances for making sugar and rum, implements for pounding rice and corn, machinery for making oil from the castor-oil plant, a saw-mill, huge store-houses, a chemist's shop, rooms for visitors, a dance-hall, stables, pig-sties, fowl-sheds, etc. I must not forget to mention the church, quite a large one. It is in a good state of preservation, though bearing the date 1786. Some of the wooden pillars on the exterior, after a century of exposure, are still as hard as rock. The church contains some very good carvings, all the wood being of a fineness and hardness akin to *lignum-vitæ*. The subjects of both paintings and carvings run largely to cherubim and seraphim. The floor is occupied by numbered but nameless graves. Bats and owls are now the only regular attendants at service, but when decorated and illumined, and filled with *señoritas* and cavaliers in their quaint country costumes, the scene must have been very pretty. Attached to the church are the customary school-room and robing-room, the robes having been preserved in carved bureaus of ponderous plank. The wood-work of the manor-house is also of the most massive character, and frequently carved. A flight of stone steps, reaching one of the doors, has in it solid blocks twenty feet in length. The ceilings are paneled in wood, and painted in neat patterns of gay colors, which are but little dimmed through age. On the ceiling of the hall is blazoned the coat-of-arms of the former owner. The roads about the house are paved with huge cobble-stones. There are two large orchards full of orange, lemon, guava, lime, and other fruit trees. A handsome large flower-garden likewise is its own excuse for being. But all of these are now simply a tangle of the wildest vegetation, though one may follow some of the old paths and see what they must have been when in their prime. Near the manor are the quarters of the slaves, surrounded by a wall fifteen feet high to prevent their escape at night. This rich old family owned several hundred slaves. Their

quarters were like those already visited at San Paulo, little pens ten feet square, more suited to the abode of animal than human beings. The family rooms were separated by a partition, with an opening, but no door. Sometimes two families were placed in one of the diminutive rooms. The rooms occupied by the unmarried slaves were like the wards of a hospital, on a small scale, for here they slept in rows upon straw pallets. All the rooms were arranged in a quadrangle, with but one gateway. In the court-yard here the English engineer and superintendent showed me the skin of a great boa which he had killed a few days before. It was about twenty feet in length and ten inches in diameter. He did not wish to injure the skin by shooting the reptile, which was up a small tree, so he attached a stout cord with a noose to the end of a pole and slipped it over the serpent's neck, choking it, and then he cut its throat. It was a very exciting performance, and took the man quite half an hour. The natives who discovered this boa all ran away, of course, when they saw the dangerous method prepared for its capture. The skin bore a regular succession of spots, alternately black and yellow, along its back. There are a great many snakes in this section of Brazil, some of the smaller ones being very venomous. On my return to Morro Velho I passed three or four sunning themselves in the road.

The little steamer on which I had come down the river requiring seven days for the trip up-stream, and not leaving for a couple of days, I decided to return on mule-back—especially upon learning that the road was about half of the length of the tortuous river journey. I took a guide, in addition to my own servant, and passed through a country partly of pasture, with a few trees, and partly of forest. In coming through the forest I frequently saw monkeys playing upon the trees, but they were rather suspicious, and scampered off at a near approach. They were of a blackish color, with some white spots about the head. There were also many huge conical ant-hills, the same as in Paraguay, and numerous mud beehive-shaped structures upon the trees.

One variety of these hives is also inhabited by a species of ant, and another is used as a nest by a peculiar bird. About six o'clock in the evening we came down from the hills, and crossed the Rio das Velhas by a long wooden bridge, and then, after a steep climb upon the opposite bank, we reached the large town of Santa Luzia. It is a long, straggling place, consisting mostly of but a single street running along the crest of a low range of hills. The houses are chiefly of one story, with windows of which the upper half is glass, the lower blinds. As I rode along, most of the doors and windows were closed, and at first I supposed the people were at dinner, but I soon caught glimpses, at nearly every window, of girls and women peeping forth to see the new arrival. I passed a two-story town-hall, a part of which formed a jail. In one room was a prisoner playing upon a guitar; at a window some one was handing in a bottle of rum. A convict's life in Brazil does not appear to be altogether an unhappy one. I put up at the "*Hôtel Populaire*," French by name, but Portuguese by nature. In its small rooms are ceilings of colored bamboos, woven into simple patterns with pleasing effect. The parlor has a massive carved table, mirrors, a cane-seated sofa, and chairs. The bedrooms have simply bare bedsteads, wash-stands, and possibly chairs, though probably not. In the hotels of Brazil the room is furnished and "made up" after it is engaged. Mattresses and sheets are brought in, also toilet apparatus, and perhaps a couple of chairs, if they can be found about the premises. The table contained the usual fair variety—no condiments and no dessert of any kind, however. My kind and thoughtful friend at Morro Velho having sent me two fresh mules from his own fine stock, I started on at daylight, riding over a much rougher country than that of the day before, and getting many extended and beautiful views of the great green billowy sea of verdure. The hills being nearly all of the same height, the few exceptional ones a trifle higher, merely had the same billowy effect that one perceives upon the ocean. I had a rough descent, over a very steep piece of road, to the

town of Sabara, which is situated on much lower ground than Santa Luzia. Crossing the Rio das Velhas by a good wooden bridge, I soon reach my point of departure in the little steamer, and in two hours thereafter I am back again in the comfortable house of Mr. Chalmers, listening to the eternal clatter of the neighboring stamping-mills.

From Morro Velho I went to Ouro Preto, the capital of the province, and fifty-six miles distant, a good portion of the road being the same as that upon which I had come to the great gold-mine. The day was very hot, and, though my mules had had several days' rest, and the benefit of good food and stabling, they seemed by the middle of the afternoon quite tired out. The mules, and horses also, in Brazil, have nothing like the strength and endurance of those in Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia. And in Brazil the roads are very much better, being generally sufficiently level for carts, whereas on the west coast they are usually only rough trails, which are often very steep. Again, the pack-mules are treated much better here than there, having great wads of straw under their saddles, and being fed with corn as well as grass. Also, the more frequent occurrence of road-side inns in Brazil than on the other side of South America allows travelers a greater opportunity for rest, in which, of course, their beasts participate. But notwithstanding these facts, the Brazil mules can not compare with those of the western republics. Doubtless some allowance must be made in that the former experience the tropic heat of comparative lowlands, while the latter spend a good part of their existence upon the cold slopes or the summits of the sub-Andean chain. I stopped for the night at Rio das Pedras, but at another and a much better hotel than upon my upward journey. The next day I followed the same road by which I came, until noon, and then struck due east, ascending one of the spurs of a long range of hills running north and south, and on the eastern side of which lies Ouro Preto. Turning abruptly the extremity of this spur, we began to descend over a very steep, rough road, paved in part with huge flat stones, which

in the rainy season may have kept the water from washing the road away, but which did not at all facilitate the progress of our animals. After a considerable amount of slipping and stumbling, and a few falls, and after passing many mule-troops, and a few carts with numerous oxen attached, I at last caught sight of Ouro Preto, lying along the side and in the hollow of a narrow valley completely surrounded by high, rock-capped hills. Away to the southeast arose the peak of Itacolumi, a little over a mile high, with its curious great boulder of granite standing abruptly forth. All about the hills were the great, rough, red and gray, yellow and brown holes made by the old miners and enlarged and washed by the rains. I entered the main street. Ouro Preto, in fact, seems composed chiefly of one thoroughfare, which winds up, down, and about the valley for a distance of four miles, often at an angle of thirty-five degrees, and scarcely straight for a hundred yards together, as it nears the center of the town.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### CICLING BACK TO RIO.

THE situation of Ouro Preto is very picturesque. It is like one of the towns in the Tyrol. The lower part of the surrounding hills is covered with dark-green grass and shrubs. The trees are few and small. Through the valley run several attenuated streams, which are frequently crossed by quaint old stone bridges. A number of hillocks adorn the valley, and those which are not crowned by churches, with long and imposing approaches of paved road, or flights of stone steps, are covered by dwellings. No two houses seem to be of the same size or shape, or to contain the same number of stories, or to be built upon the same level. They are, in fact, actually terraced up the sides of the hills. Next the street and facing it they may be one story in height, while upon the other end they will frequently be three stories. Two thirds of the town are fully three hundred feet below the remainder. The street along which I rode was badly paved with rough cobble-stones, and upon certain portions great flat slabs were laid for pedestrians. There was sometimes also a sidewalk about eighteen inches wide. The side streets go almost directly either up or down, and even the long main street has sections almost inaccessible by any animal save a mule, steps being here used by pedestrians. Of course, there are no carriages at Ouro Preto. Access to the lower part of the town must be had by long, winding roads. There were frequent iron posts, topped by kerosene-lamps. At nearly every corner were little shrines containing sacred effigies, with candles and other lights burning before them. I put up at the

best hotel, which provided a very fair table, though the rooms were small and dirty. The founding of Ouro Preto was undertaken many years ago—I noticed a curious old bridge with the date of 1745—by the Portuguese, with no attempt to select a suitable site, but simply to be convenient to the mines which they were working. Though stores of all kinds abound, there is slight business, the neighboring mines paying little or nothing. However, Ouro Preto is the capital of one of the finest provinces of the empire, the residence of the president and other officials, which will always make it a place of considerable importance. To the traveler it is of special interest, from the picturesqueness of its situation and the quaintness of its buildings, especially the churches. The towers and little bulbous cupolas of the churches, and the white, blue, and yellow walls of the dwellings, give it, in fact, a half-Oriental aspect. There is a flavor, too, of great age in the weather-stained buildings, and the dull red of the tiled roofs has a sort of dreamy, lifeless air which makes the spot quite romantic. There are many odd old fountains by the sides of the roads. They are generally built of brick or stone, with some kind of ornamental figure spouting water into a large stone basin. They are often painted in a variety of gaudy colors. The water comes from springs in the neighboring hills, and is very wholesome.

About the center of the town a high ridge reaches at right angles almost across the valley. Upon this stand the government-house, the municipal congress-hall, the treasury, the prison, and some five churches. The government-house contains many provincial offices, and is the residence of the President of Minas-Geraes. In front of it is a small inclosed garden, a poor one, too, the solitary example in Ouro Preto. Upon the opposite side of this is the rather imposing public prison, a large, square, two-story building, on a fine site. It is painted yellow, and has very queer old statues upon the angles of its roof. It looks much more like a palace than that at present occupied by the president, which, with its plain yellow two stories, its peaked, tiled roof and its heavy



walls, buttresses, and sentry-boxes, looks much more like a citadel than a palace. The tower of the prison has a large clock, with the minute-hand missing. As an offset, the clock-tower of one of the principal churches has only the minute-hand. These are good illustrations of one of the most noticeable of Brazilian failings, an inability to comprehend the importance of time. To know somewhere about the hour of the day is sufficient for the average Brazilian; he rarely bothers himself concerning the minutes. There is also a general incapacity to estimate and appreciate distance. When traveling on the road, and inquiring how far it is to the next town, you will often receive the answer that it is half a league, more or less, and you will afterward find it as much as two whole leagues and several hours of hard riding. I visited the parish church of Antonio Dias, and found it full of curious old rude carvings, gilded and painted white; also the church of San Francisco d'Assis. The façade of the latter has much stone-work, and high above the door an effigy of Saint Francis carved in high-relief, and a creditable performance, judged from an artistic standpoint. The interior contains a very remarkable ceiling painting which fills the whole oval of the nave. There are also some good paintings in the sacristy, and a well-carved stone fountain against the wall and reaching to the ceiling. Ouro Preto—which has a population of about twelve thousand—boasts of a small theatre, three newspapers, each published three times a week, billiard-saloons, barracks containing three hundred troops of the line, and an effective police department. A good School of Mines, a simple-looking building, stands high upon one of the hills, and is admirably adapted to its purpose. Besides class-rooms, laboratories, and scientific apparatus of every sort, it contains a capital collection of minerals, the province of Minas-Geraes being especially well represented. At present some forty or fifty pupils attend this school, which gives a rather general training in physics, chemistry, zoölogy, and botany. The mines about Ouro Preto not now generally being in a profitable condition, it is perhaps better that the





*A Wealthy Negress.*

training of these young men should not be exclusively devoted to mining and metallurgy. I esteemed myself fortunate in being shown the sights of Ouro Preto by a French gentleman, a professor in the School of Mines, M. Arthur Thiré.

I left Ouro Preto at daylight for Teixeiras, about ninety miles to the southeast, and the terminus of the Leopoldina Railway, which joins the Dom Pedro II. line at Entre Rios. A good road led down the valley, at whose bottom ran a mountain torrent, and then, after about eight miles, I reached Marianna, a little town lying upon a low spur projecting into a valley and surrounded by an amphitheatre of prettily diversified hills. We next passed through San Sebastian, a long, straggling village of miserable-looking mud huts, belonging to negroes. Many of them being closed and locked, I imagined their owners were out at work, and, upon looking at the river below me, I saw very many people with great wooden trays washing the sands for gold. During all my journeys through Minas-Geraes I had been struck by the great number of negroes who seemed to constitute quite three fourths of the population, and for the most part were very poor and shabby, both in their personal appearance and in their houses. This is true of the smaller towns and of the province generally, but in Ouro Preto, since it is the capital, many government officials and shopkeepers are either negroes or mulattoes. The great coffee-plantations belong to the Brazilian creoles, who also manage the railways, both at the stations and aboard the trains. The Europeans in Minas-Geraes are usually connected with either the railways, as contractors or engineers, or the gold-mines, as officials or miners. Gold occurs in all parts of Minas-Geraes. Poor people out of money simply go to the rivers and wash for gold, and then literally "come down with the dust," which is accepted in the shops as coin, the shopkeepers knowing exactly how to calculate its worth by measurement. I may add that in Brazil negroes, who are, of course, the descendants of slaves imported from Africa, actually form one fifth of the population. The road continued quite good. I passed by cultivated land and

pasture, though the country seemed slightly peopled save in towns, or, more properly, villages. Little grain grew except maize. Bananas everywhere flourished wild. In one place I passed four long rows of bee-hives, the bees swarming about in thousands and making a tremendous noise with their wings. Many streams which coursed down to the bottoms of the valleys were utilized by neighboring farmers as a water-power for grinding their corn. In several of the road-side inns in which I stopped I noticed Yankee clocks and sewing-machines, with an incongruity of surroundings almost appalling. I reached Ponte Nova the following afternoon, a small town lying along the banks of a swiftly flowing and muddy stream. The narrow-gauge track of the new railway is laid to within a few miles of Ponte Nova. Its course is exactly that of a corkscrew, and it seems to consist mostly of deep cuttings and high fillings. The system on which Brazilian hotels are conducted is always amusing. Everything is consumed at each meal, nothing whatever of an edible sort remaining over. So, one morning, when I wished some rolls with my early breakfast, I had to send a boy to wake up the baker, who transmitted by my messenger just one small roll. If, therefore, you wish anything to eat between meals, you will not get it unless the baker or butcher shop is open, and even then you will frequently be disappointed. I have asked, in the afternoon, for boiled eggs, to be served early next morning, and have been told that there were none in the hotel; and twelve hours later, instead of the eggs, have received the expression of the landlord's regret that he had none to give me! These hotels are, besides, the most noisy places on earth, save possibly some overcrowded bedlams. At table the people shout at each other as if all were deaf; and in coming in late at night, or going out early in the morning, they make as much racket and uproar as if there were nobody asleep within five miles of them. Their politeness struck me also as very superficial. On the road the same man who would ceremoniously doff his hat, would stand staring at me near,

a closed gate, while I descended from my horse to open it. The courtesy of social etiquette requires only some knowledge and a good memory; but the thought of another's interest, and the wish to aid and assist him, not only with ready sympathy but actual work, these necessitate refinement of feeling and generous impulse. From Teixeiras I was to go on by rail; so I paid off Hippolyte, adding a largess in token of his faithful services. He was to return at daybreak with the animals to Lafayette, by the way of Ouro Preto. Though this was the rainy season, I had been vouchsafed very good weather, with air clear as crystal, and highly exhilarating; and, though the thermometer had sometimes risen to 100° in the shade, it had not proved itself a debilitating heat. The nights were invariably comfortable, and even cool enough to require a blanket toward early morning. In that part of the world the difference of temperature between midday and midnight is always very great, but the abrupt change does not prove insalubrious to either natives or foreigners.

I left Teixeiras at 2 P. M. for the town of San Geraldo, where I had to remain all night, and then go on to Paqueta, on the Parahyba River, about thirty miles to the north-eastward of Entre Rios, through which I passed on my way north to the gold-mines of Morro Velho. The first part of the railway journey was specially interesting in disclosing how very crooked a railway could be without eventually arriving at the place whence it started. None but a narrow-gauge road, certainly, could have made the very short curves we did. The grade also was very steep. There is hardly a straight quarter of a mile on the whole road, but this is necessary, for so steep is it that there would otherwise have to be a series of reverse tangents. There were many deep cuttings, at first through earth; but afterward, when, from the hills to which we had gradually risen we came to descend to the valley that holds San Geraldo, most of the excavations were through rock. This descent was a capital copy, in miniature, of the famous Arequipa Railway, in southern

Peru, already described in these pages. Notwithstanding that I had already seen the latter, I must call this part of the Leopoldina line a very remarkable piece of engineering. We frequently saw three portions of the railroad at one and the same time. Once, at least, it wound completely around the summit of a small hill, in order to effect a fall of about thirty feet. Again, there would be long distances when two sections of the road would run parallel, not more than fifty feet apart. The locomotives and cars on this little line are of American make, the former coming from Philadelphia, the latter from Paterson. Owing to the enormous fall of water during the rainy season, it is very difficult to keep the embankments of the road in order. They are either sliding from above upon the track, or down into the valley from under it. It is mostly a virgin forest through which this railway has been cut, and from every spur or hill-summit we get just such magnificent views of the billowy plain as when on mule-back riding to Morro Velho. San Geraldo is an ordinary little town, and I left it at the rather uncomfortable hour of 4.15 A. M. for Paquequer. The second half of the journey led through immense coffee-plantations, and some of the finest coffee grown is said to come from this part of the province of Minas-Geraes. Two freight-cars of our train were filled with bags of coffee, as were many of the station-houses at which we stopped. At Paquequer, I changed cars for the station of Sumidouro, about twenty miles distant, on the Paquequer River, which the railroad follows from its junction with the Parahyba, and which is in the province of Rio Janeiro. The line was in process of extension from here some five miles up the valley, and to this point I was obliged to walk, hiring a boy to carry my luggage, there being neither a hotel at the station nor mules to carry me to the hotel, which is situated in a little town called Rio Grande. I expected to obtain mules at Sumidouro, in order to cross the hills, thirty miles to the eastward, to the town of Canto Gallo. This is the terminus of the Nova Friburgo Railway, which runs direct to Nictheroy;

on the bay opposite Rio, connecting therewith by steam-ferry.

There seemed to be plenty of animals about, but everybody said they were in use, and refused to send any with me, even for double price. I was much amused at one man of whom I inquired the distance to Canto Gallo. His reply was, "Sixteen or twenty miles, more or less." I told him I could guess myself, and so need not have asked him. He merely shrugged his shoulders, and laughed at my sarcasm. It being quite impossible to obtain horses or mules at Sumidouro, I was forced to walk five miles back to the station, and take a train about fifteen miles to Nossa Senhora do Carmo, at which little town good animals were found. I at once set forth with a guide over the mountains to Canto Gallo. At first the road passed through many coffee-plantations, then through the most superb forest I had yet seen, with trees one hundred and fifty feet in height, orchids, ferns, and an impenetrable network of leaves. Leaving the forest, we again crossed several extensive coffee-plantations, with large farm-houses, and many male and female slaves at work in the fields. At the extremity of one of the valleys which we had entered, was an enormous cliff whose vertical sides were nearly covered with orchids, and opposite to this was a mountain, about fifteen hundred feet in height, whose precipitous and bulbous flanks were wholly composed of smooth rock, only a few trees crowning the summit. The scenery was remarkably fine all the afternoon, but we had a tremendous rain-storm which made the road so slippery that we reached Canto Gallo only after being nine hours in the saddle. We rode along a wide, paved street to the best hotel, where we were glad enough to go soon to bed.

The locomotives used upon the Nova Friburgo line are of the powerful Baldwin (Philadelphia) make. The cars are little toy affairs, about as small and as light as could well be utilized. The first half of the route to Nictheroy was among the mountains, through most superb scenery. The latter part was over a comparatively level plain, and, there-



fore, not specially interesting. Nothing but corn and coffee covered the first portion, and there were great quantities of both. The first large town we reached was Nova Friburgo, which, surrounded by hills and filled with canals and broad streets, reminded me very much of Petropolis, as indeed Petropolis, in turn, had reminded me of some Swiss town, or, more minutely, of a town half Dutch, half Swiss. A large party of German-Swiss colonists laid out and settled Nova Friburgo in 1820. The old, original Fribourg, favorably known to tourists from the famous organ in its cathedral, is, of course, in Switzerland. The colony was broken up a few years afterward, but many of their descendants are still living in the place. Charming walks and drives abound in the neighborhood. The hotels are good, and the people are exceedingly hospitable and obliging. The altitude of the town is twenty-eight hundred feet above the sea. The climate is cool and invigorating, and the scenery almost Alpine in character. Leaving Nova Friburgo, we rapidly rose to the summit of the Serra da Boa Vista, which is simply an extension of the Organ Mountains. The same range, by-the-by, which runs in a general course of east and west through the province of Rio Janeiro, has as many as ten different names. This is a common and confusing custom in Brazilian geographical nomenclature. Fourteen miles from Nova Friburgo we attain the highest elevation of the road, thirty-three hundred and fifty feet. The scenery, during the descent, is even more beautiful than that upon the serra of Petropolis, being much wilder, and with wider prospects, while the engineering of the road is even more remarkable than that of the Leopoldina line. It was possible to build it only upon the Fell system, whose third and central rail, together with the very narrow gauge, admits of curves of only one hundred and fifty feet radius, around which our little train dashed at full speed. In fact, our speed all day, both up and down the mountains, was astonishing, the steepest grade being eight feet in one hundred. In descending the serra a brakeman was attached to each car. The sharpest

curves in the United States are no less than three hundred feet radius, but in Colorado I have seen a short line, which is used to bring ore to the Pueblo furnaces, worked by a locomotive over a seven-per-cent grade. This I believe to be the steepest grade in the world surmounted by ordinary locomotives on smooth rails. Verily, it would seem that where a mule can go, the locomotive has been made to follow.

At one point in the Boa Vista Mountains a terrific torrent, swollen by the recent great rains, had swept away a bridge and a long stretch of the railroad. Here we had to leave our train and walk down to an improvised bridge, spanning an enormous gully, through which the stream still raged over large boulders of loosely strewn rocks. Crossing, we found another train awaiting us upon the opposite bank, and on we went again, this time with a very compact and powerful French locomotive. That part of the range near Thereopolis, specifically styled the Organ Mountains, characterized by needle-like spires, now stood grandly forth. And we had not gone many miles farther before the peak of Tijuca, behind the city of Rio, was dimly marked against the heavens. Next I saw my old friend the Corcovado, and then the massy Sugar-Loaf, whose changeless serenity, compared with the transiency of individual human lives, reminded me of Turgeneff's remarkable prose-poem on mountains. We arrived at Nictheroy, seven hours from Canto Gallo. Nictheroy is a large flat town, with tramways extending in every direction, and a handsome public garden. At the northern extremity are a large arsenal and good ship-building docks. To Rio we took a ferry-boat, much like those plying in New York Harbor, though without provision for horses and carriages. It takes about half an hour to cross the bay. Once more I drink in the wonderful and beautiful panorama. From a few not very widely separated points you get a score of distinct Rios. These are views of which I am sure I never could tire. It is fairy-land. Especially alluring is the entrance to the harbor, through which you can look far out to sea. But the spell is broken as I land and take the tram to the English hotel.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### THE SECOND CITY OF BRAZIL.

ON the 13th of March I left Rio, in one of the Hamburg line of steamers, for the city of Bahia, the second in size, though not in commercial importance, in Brazil. It is about one thousand miles distant from the capital. We had a full list of passengers, among them many Brazilians. The summits of the Organ Mountains were veiled in bright, fleecy clouds. The vari-colored city shone resplendent in the early morning sun, the towers of the churches being sharply outlined against dark-green hills. In company with several large steamers, we wended our way to the harbor's mouth. Passing between the grand old Sugar-Loaf and the grim, gray fort of Santa Cruz, with our ensign lowered and raised, as though in recognition of both, we signaled good-by, our salutation being slowly returned from the fortress. We turned from the south to the east, and, passing between two small, rocky islands, I took my last view of Rio de Janeiro—strange, dreamy, charming Rio. The shore along which we skirted presented the same odd jumble of hills as those to the westward of the entrance to the famous bay. We carried a distinct cloudless view of the peaks of Tijuca and Gavea, almost up to Cape Frio; but, upon rounding this point, we steered away to the northeast, and in a few hours were out of sight of land.

At daylight, on the morning of the fourth day from Rio, we sighted the range of hills at the entrance to the harbor of Bahia, and a few hours thereafter lay at anchor in the semi-circular roadstead, near the shore. For quite a distance, both





*General View of Bahla.*

north and east of the city, you behold from the offing no land more than five hundred feet above sea-level. The bay of Bahia lies north and south, like that of Rio, and it is about the same size and shape. The entrance of the former, however, is much wider, being about ten miles across. While the city of Rio is a little distance within and upon the left side, Bahia is upon the right hand, and really begins quite at the eastern headland of the harbor, where there is a tall, round lighthouse. Upon the opposite side is a large island, called Itaparica. This is plainly seen, but the remainder of the deeply indented shores of the bay, with many small islands, looms low and vague through the misty distance. At the lighthouse is a fort; a short distance farther north another, then another; then out in the water, a short distance from shore, upon a rock, a fourth, a huge round castle whose top is covered with nearly a complete circle of guns. Several other forts stand on the opposite side of the city, some near the water, others high upon the bluff, but none that I have mentioned would be any protection against a modern ironclad. Near us, as we lie at anchor, are three or four large foreign steamers and two or three smaller Brazilian coasting steamers. A little farther off are perhaps fifty sailing-vessels, mostly of small tonnage and of miscellaneous nationalities, together with many native lighters and small boats. The situation of Bahia is very peculiar. Had it not been for her good harbor facilities—though no loaded vessels can come to the wharves—it is doubtful if such a site would have been selected. All along the shore, at a distance varying from a couple of hundred to a thousand feet, extends a precipitous bluff about two hundred feet in height. There is, then, no room along the shore for an entire city, and the steep roads that scale the cliff, upon and beyond which are the private residences, were very expensive in construction. The business part of the city, therefore, lies next the bay. The residences line the bluff, and extend some distance into the country, which is well supplied with roads, rivers, lakes, and hills—plains there are none. The peculiarity of the situation of Bahia adds,

however, little to its picturesqueness as seen from the bay. Unlike Rio, the houses are of three, four, and even five stories. As room could not be had in a horizontal direction, it must needs be taken in a vertical, as in the New York flats. It is a very old city, and the architecture is everywhere of the quaintest description. Viewed from the harbor, the white and yellow walls of the huge warehouses, with their iron-latticed windows, the dwellings with little balconies and green jalousies, with an abundance of verdure appearing in every direction, make a fine picture. But it is, after all, rather a monotonous picture, for Bahia possesses few if any public buildings of any special merit. The cupola and spires of the cathedral and two or three other churches, and the great tower of the elevator which conveys people from the lower to the upper town, alone give diversity to the long lines of shining white and yellow walls. But when I land I see better the reason of it all—Bahia is altogether a commercial city. It is a great emporium of tobacco, sugar, and coffee.

Along the sea-front is a large open-air market, with every sort of fish, fruit, and vegetables, offered for sale by giant negroes. Bahia is famous for these enormous black women. They are very fond of finery. You will often see them engaged at work, wearing chemises deeply fringed and inlaid with lace, with heavy gold chains about their necks, and many bracelets. The negroes who labor about the wharves and warehouses possess extraordinary muscular development of the arms and shoulders. Besides the employment of these in bearing burdens, they use also hand-carts, and sometimes mule-carts. A laughing darkey, with the physique of a Hercules, and a skin shining like satin, tosses my heavy iron-bound trunk upon his head, and starts off up the hill for the hotel, a distance of quite half a mile. There are several paved roads that ascend the cliff. Most of them are too steep for carriages, but one long street, supported at intervals by huge arches of masonry, is of an easy grade, and must have been of enormous cost. Facing these thoroughfares, in the most in-

accessible places, you find great four-story houses braced by gigantic stone buttresses. Sedan-chairs are still employed in Bahia for carrying women up the bluff. These palanquins are merely chairs attached to long poles borne upon the shoulders of two men. A black cloth covering gives them rather a funereal look. I do not follow the porter, but walk through the business streets, that I may get a general idea of the whole city, before making a special study of any part of it. The tramway, which has been so generally domesticated in South America, runs here in the few available directions. Bahia is full of striking contrasts. In some streets, hardly ten feet in width, you are back in mediæval times; in others, broad, neatly paved, well lighted, with fine, wide sidewalks, you are once more in the modern world of to-day. In the heart of the lower town have been crowded four or five parallel streets, between the bluff and the shore of the bay, but along the remainder of the bay there is room for but a single lane. As the merchants, in their cool, white suits and with sun-umbrellas, rushed by me, it seemed as if in my short walk before reaching the elevator, which was to hoist me to the upper town, I had heard a dozen languages. Here the population meet on common ground, and but for one purpose—to bring to each and all the ubiquitous Emperor-emblazoned notes of the national treasury. At the base of the bluff you enter a massive stone building, with a display of machinery in motion and a strong smell of oil. It is dimly lighted, but you pass a turnstile, at the side of which you deposit a hundred reis, or five cents. You then wend your way along a damp, dirty, dark corridor, and behold a double elevator, though but one car is used at a time. That which you enter will hold twelve passengers, and is dimly lighted by a single lamp in one corner. In a moment you are placed at the top of the bluff, and upon one side of the palace square, into which you pass through another self-registering gate. Upon one side of this square is the old Government-house, and before you is the Municipal Hall, both of these being quaint, decayed old piles. From the



little plaza you have a fine view over the harbor and the lower town. In the former you see the round fort, the ships, the steamers, and all the varied life of boats in motion; but in the latter little more than a level of great, red-tiled roofs. Turning to the right I enter a narrow street of retail shops, pass the custom-house, and come out upon an extensive plaza, on a hill-side, containing some green lawns and a few large trees. Here are situated the theatre, a great, rough hulk outwardly; the two newspaper offices; the best hotel of the city, a huge building five stories in height; and here also seem to be the headquarters of several lines of tram-cars. Thus, before I really arrive—before, at least, I reach my hotel—I have gained a fair general idea of the city of San Salvador, better known nowadays as Bahia. The hotel is kept by a Brazilian, and that is equivalent to saying it is not to be rated as first class. Down-stairs on the first floor is a great billiard-room, and adjoining it is the restaurant. Both of these rooms at night were packed, and the hubbub, frequently increased by itinerant musicians, was extraordinary. It was impossible to sleep before midnight, and even then woe be to you, O stranger, if a native have a room anywhere near yours! He will probably act as if he were the sole occupant of the hotel, at least so far as whistling, or singing, or playing upon a piano, or talking, with blatant tongue, to a friend away down the hall, is concerned. The annoying characteristics of Brazilian hotels are noise, dirt, and frandulent wines.

Three main lines of tramway thread Bahia. One runs along the semicircular shore of the bay to the northern point. Some of the streets of the lower city through which this passes are not more than two feet wider than the cars, and the people had to step into the doorways of the stores to let us pass. The section of the city through which this line runs is very poor and squalid, and the negro element predominates. Another line goes across the country, in a southeasterly direction, to a pretty little village called Rio Vermelho, situated directly upon the ocean, where many of the merchants of the city reside. The tram leads out to this suburb through

groves of palms, bananas, and bread-fruit, and along a stream where all the linen of Bahia seemed to be washed, so great was the display of white garments upon the grass, and so many were the women at work. The beach at Rio Vermelho was covered with a sort of native fishing-raft, like the catamarans used at Madras and elsewhere in the Bay of Bengal—simply six timbers lashed together, with a high bench for a fisherman, or a passenger, another for the stepping of a mast, and another for holding a little cargo. Of course, this sort of craft will go over, or at least through, any surf. There is a good hotel at Rio Vermelho, where I found the salt air a pleasant change from that of Bahia. The remaining and third line of tramway runs along the bluff directly to the south, and ends at a short distance beyond the lighthouse. Most of the fine dwellings of Bahia are situated on or near this road—houses of peculiar architecture, surrounded by beautiful gardens of flowers. A good many foreigners live directly upon the beach, near the lighthouse.

The churches of Bahia are all more or less interesting, both outside and inside, being a little removed from the ordinary style of architecture and adornment. Several of them are nearly square. They have curious, old, frescoed ceilings, admirable wood-carvings, and marble pavements. I saw one of the great ceremonies of the Church, called the seven stations, which is in commemoration of the seven halts that Christ made while bearing his cross. An enormous and very ghastly effigy of Christ, richly robed, and bowed under a huge cross, was borne through the streets, from church to church, remaining each night in a different one. The procession which followed this image consisted of priests, a military band, a company of infantry, and the populace generally. In the afternoon, when the ecclesiastical journey was made, the whole city turned out in holiday attire to see, or to take part in, the procession. While the effigy is resting in the churches it is visited by great crowds, who kiss its feet, weep, pray, and finally give it some money—of which fund the ingenuous priests are, of course, trustees. Special services, attended by

the band and the military, are held all day in its honor. The scene in one of the churches, brilliantly decorated and illuminated, was a fantastic hodge-podge I shall never forget. While the thorn-crowned Christ staggered under his cross, with a soldier on guard at each corner, the people prostrated themselves upon the floor in every attitude of humiliation and devotion, and the military band in the gallery played one of Offenbach's polkas ! The highest dignitaries and most intelligent men in the province sanction all this gaudy and repulsive spectacle, not only by their presence, but also by the conspicuous part they take in the processions. One of the cords of the canopy which is borne over the effigy is held by the president of the province, and another by the marshal in full uniform, both being bareheaded and on foot.

The public buildings and institutions of Bahia require but little notice. The library, numbering some twenty thousand volumes, mostly in French and Portuguese, in fine bindings, is contained in the old Jesuit college adjoining the cathedral. It is a large, oblong room, overlooking the bay. The ceiling remains as it was painted by the Jesuits, and the colors, though of peculiar tints, are still quite bright. The library is used only for consultation—a long table, for the use of readers, occupying the center of the room. On the side of the cathedral opposite the library is the medical school, with three hundred students. It has a good library, examination-hall, and class-rooms. A hospital, under charge of the Sisters of Mercy, adjoins. The theatre, which is near my hotel, is not a bad-looking edifice inside, with its four tiers of boxes, and large central box for the president of the province. It has also an extensive foyer, with paintings by Brazilian masters, and you may step from it upon a marble-paved portico commanding a splendid sweep of the bay and ocean. Directly in front of the theatre is a small marble statue of Christopher Columbus, with ornamental water-basins from which the negroes are all day busily engaged in filling their little barrels. Below the theatre, at the bottom





*A View from the Public Gardens.*

of the bluff, stands the Jesuit church, built of white marble brought from Lisbon. The Public Garden of Bahia is situated upon the bluff, a short distance south of the city. It is at present in very bad order. There is little attempt at landscape gardening. It is filled, however, with huge mango-trees, and contains many fine palms and odd-looking tropical plants, of which I do not know the names. At the corner next the bay is a marble-paved terrace, commanding splendid views of the neighboring bay and distant ocean. There are tile-covered and shell-ornamented settees, statuary, and urns, all of fine quality. Promenading here on breezy afternoons, to the music of one of the military bands, the ladies and gentlemen of Bahia present a very animated and attractive picture.

With the intention of seeing something of the interior, I left Bahia at noon, on the 20th, for the town of Cachoeira, across the bay and at the head of navigation on the Paraguassu River. As I have already said, the Bay of Bahia is like that of Rio in size and shape, and there the comparison ends. At Rio we have every variety of scenery, from the somber and grand to the graceful and pretty, but at Bahia it is all a monotonous, undiversified level of low hills, half covered with scrub and half with grass. We have a long, narrow, iron, paddle-wheel steamer, crowded with passengers and freight. We pass a small town on the northern end of the Island of Itaparica, and there is a village on the point which we round in entering the estuary of the river. At one town we land the mail in a bottle—that is, the bottle is thrown into the water, and men come after it in a dug-out. I see a number of these canoes, deep and broad, in which the men paddle standing. From time to time we pass a tobacco or sugar plantation, the farm buildings made of brick. At one point we stop and disembark some of our passengers in a small stern-wheel steamboat, which starts off with them, down a great open stretch of the river, to the town of Maragogipe. Once or twice passengers are put into the great canoes that come out from the shore, and, sitting in chairs, are

drawn by small sails quickly to land. There do not seem to be many cargo-boats. Those which I notice are not very large, but have three masts, with triangular-shaped sails. All the section of country through which the river passes seems to have been burned over at least once. It is quite smooth, monotonous, and uninteresting. Cachoeira, however, is a rather bustling business center. A railway extends hence in a north-westerly direction to Feira, about thirty miles. On the opposite side of the river is quite a large suburb, and here are extensive railway-stations and the terminus of a road which runs in a generally westerly direction about two hundred miles. The line from Cachoeira is a branch of it. The two stations are joined across the river by a fine iron-girder bridge, with three stone piers. We were six hours in making the journey from Bahia, a distance of about sixty miles. From a neat, white, stuccoed station, I took the train to Feira. It is a narrow-gauge road, with cars built on the American plan, open from end to end. It passes through a tobacco-raising district, and depends for its freights almost altogether upon this product. At first we made a steep ascent of the hills, going to a distance, and then coming back. We did not mount higher than a few hundred feet above the town. Subsequently we saw the latter from a remote point of view. Feira I found to be a large and comparatively new town, laid out with very wide streets and large plazas. Here I was hospitably welcomed by Mr. Joseph Mawson, the able and active superintendent of the "Brazilian Imperial Central Bahia Railway," who kindly placed his own private car at my disposition for visiting the whole of the main line, a generous offer of which I availed myself on the morrow.

But one through train each way is run daily. The first-class carriages have comfortable revolving cane-chairs, on each side of a center passage-way; the second-class cars have board seats along each side. The carriages are of English make, though of American pattern. The locomotives are of both English and American manufacture. We started with

a long train, including a baggage and postal van, and several empty freight-cars. The line follows the general direction of the Paraguassu River, though at some distance from it until near the terminus. We turned at first directly away from the river, and began ascending a series of low hills. The face of the country was covered with second-growth forests. There were many stops, though, at but only the smallest of villages, and during the latter half of the journey the land appeared to be devoid of settlements. The road is run through a flat country to save expense, but at a distance of ten miles on either side it is very fertile and well cultivated. It is a tobacco-growing region, but, as I have hinted, little of this plant was in actual sight from the line. The country in the far distance was level or undulating, and quite uninteresting until about half the journey was completed, when, near the station of Tanquinho, the hills assumed an appearance similar to those round about the Bay of Rio Janeiro. I saw even a huge rock fac-simile of the Sugar-Loaf, and another of the table-topped Gavea. Some great domes of solid rock were visible, and in the face of a few hills were large caverns, one above the other. These cavities were open their full size, and presented a very strange appearance. The theory of their origin is that softer veins of the rock, disintegrating through many centuries, have left the deep hollows in this condition. It does not seem possible that they can have been made by primitive man. Once or twice we saw the Paraguassu River, and then for hours we coursed over a comparatively level plain, where all that seemed necessary to make a railway was to lay down the sleepers and put the rails upon them. The landscape displayed a large proportion of palms and cacti, and many trees covered with the beautiful Spanish moss. About five o'clock we reached the terminus, a short street with a few wretched stores and a score of mud-walled and palm-thatched huts. Two days' mule-back ride from here are some surface diamond-washings, but the upper stratum supply is nearly exhausted, and they are going to mine for them. It is about



one hundred and fifty miles hence to the nearest large town on the great San Francisco River. My car having been side-shunted, I was served with an excellent dinner, and, after a good night's rest in the cool country air, I returned, on the following morning, to Cachoeira, and on the next succeeding took the steamer back to Bahia.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### ON THE SAN FRANCISCO.

FROM Bahia I intended to visit the great rapids of the San Francisco—called Paulo Affonso—which are situated about one hundred and fifty miles from its mouth and the Atlantic. I took passage, therefore, first in a steamer of the “Bahia Steam Navigation Company” (a Brazilian line, which plies between Victoria, the capital of the province of Espiritu Santo, on the south, and Pernambuco, the capital of the province of Pernambuco, on the north), to Penedo, a small town twenty-five miles from the mouth of the San Francisco, whence the journey might be continued by river-steamer, railway, and mule-back. The ocean-steamer was a side-wheeler of about six hundred tons burden. The officers and crew were Brazilians, the engineers English. We carried a great quantity of miscellaneous freight and a full list of passengers. Before leaving I was obliged to have my passport viséed, and to pay two hundred reis for a stamp; at Rio there was no charge for the visé. But is it not time to do away with the system of passports? Russia and Brazil are the only large and important nations which require them at the present day.

We made our first call at a custom-house on the river Pianhy, in the province of Sergipe, anchoring about ten miles from the ocean, while the town of Estancia, for which we carried freight and passengers, was about twenty miles above. Our steamer, however, could go no higher, and great sailing-canoes are employed for the remaining distance. The mouth of the river is marked by two parallel lines of

breakers, and is not more than one thousand feet in width. Small villages of mud and straw huts stand in groves of palms upon both the shores. At daylight the next morning we left for Aracaju, the capital of the province of Sergipe, situated on a small river about three miles from the ocean. We steam slowly along, in plain sight of the shore, which is low and sandy, and reach Aracaju about noon. The entrance to the river is narrow and winding, with giant breakers dashing themselves into white foam upon the sand-banks on each hand. It is necessary to keep exactly in the channel, as the stranded wreck of a steamer clearly shows. As it was, the captain said we had but two feet of water under the steamer's bottom in crossing the bar. It is, besides, so rough on all these river-bars, that the port-holes are always carefully closed until the passage has been made. The town of Aracaju is of single-story houses, laid out with broad streets and sidewalks. The President's Palace, House of Delegates, and other public buildings, are all exceedingly plain, and rather dilapidated. From the tower of the large cathedral a good view can be obtained of the town and surrounding country, which is mostly low-lying, and covered with cocoa-palms. The next morning we left for Penedo. The coast was low and sandy all the way. Nearing the mouth of the San Francisco, the ocean was tinged a deep yellow ten miles from land. The entrance is like that of most of the rivers on the coast of Brazil, narrowed and made dangerous by sand-bars. Here the bar forms nearly a complete circle. Upon the left is the low, wooded island of Arumbipe, with a lofty round lighthouse at its southern extremity. A few fishermen's huts stood here and upon the opposite point. At the entrance the river flows with a swift current, and seems to be about a mile in width. Farther up it is wider, though the many islands make it difficult to tell the exact width. We pass, upon the right, a small village bearing the euphonious name of Piassabossu. It consists mostly of sugar-factories, and warehouses filled with cotton—the two leading products of the province of Alagoas, which lies to

the north of the river San Francisco, while the province of Sergipe faces the southern bank. Alagoas contains twice as great a population as Sergipe. As we go on, numerous clusters of huts are seen upon both banks. The country, however, is low, and, where not planted with sugar-cane, is covered with dense scrub. Finally, we pass, upon the right bank, a small village called Villa Nova, which may be regarded as a suburb of Penedo, situated upon the opposite bank and a little above. Penedo shows well from the river—here a little less than a mile in width—built as it is upon a point of land which rises high, and then slopes gently backward. At dusk we reach our wharf, and make everything snug for the night, intending to sleep on board.

Early in the morning I landed, passing through a large warehouse belonging to the steamer company, and filled with ox-hides, bales of cotton, bags of cotton-seed for making oil, and sacks of coffee and rice. The principal business of Penedo may be said to be the export of cotton, sugar, and hides. The hotel was near by, a single-story building kept by an Italian woman, as I discovered upon clapping my hands loudly at the front door. In South America, by-the-by, you seldom find door-bells—iron knockers supplying their place. In Penedo and many other places, within the South American tropics, it is so warm that the doors of the houses always stand open, and the method of announcing a call is simply to stand in the street and clap the hands, when some inmate will probably come from the distant rear of the house and invite you to enter the sitting-room, with its always geometrically arranged sofa and chairs. I obtained a comfortable room, with a cement floor, which is cool and healthful, but the walls ran only about two thirds of the way to the roof—a plan that makes perfect quiet an impossibility either by day or night. The streets of Penedo, saving that which runs close along the river, are rather steep; some of them are paved with huge flat blocks, others with small stones, but most of them are unpaved. The town is lighted by oil-lamps, set in great iron sconces attached to the sides of

the buildings. It contains seven churches and several schools both public and private. The "*Jornal do Penedo*" is a little sheet, about a foot square, which is published semi-weekly, at a cost, for a single subscription, of four dollars per annum. Advertising in this periodical is probably as cheap as in any newspaper in the world, being but forty reis (or about two cents) a line. I found the short street adjoining the river crowded with market-people, most of whom had come from great distances in their canoes to dispose of their produce. These canoes thickly lined the bank, and from their sails many of their owners had improvised tents. At one end of the street were the pack-mules which had brought that part of the produce not fetched by the river-boats. The market contained the usual profuse tropical variety of food, which was offered for sale in any quantity and at extremely cheap rates. In fact, the only coins in circulation seemed to be of copper. Many people had also little stands of manufactured goods, and a few were selling cooked food of various kinds. The scene was very animated, and the amount of chatting and cheapening in progress was remarkable. The natives are very fond of the sights and gossip of one of these fairs—it was the weekly market—and will often pass half a day in purchasing a few cents' worth. During the remainder of the day I saw scarcely any one who was not carrying home some purchase or other, either a basket of food, or a pair of shoes, or a song-bird in a cage, or an earthenware jar, or a piece of coarse cotton for a shirt or a dress. A great number of beggars were circling around at the fair, some of them the victims of loathsome disease, and others dreadful cripples. They seem to meet with moderate success from the market-people, many of whom give them either particles of produce or else infinitesimal copper coins.

I called upon the vicar, and found him to be a very intelligent and genial old gentleman, who had resided in Penedo for fifteen years. He gave me, in lively style, much information about this section of Brazil. The population of Penedo is about ten thousand. From the tower of the cathe-

dral an extended view may be obtained—first, of the town, with its houses set thickly next the river, and running back in two long streets upon the ridge to the eastward; second, of the comparatively level country, covered with sugar-cane, or cotton, or second-growth forest; and, third, of the great, muddy river, full of small islands, and winding and doubling away in the distance toward the northwest. Upon its swift current glide many large canoes, mostly sailing up-stream, with two lateen-sails spread “wing and wing” from a single mast. With a strong, steady wind these canoes will go up-stream about as fast as the river-steamers. They are large and roomy, and have straw-thatched cabins in their bows instead of in their sterns. With their triangular, outstretched sails they are a very picturesque addition to the river. Many small canoes are used along the shores, and even for crossing the river. These are generally propelled with paddles by men standing.

One evening, about nine o'clock, a large religious procession paraded the principal streets. The houses were all illuminated by lamps and candles, and fire-works were intermittently discharged. First came a number of men with rattles, which they used to announce the approach of the ceremonial train. Then follow a sacristan bearing a large cross, boys swinging incense-censers, and two long lines of torch-bearers clothed in red and black gowns. Children came next, dressed in gay-colored gauze, with wings, to counterfeit angels. A wooden effigy of Christ, borne by four men, was then in order, and my friend the vicar, followed by about a thousand men, walking bareheaded, singing a plaintive hymn. At a little distance advanced another procession of similar character, except that the image was that of the Virgin, attended by about a thousand women. Meanwhile the bells of the churches were tolled. These people are very religious so far as outward observances go, but they have little or no comprehension of theology. They worship, but do not seem to know exactly what or why. The idea of a devotional exercise being in progress was altogether absent

from most of the members of the great procession that I had witnessed. They seemed quite ignorant of the significance and solemnity of the ceremony in which they were participants. All were laughing and talking, many of the men were smoking, and some of the women were skylarking in the most sportive manner. The bearers of the body of the suffering Christ were so overwhelmed with the humor of some joke which had been passed around, that they staggered in a manner that threatened to make the effigy topple over upon their heads. The next day flags were at half-mast on all the Brazilian vessels in the river, in honor of the anniversary of the crucifixion of Christ—Good-Friday. Elaborate services were held in all the churches, to which the people were summoned by means of great wooden rattles, shaken by men running through the streets. As it was a holiday, troops of hatless women, in gay-colored calico dresses, their hair dressed with flowers, were seen going churchward; while the men, rising late, passed the day largely in visiting their friends. At sunset there was another procession. Several large figures exhibited the various agonies of Christ previous to his death, and on a catafalque his body was represented as lying dead under a pall. This was escorted by troops, and followed by a brass band playing a dirge. The beggars were out in tremendous force, and were generally rewarded for their pains by gifts of money or food. The celebration of Christ's resurrection began on Sunday noon. Work was resumed, bells were rung, fire-works were discharged, flags were hauled from half to full mast, and effigies of Judas Iscariot were publicly burned. The next day the final parade came to view, accompanied by the military and a brass band playing lively quicksteps. A crown of one of the statues of Christ becoming disengaged, the procession halted, while some one brought hammer and nails, and secured it in its place. In the evening I went to the Teatro de Variedades, where a moderately good Portuguese company gave two or three amusing *comediettas*, interspersed with singing and dancing. The brass band of the morning's parade furnished

the music, with a superfluity of bass-drums and cymbals. The doorway was nearly blockaded by women, who were squatting upon the ground and steps, and engaged in selling fruit and sherbet. The people in the parquette smoked during the performance.

Once a week a little iron, side-wheel steamer runs from Penedo to Piranhas, the head of navigation on the lower San Francisco. The distance is about a hundred miles, and as the current has a speed of three knots an hour, and frequent stops are made, two days are needed to make the voyage. I took passage on the first steamer that left after my arrival. There were two classes of passengers—cabin and deck. Meals were served the former on the after-deck, under an awning, though in very bad weather a large saloon below is used. There were no state-rooms, and only a few benches in the saloon for those who wished to utilize them as beds. In the extreme stern was a small cabin for ladies. In front of the funnel was a raised deck, where a good view could be obtained. Near the wheel-house was the detached state-room of the captain, and opposite it was another, used generally by the pilot, but kindly put at my service by the agent of the line. The river was extremely muddy, of a thick, oily, brown color. It ranged from half a mile to a mile in width, with a very tortuous channel, which was generally about twenty feet deep. During the rainy season the lower river rises some twelve feet. The banks were at first low and smooth, and covered with second-growth timber, and occasionally planted with mandioc, maize, and sugar-cane. There were many small villages, and almost continuous stretches of huts. The first large town at which we stop is called *Propria*. It is upon the right bank, built upon a gently sloping hill, and contains an enormous double-towered church which stands boldly forth among predominating one-story mud huts. The river-bank has been paved, walled, and buttressed with huge stones to prevent the ever-active encroachment of the swiftly flowing stream. Going on from *Propria* the appearance of the country gradually changes; smooth, low hills and many pro-



jecting ridges occur. In the distance, to the northwest, range appears behind range—none, however, very high. The wind blows strongly from the ocean, and many large boats, with outstretched sails, swiftly move up-stream. The two sails are so arranged on the mast as to admit of being simultaneously furled. The operation reminds one of a bird folding its wings. The wind, however, blows in such sudden and violent gusts around some of the sharp bends of the river, that unless a canoe is properly loaded, or ballasted, and very carefully handled, it is in danger of capsizing. These boats naturally hug the shores in ascending, but lower their masts and are rowed in the middle of the stream in descending the river. After passing many villages, the next town above Propria is called Traipu, picturesquely situated on a ridge upon the left bank. Its white church makes a very prominent mark against the green background of trees. On the other side, but a little below, are three noticeable hills, which are styled the "Three Brothers." On the same bank, a short distance higher up, at a village of a single street facing the river, and appropriately called *Curral de Pedras* (a corral of stones), we anchor near the shore for the night. The boilers of our steamer are fired with cotton-seed, which makes a cheap and very hot fire, though, of course, not so enduring as one as wood.

We started on, up the river, at five in the morning. The banks now consisted of rocky hills, from fifty to three hundred feet in height, and covered with cacti and low, scrubby trees. The villages became less numerous, the line of huts less continuous. In one place we passed a picturesque church, upon the top of a small, dome-shaped hill; in another, a cemetery laid out upon a similar knoll. Fish-pounds were niched in the angles of the river and at the mouths of little streams that entered it. The width of the San Francisco had now diminished to less than half a mile, though its tortuousness remained the same. The next village at which we stopped was Pão d'Assucar, or Sugar-Loaf, so named from a conical rocky hill standing near the bank.

As we advanced the river gradually narrowed, until, in some places, it was not more than a thousand feet wide. The scenery had been very pretty all the way from Curral de Pedras. In the middle of the afternoon we saw, down a long reach of the river, Piranhas and the white walls and clock-tower of its railway-station.

The town, as we approached, presented an extraordinary appearance, lying in a regular gulch washed out of the steep hill-side. The situation seemed as odd and inaccessible as that of some of the Swiss villages. Not only were there no two houses upon the same level, but the paths between them ran in tangents, back and forth, up the sides of the valley, like goat-tracks, and almost as steep as ordinary staircases. The town was very small, and consisted, for the most part, of mud huts. The only level ground anywhere in view was the inclosure of the railway-station, which had been formed artificially, and with great walls of masonry on each side. It included a pretty little depot, car-houses, freight-ware-rooms, and machine-shops, extending for a long distance upon the river-bank. Immediately above Piranhas the San Francisco is full of rocks and reefs, and the accompanying rapids prevent the further progress not only of steamers, but of native boats as well. No good hotel exists in Piranhas, and I esteem myself fortunate in getting quarters with an old Portuguese resident, a gentleman who owns the best portion of the town—that is, the short street which contains the stores. From almost any part there are good views down the river, whence comes a strong and refreshing breeze every afternoon. The mornings are apt to be exceedingly sultry. At least a hundred boys came down to the beach to see us arrive, while a hundred men stood eagerly looking on from the shade of buildings upon the bank; and above, upon the hill-side, hundreds of women peered curiously forth from doors and windows. The river is deep, and we are secured directly against the sandy beach. The steamer remains but twenty-four hours, and then returns to Penedo. Steamers have now been running on the lower San Francisco over

twenty years. The railway from Piranhas to Jatoba, on the upper river, passing around the rapids of Paulo Affonso, is about eighty miles in length, belongs to the Imperial Government, and has been built about five years. It is a narrow gauge, and runs two passenger-trains each way during the week. About six hours are required to make the journey. Before the completion of this railway, all the trade of the great river between Piranhas and Jatoba—all the produce which came down, and all the foreign manufactured goods which went up—had to be transported by horses and mules, the long series of falls and rapids of the river between those points preventing navigation. Even now the same primitive means are largely employed. It is fortunate for most of the inhabitants living along the lower San Francisco, that the river supplies many large and excellent fish, and that the poor soil at least grows mandioc, maize, and beans. Otherwise starvation would seem inevitable. The people of Piranhas are exceedingly poor. They appear to have scarcely any furniture, and their cooking-utensils are of the simplest and rudest construction. Most of the families keep a few goats, using the milk fresh, and making cheese from it, and also eating the flesh. However, as you go into the interior, on either side of the river, the land improves and becomes quite fertile. Nothing of very special interest is to be seen in Piranhas itself, but about two miles distant, up a winding valley to the southeast, is a remarkable natural curiosity, a great heap of rocks, some of them wonderfully balanced, and one small slab which the natives call *Pedra do Sino* (the bell-stone). Upon being struck with an iron hammer, it emits a ringing sound exactly like that of metal. I obtain a guide and visit this rarity. The valley and hills are of loose and disintegrated rock and gravel, with a scrub vegetation. At one place was a mineral spring, the strongest flavor of which was salt. The *pedra* lies at the extremity of a rocky ridge, in a narrow valley, a short distance back from the river. Here is a great heap of rocks, about forty feet long, twenty wide, and ten high. These rocks are perhaps a hundred in

number, mostly smooth on their surface, and, though cracked and broken and wedged together in many directions, they still made an exceedingly firm pile. Upon the summit, at one end, is a huge block balanced upon two smaller ones, not vertically, but at a considerable angle. Moreover, the thickest part is at the top. None of these rocks give forth any peculiar sound when struck, but in front of the pile, and nearly at its foot, upon one side, is the famous *Pedra do Sino*. This is simply a block of ordinary stone (granite?) like all the rest, about five feet long, a foot wide, and eight inches thick. It is considerably wider at one end than at the other. It rests upon the sharp, angular edges of four smaller stones, two at each end. When struck with an iron hammer (one brought along for the purpose), it sends forth a sharp, ringing sound, like that of a large iron or copper basin. I examined this block very carefully, but failed to detect anything out of the common in its exterior. A deep path has been worn leading to this geological curiosity, as its extraordinary character appeals very directly to the imagination of the simple-minded natives.

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## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### THE KING OF RAPIDS.

I LEFT Piranhas by the seven-o'clock morning train for the station of Sinimbu, which is about fifty miles distant. The cars and locomotives are of American manufacture. There were a good many second-class passengers, but only two or three in the first-class compartment. The railway leads, at first, by a three-per-cent grade up to the top of the hills, or rather table-land, and follows the course of the river for a short distance. The construction of this part of the road must have been quite expensive. Over the rest of the way the expense was limited to laying the sleepers upon the level ground, and fastening the rails upon them. The trains could then be started at once. Before the railroad was built, this section of country was quite uninhabited: first, because of the scarcity of water; and, second, because the soil would produce nothing. Even now there are but a few huts at each station. In the rainy season some surface-water is found, and even brooks become full for a time, but at other periods the people have sometimes to transport from a great distance all the water which they use. Attached to all the locomotives are cars bearing great iron tanks of water for the boilers. The country was generally level, or undulating, and covered with stunted trees, cacti, and low scrub; but at Sinimbu a short range of smooth hills stretched away to the west, and to the south I saw a few tall conical peaks. At Sinimbu I obtained horses, and rode across to the great rapids of Paulo Affonso, about ten miles distant. A road twenty feet in width had been cut through the scrub, and

the track in the middle of it served us very well. But such a soil!—all white sand, yellow gravel, and gray and brown rocks! When about half-way, I distinctly heard the dull, steady roar of a cataract, and at one point I caught a glimpse of two or three columns of mist gracefully rising in the air. Near the river, and just above the first fall, is the only dwelling in the neighborhood, a mud hut with three rooms, one of which I secured for my baggage and provisions; for, being forewarned, I carried my own food-supply. I lived for two days at the rapids, and slept in a hammock, slung under an arbor adjoining the hut. The latter belonged to a *vaqueiro*, or herdsman, an old man who had dwelt there, he said, twenty-six years. With him were living his wife and his two daughters and their husbands, who were cousins. Between them there was a fair assortment of little children, who played about in a state of paradisiacal nudity. Their mothers almost did the same, wearing only chemise and skirt, much abbreviated at top and bottom. The men wore only shirts and drawers, of coarse cotton, which might once, many years ago, have been white, sandals of two or three thicknesses of rawhide, and hats made of leather. They carried long, narrow knives in a sheath at their belts, and, attached to a string worn over the shoulder, a little bag, which contained a pipe, tobacco, flint, steel, and tinder. In front of the hut was a large *ombu*, a tree giving good shade for a hammock or dinner-table, and near by were several corrals for the cattle. The animals upon which this family subsist consist of about two hundred goats and sheep, six cows, and some pigs and chickens. They make cheese of the goats' milk, but no butter from either that or the milk of the cows. They are so poor that they do not possess either tea or coffee, or any vegetable save mandioc. All their cooking is done out of doors upon two or three stones, which support the wood and kettles. They have neither candles nor matches.

Directly in front of the hut—that is to say, between it and the San Francisco—is a small inlet from the river, of which

several are found hereabout, and which the people style a *vai-vem*, literally a "go-and-come," from the fact that the water at regular intervals sets up them in a sort of tidal wave. These inlets are filled with fine, smooth sand. The *vai-vems* are all wedge-shaped, and a great eddy at their wide mouths forces the water up, while gravity takes it back. In sight of the hut, a little way down the river, is a pile of rock upon which has been erected a large bronze tablet commemorating the visit of the Emperor in 1859. Opposite this tablet the river is only about ten feet below the level of the plain, but during the next quarter of a mile it makes a descent of two hundred and sixty feet. A mile above the great rapids it is half a mile in width, immediately above them it is but five hundred feet wide, while just below them it is only a hundred feet. Turning from the memorial to Dom Pedro, I followed my guide to the edge of the river. The sight that here burst upon my eyes was one of tumultuous grandeur, at once beautiful and frightful. I beheld the "King of Rapids," for there is none greater on earth! The banks are flanked with masses of broken and cracked rock, and large and small bowlders of a brown color, smoothly worn. The rapids above the cataracts remind me of those below Niagara, only here the water is of a brownish-yellow, instead of a whitish-green, but there is the same terrific speed—here fully thirty miles an hour—the same leaping and eddying, the same foam and spray.

There are, exactly speaking, seven great cataracts of Paulo Afonso, three in the middle of the river, separated by small, rocky islands, and four toward the right bank. Paulo Afonso, of course, partakes more of the nature of gigantic rapids than of falls. At least, one discovers no vertical tumbles over precipices throughout the distance of a quarter of a mile and two hundred and sixty feet, in which the river changes its level. You might rather say that the cataracts dispose themselves in several terraces. Just at the first one is a semicircle of black, jagged rocks which, taken with the abyss into which the water here falls, make a wild and awful



*The King of Rapids.*





picture. So dense is the vapor that I doubt if it would be possible, from any foothold, to see the bottom of this gigantic caldron. There is a mighty and constant roar, which seems to come from every direction, and the spray dances and shoots upward several hundred feet. Across the river, and a little below, are three fine cataracts, around and about which you see bright-green grass, many of the trees in blossom; beyond, a small purple peak; and, above all, a crystal sky of the most delicate blue. You leap at once from a Dantean *Inferno* to a Thomsonian *Arcadia*; though I must add that these rapids, both above and below the cataracts, are awful rather than beautiful, magnificent rather than lovely. The rocks, the roar, the several turns, the impossibility of seeing the bottom where the greatest body of water makes its first descent, the perpendicular walls of smooth stone—all are terrible and awe-inspiring. Some idea of the great force and speed of the water may be gained when I say that several of the cataracts are driven between ledges of rock not fifty feet apart, and that the stone channel through which the water from the four largest rapids united flows is about fifty feet wide, and makes two turns almost at right angles to the general course of the river. Opposite the last sharp turn is a cliff of smooth brown rock, about two hundred feet in height. A good general view of all the cataracts may be obtained from this point, to which you may proceed on horseback. It is called the "Emperor's View," having been his Majesty's favorite coigne of vantage. But the grandest rapid, as it tumbles nearly at right angles to the general direction of the river, is not visible. This may be best seen from the opposite (or Bahia) shore. To get there, however, you must go up the river about five miles, cross in a canoe, and walk down, carrying tent and provisions. To the right of the "Emperor's View," at the lower corner of the bluff, is a large grotto, or cave, entered by scrambling down an old dry water-course near its entrance. This cave is some five hundred feet long, a hundred high, and fifty wide. It is oval in shape, and its roof bears a fine simulation of

stars. The sides are composed of a brown soft stone. The floor is uneven, and covered with rubbish and dirt. Only bats frequent this cavern, and the Brazilians style it the *Furna dos Morcegos*, or Vampire Grotto. Below the "Emperor's View" the river takes another turn, and is here about a hundred feet wide, bordered with bluffs three hundred feet in height. A short distance down, on the right bank, are three large falls adjoining each other—in fact, pouring from the same branch of the river. They drop for quite two hundred feet and are remarkably fine. I do not know that there is anywhere in the world any series of rapids to be compared with the Paulo Affonso. It is a most marvelous and thrilling sight, which well repays the toil and hardships of a visit. The time may come, even, when the wretched mud huts, where I slung my hammock and ate my jerked beef and cassava-bread, will be turned into a magnificent "Cataract House"—but things move with inordinate slowness in Brazil.

I returned to Sinimbu and took the train to Jatoba, the western terminus of the railroad. The country remained of the same generally sterile character. Jatoba is a village of about a thousand inhabitants, lying upon the left bank of the river, on a plain containing ample room for a city, the streets and squares of which, on an extended scale, have been already planned by the Government. But the land hereabout produces nothing, so it is doubtful if the idea of a city will be very soon realized. The station-house is a large two-story building, and directly before it, in the river, a splendid cut-stone embankment and landing-stairs, with a great iron crane for raising freight from the river-boats, have been built. Upward from Jatoba the river is smooth and quiet, and flows with a gentle current. It is navigable, with one exception, right away up to Sabara, on its branch, the Rio das Velhas—upon which I made a little voyage, as already described—fifteen hundred miles distant. The single break in this long journey is a reef, which the Government is now engaged in removing. When this work is completed, two little iron steamers will begin to ply up and down the

length of the river. These steamers have been already built in England, and have been brought out in sections, which are now being put together at a large town, named Joazeiro, about three hundred miles from Jatoba. These will bring the rich produce of the valley of the San Francisco to Jatoba, and then the railway around the rapids of Paulo Affonso will begin to achieve the object for which it was originally projected. No hotel exists at Jatoba, but I find most hospitable accommodation at the dwelling of an official of the railway. The thirteen chairs in this gentleman's little parlor are each covered with the skin of an ounce, an animal resembling the leopard, and very prevalent hereabout. These skins, which have a thick fur, irregular faint spots, and a long tail, make very comfortable backs for chairs. I find also the cotton hammocks, swung in the parlor, very agreeable lounging-places. My bed, made of one of the many beautiful, dark, hard woods of Brazil, has a huge hide placed upon its mattress. This I find a little hard, though cool for tropical weather. The table is bountifully supplied with meat—several kinds, or perhaps one kind cooked in different ways. It is etiquette to eat of all. My host gives me nice bread, but does not eat any himself; he is contented with rice and cassava. Other vegetables are not provided; nor is there fruit. Meals are always concluded with some sort of marmalade, with cheese and coffee. Good Portuguese wine is drunk. The entire meal is placed at once upon the table, and there is no division of courses. A condiment of hot peppers, onions, lime-juice, and beef-soup is very popular. Limes are used, but no salt or black pepper. The butter comes in tins, and is of French manufacture. After a meal, toothpicks and cigarettes are invariably passed around. The women of the family do not usually appear at the general table, at least not in towns remote from the capital and large cities. We are waited upon by male or female slaves, and a boy is always detailed to brush the flies from the table and guests with a sort of feather-duster. There are but two meals a day, generally at ten and five o'clock.

Two miles distant from Jatoba, across a level stretch of country around which the river makes a circular bend, are the cataracts of Itaparica, well worthy of a visit. A part of the San Francisco here has cut and worn its way through an enormous ledge of a soft kind of rock, which was originally of a reddish-brown color, but which the sun has turned black where it has been worn by the water. The greater bulk of the river makes a splendid cataract, of about sixty feet, at a sharp though not vertical angle, and then rushes along at a rapid decline in a fine series of rapids, about a hundred feet in width. These boil and seethe and fly aloft, and are white with foam and spray, recalling once more to me those of Niagara. At their foot they strike violently against the rock-bordered bank, which here trends away at nearly a right angle. These rocks, cut, chiseled, broken, cracked, and polished quite smooth, glisten like cannel-coal under a bright sun. They rise thirty feet higher than the river, and extend a hundred feet back from it. Above the cataract the ledge has divided the river into several small streams, which have opened the rock in extraordinary fissures of every fanciful shape. Some of them are thirty feet deep, and not more than four wide. Hollows abound, like the pot-holes of Switzerland: some of them wells two feet in diameter and twenty feet in depth; others kettle-shaped, thirty feet in diameter, and as many deep. All these hollows and holes have, of course, been worn by the action of water and pebbles moving and churning during many centuries. Apparently, also, the water of the river has in some distant age flowed entirely over this great ledge of rock, but now small streams alone are found at the bottoms of the fissures, while most of the excavations are filled only with rain-water. The view of all these rocks and chasms and rapids from the river below is very grand. The roar of the cataract is so great that it may be distinctly heard at a distance of three miles. Near the right bank, adjacent to the rapids, is a scrub-covered mountain, with many jagged rock exposures. This, and the green fringe of shrubs above the crags, make a very pleasing

back ground to the ebony ledge and the brown and white torrent.

Jatoba and Piranhas are turbulent, lawless places, and the natives thereabout are little more than half-civilized. Questions of a political nature seem especially to infuriate them. Just before my arrival at Jatoba, the leaders of two rival factions had a street encounter, in which one of them was killed; whereupon his adherents from the surrounding country, to the number of about one hundred, marched into Jatoba and for several days maintained a terrible scene of riot and bloodshed. In Piranhas, one morning, at five o'clock, as I was about to rise, I heard the sharp report of a musket. My host afterward informed me that a fellow-townsmen had been assassinated by a man, of an opposing cabal, who came from Jatoba for the express purpose. The murderer escaped. When I inquired concerning his punishment if captured, I was told it would be imprisonment for life. Practically there is no such thing in Brazil as capital punishment, though it is legal, and a life-sentence means simply—as too often with us—an early pardon upon good behavior, conjoined with high influence.

I returned by rail to Piranhas. A queer sight here is the great, white, four-faced clock in the water-tower, opposite the railway-station. It strikes the hours and halves for a people who are utterly without comprehension of time and its value. In a double sense might it be called a striking feature of the town. It bears upon its front the name of the maker, and the place of manufacture—Paris. Piranhas and Paris, alas! have nothing in common save their alliteration. For several hours in the morning and evening the women of Piranhas may be seen toiling up and down the almost vertical sides of the valley, carrying great jars of river-water upon their heads. Singly, or often in troops of half a dozen, they are picturesque figures, with easy, graceful carriage, swarthy skin, and light-colored garments. The evenings, and half the nights, are generally noisy with the twanging of guitars and the warbling of love-ditties. Did one not hear so much

of it, this music would be very pleasant. The voices are frequently good, and the songs quaint and plaintive, or sweet and gay. The guitar accompaniment, too, adds a coloring, which is odd and primitive to a foreign ear. Brazilians are exceedingly fond of such harmony, and you will rarely see a dozen of them traveling together without at least one guitar.

The steamer came in from Penedo a day late, having delayed for a passenger who arrived by the Pernambuco line. It is a common practice, in the smaller ports and rivers of Brazil, to postpone the sailing of a vessel several hours, and sometimes, as in this instance, a whole day, for a single passenger. I left Piranhas the following morning, at six o'clock, and reached Penedo, once more, at seven in the evening. I had to wait several days in Penedo for the steamer bound for Pernambuco, and when I departed it was to go by the way of Maceio, the capital of the province of Alagoas. We had to spend a night at anchor just within the mouth of the river, to wait for high tide, in order to cross the bar. The coast was low, level, and sandy all the way to Maceio, which place we reached about sundown. The town is built directly upon the ocean-shore, which is here a semicircle, and lined with great groves of cocoa-palms and bananas.

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*The Reef and Harbor of Pernambuco.*

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### THE "CITY OF THE REEF."

Two days from the time of leaving Penedo we reached Pernambuco. The city, lying flat, has from the distant ocean something of the appearance of Buenos Ayres, but upon a nearer approach the streets and buildings bear a greater resemblance to Bahia than to the Argentine capital. It is, however, very different from either, in respect to a long, narrow reef of rock which, at about five hundred feet from the shore, stretches along the whole front of the city and for several miles beyond, thus making within it a commodious harbor and safe anchorage for all ships and steamers, save those of the very deepest draught. Vessels of twenty-five hundred tons may readily enter; larger ones, of which I saw a few, lie in the offing, about two miles from land. Pernambuco itself stands upon comparatively level ground, but its suburb to the north, Olinda, covers several prettily sloping and extremely verdant hills. All along the shore are great groves of cocoa-palms, and where the vessels enter the reef-protected harbor, at the northern end, are two large forts, not more than half a mile apart, the tops of their brick walls showing many though small cannon. At the extremity of the reef is a low lighthouse, and just beyond it are a round tower, and a small building connected with the revenue department. From here the reef proper, which at high tide is barely above water-level, has been topped with a brick wall about five feet in height and ten in width. The great ocean-swells, as they roll majestically in, break against this barrier, and dash aloft in vast clouds of fleecy foam. The reef near the surface of the water is about fifty feet in width. At

regular intervals in it have been sunk large cannon to which ships may moor. The sea-front of the city is a cemented, cut-stone wall. Vessels lie three and four abreast, just within the reef, and also next the jetty, leaving the central space between them clear for traffic. I noticed two or three men-of-war, three or four steamers, and about fifty sailing-vessels, mostly barks of light tonnage. Pernambuco is a very bustling place, and steamers are coming or going almost every day. As at Bahia, there is a street with "Belgian" pavement adjoining the harbor; and here also at one point is a very small sort of plaza, in which are a dozen great trees, around whose bases circle iron settees, filled all day and evening by loiterers and curiosity-mongers. The houses are narrow, but deep, and four or five stories in height. Here, also, you find the leading banks, sugar and cotton firms, the hotels, and the fine building of the Commercial Association. From my room in the hotel I look into the reef-inclosed harbor, with its always interesting stir of ships and sailors, of steamers and passengers, of stevedores and longshoremen, and away beyond, the view is closed by the remote commingling of sky and water. It is not often that one can obtain such an interesting survey while sitting in a comfortable hotel, not thirty feet from the ocean's edge. At night I am lulled to sleep by the dull even roar of the surf, beating upon the neighboring rocky reef.

Upon a closer inspection I find that Pernambuco lies upon two long, narrow peninsulas and the mainland, the peninsulas being formed by two small rivers and the ocean. The several parts are connected by handsome iron and stone bridges. The country beyond is mostly low, filled with little streams and lakes, and sparsely settled. Everywhere you see palms, bananas, and bamboos. The rich merchants possess country-houses west of the city, at distances varying from one to eight miles, and reached by two or three lines of railroad. The oldest part of the town is called Recife, the Reef, either from the fact of its lying next the reef, or because it is itself upon a sort of reef. Here the streets are very narrow and crooked; but, upon crossing the first bridge to the other

and larger peninsula, you notice a great improvement; the blocks of houses become much larger, the streets wider, tram-cars are running in every direction, and the best retail stores display their wares. In the river Beberibe, which divides the district of Recife from that called San Antonio, are several lines of small ships, mostly engaged in bringing dried beef from the Argentine Republic, and dried fish from Newfoundland. Upon the Recife side is the custom-house, a great, square, yellow building, with high and broad towers at the corners. On the opposite side is the Arsenal of War. The extreme point of the peninsula of San Antonio is reserved for the President's house and gardens. This house, or palace, as it is flatteringly called, is a square, two-storied structure, sadly in want of repairs. It is very plainly fitted up, excepting some handsome carved furniture of rose-wood, and other beautiful timbers, for which Brazil is famous. The old major-domo, who showed me over the alleged palace, was unable to tell me the names or relationship of several members of the small imperial family, whose portraits graced the walls of one of the large saloons. The gardens contain some fine plants and beautiful flowers, but are not kept in good order. The President's house faces a small but very pretty park, with a music pavilion, where a military band occasionally performs. On another side is the theatre, not an imposing building outwardly, but inside one of the prettiest, brightest, and cleanest in South America. It has four tiers, and large proscenium boxes, one of which is reserved for the President's use. A large foyer has doors opening upon a belvedere—the top of the vestibule—where a promenade, with fresh air, may be enjoyed between the acts. There is no local dramatic company, but sometimes one from Rio or Lisbon. Near the theatre is the School of Fine Arts, and a little way along the same water-front is the house of detention. Across the river, upon the mainland, some distance to the left, rises the large, three-storied Hospital of Dom Pedro II. Almost directly opposite the President's house, also upon the mainland, stands the House of Deputies, a square red build-

ing with great windows full of small panes of glass, crowned by an enormously high dome. The furniture and decorations are very simple. In this part of the city, a short distance from the river, is the public cemetery, the only one I have seen which at all resembles those in Europe and the United States. The usual South American fashion is, as I have already said, to huddle the monuments all together, with no intervening trees, flowers, lawns, or paths, so that they have the general appearance of samples in a stone-cutter's yard. But the Pernambuco cemetery is laid out in a great square, crossed in all directions by broad avenues, and filled with plants of interest and beauty. The central avenue is lined by royal palms, which are very much smaller, however, than those in the botanical gardens at Rio. The avenues converge at a chapel in the center. All around the sides is a double row of mural niches, or catacombs, as they are appropriately styled here. But even in this improved cemetery the people do not adopt our plan of family lots, with private fences and gates. They run their rows of vaults along and near the main avenues, not more than three or four feet apart, and with no dividing marks. Several of the monuments, which are all of the pyramidal type, were artistic and costly.

The public market of Pernambuco would do credit to any European city. It occupies a large square, is built of iron and stone, paved with stone, and well supplied with water. The tables are great slabs of stone, and each of the stalls is surrounded by a neat iron railing. The profusion of fruit and fish and vegetables may be inferred from the tropical situation of Pernambuco. The building of the Commercial Association which, with its two-storied white walls, and pretty little flower-beds, and its foreign-looking iron fence, first attracts the attention of the stranger upon landing from the steamer, deserves similar praise to that given to the market. It is, in reality, a sugar and cotton exchange. Two great rooms are upon the ground-floor and two above. The latter are carpeted and furnished, and their walls are adorned with portraits of the Emperor and less distinguished Brazil-

ians. These rooms are used for receptions and balls, and to entertain celebrities who may visit the city. Down-stairs one room is set apart for brokers' desks, the office of the president of the association, etc. Its sides are covered with blackboards, for registering commercial quotations, and daily business and shipping news of all kinds. The other room is furnished with a long table running its entire length, and covered with files of newspapers in every language and from every country. One wall is faced with book-cases containing commercial statistics, law reports, and bound volumes of periodicals; another is covered with framed diplomas and awards. The room is bright and attractive, and cooled by fresh breezes direct from the ocean. The little plaza in front of the building is filled, during the middle of the day, with knots of merchants eagerly discussing the two great items of Pernambuco commerce—sugar and cotton. In the production of sugar, Brazil is second only to Cuba. In the streets you see many long, low drays, drawn by a single huge ox in shafts, and loaded with these useful products.

The best of the private residences of the rich merchants of Pernambuco stand upon either side of a little railway, which is extended about eight miles into the country in a northwesterly direction, toward a village called Caxangá. The dwellings are generally large, square, and of two stories, covered with vari-colored tiles, but with no pretense to any architectural beauty. They are surrounded by very beautiful flower-gardens, and many of them have large aviaries, the Brazilians being very fond of pet song-birds. Besides the usual varieties of palm, the banana and the bamboo, I noticed tamarind, bread-fruit, mandioc, mimosa, jack-fruit, aloe, wild-fig, Brazil-nut, acacia, mango, pomegranate, guava, yam, sweet-potato, cotton, and sugar-cane. Near Caxangá are the new reservoir and water-works for the city, situated amid some very pretty scenery. The water is to be derived from a lake, snugly ensconced at the extremity of a little valley, whence it flows about half a mile to the pumping-works. At this point, in order to get a suitable pressure

for the houses of Pernambuco, it is to be pumped up into a great reservoir, now building upon the top of a neighboring hill. This reservoir is of massive brick masonry. A pipe eighteen inches in diameter will convey the water to the city. From the top of the reservoir a remarkably good view of the surrounding country and the distant city and ocean may be had. Away to the west are billowy, green hillocks; nearer are great plains of rich pasture. These new water-works are being built by an English company. I have already referred to that suburb, styled Olinda, which was the old Pernambuco. This is reached by a narrow-gauge railway, with miniature locomotive and carriages of English construction. The road passes through low, swampy land filled with palms, bananas, bamboos, and dense groves of mangoes. No fine residences of merchants have been built in this direction; only the dilapidated mud huts of very poor people, mostly negroes. At Olinda are a number of picturesque little hills, each topped with a church or convent. Four or five of these convents vie with a dozen churches. Upon the highest ground is a theological seminary, where about a hundred boys are at present studying. From the windows of this college splendid views may be had of the coast far north, of the great ocean to the east, and of the city of Pernambuco at the south. The country inland is also very beautiful, with gently undulating, thickly verdured surface. Olinda is a very dead-and-alive place, but its quaint old churches and convents are romantically if not practically interesting.

One day I took a trip by rail into the interior in a southwest direction, through the rich sugar regions—the cotton-growing country is in a different direction, more to the westward, upon higher and drier ground—to the town of Palmares, about ninety miles distant. The line belongs to an English company, has been long established, and is in a prosperous condition. It is a very broad gauge, and has carriages of three classes. For the first part of the journey the country was low, level, and swampy. To this succeeded

an undulating region and the cane-fields. I passed three or four towns, though most of the stations were little more than groups of a dozen mud huts. Mandioc and beans appeared to be much cultivated, and some splendid pasture-land of great, smooth hills was covered with a velvety turf of the brightest and freshest green. I did not observe many cattle, however, nor did those I saw seem very well favored. As we went on, the scenery increased in picturesqueness, being more broken and diversified. Most of the land had been burned over at least once, so that little remained of the primitive forest. We crossed two or three small rivers upon stout, iron-girder bridges. The *engenhos*, as the sugar-mills are called, were very far apart. They were generally huge buildings of brick or mud, and the grinding was accomplished with either water or mule power. The family dwelling was near at hand, probably a large two-story edifice, of very glaring white color. On some neighboring knoll would always be a small chapel, for every large sugar-mill supports one. Scattered round about would be the squalid slave quarters. A rich sugar-planter sometimes owned a couple of hundred of these human chattels. An English company has built five large steam cane-grinding mills along the railway, and to these very many of the planters sell their cane outright. The company then grind it, and send the sugar to Pernambuco, and so abroad. These factories are fitted with every necessary machine, of the best device and construction, and they have English superintendents and engineers. A narrow-gauge road runs nearly due west from Palmares about fifty miles. It is intended in the future—very distant?—to extend this little line as far as the great San Francisco River. There being nothing of special interest to be seen in the neighborhood of Palmares, I returned by the same route to the "City of the Reef."

A few days afterward I left Pernambuco for Pará, on one of the mouths of the mighty Amazon, intending to call at San Luiz, the capital of the province of Maranhão. I took passage in the commodious and comfortable steamer



Advance, of the United States and Brazil Steamship Company, one of the few lines still flying the star-spangled banner. The cargo was mostly coffee and sugar, and the passengers were nearly all Americans, bound for New York. After so many strange sights and scenes, and such a confusion of tongues as I had experienced during the past thirteen months, the sound of my vernacular and the society of my countrymen were delightful, and only too soon cut short by the voyage of five days. We had started at daylight, and late in the afternoon we rounded Cape Saint Roque, which is not the most easterly point of South America, as used to be taught in our school geographies—that distinction being reserved for Cape Saint Augustine, which is three degrees south, and about half a degree east, of the other promontory, and which, by-the-by, was the first land discovered in South America—by Pinçon, in A. D. 1500. Away to the right, but over a hundred miles from the mainland, is the small island of Fernando de Noronha, used as a penal colony by Brazil. On the afternoon of the third day out from Pernambuco, we sighted and passed a tall white lighthouse situated on an island off the coast of Maranhão; and at dusk we were entering a great bay with low land on every side, and just in front of us the capital city of the province, San Luiz. It was a very ordinary-looking town, though well lighted with gas. Approaching a few small steamers, we anchored for the night. In the morning we went on shore, and took a walk and a long ride in the tram-cars. Grass was growing in the paved streets, and there was a general air of desolation and decay about everything. The exports are sugar and cotton, and near the close of the American civil war the place was very active and hopeful, but now it is dying, slowly but surely. We remained nearly all one day, taking freight and waiting for the flood-tide, before threading the shallow and tortuous channel. At low tide the harbor is more than half dry, so that a steamer visitor, who went below at high water and did not come on deck till low, seeing the great, bare sandbanks, would not recognize the situation. We took a pilot

from a boat a long distance from the mouth of the Pará River. This pilot was put aboard our steamer from one of the most primitive dug-out canoes I have ever seen in the wide ocean. The men propelled their crazy craft with very broad-bladed, short-handled paddles, and, upon grasping a rope thrown to them, steered in such bad form that they were nearly swamped. But, grinning and chattering, they soon bailed the canoe, and finally succeeded in getting the pilot and his little tin trunk and silver-headed cane on board. Pará is seventy-five miles up the river, and we reached it early the next morning. Its situation is similar to that of San Luiz, save that it is more compactly built, and lies upon lower ground. Several smaller rivers enter the Pará just here, and the city is built on a point of land thus formed by the Guama. The anchorage is extensive, and almost land-locked by densely wooded islands. The color of the water is a chocolate-brown, and the current runs very swiftly. Scattered around the harbor were a dozen small ships and a score of steamers of all styles and sizes. Two large English steamers were anchored near us. The other steamers are mostly employed in the Amazonian trade, a few only being coasters. All along the river-front were great iron warehouses, built upon wharves. Most of the freight is moved by lighters, the water is deep enough to allow some of the smaller vessels to lie at the wharves, while others may be seen with only their thin bows placed against the river wall. The houses of the city appear to be two or three stories in height, and some of them are of great size. The woody jungle comes directly up to the edge of the city, with no straggling suburbs. The customary number of moldy, weather-beaten old churches is not sufficient to give a picturesque appearance to what is only a plain-looking commercial emporium, wholly devoted to the trade of the Amazon River—the export of rubber, cacao or chocolate, pirarucu, a fish often eight feet in length, and castanhas or Brazil-nuts, the chestnuts of a forest palm. The steamer *Advance*, after loading one hundred tons of rubber, sailed for Barbados, Saint Thomas, and New York.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### AN EQUATORIAL EMPORIUM.

PARÁ, like several other Brazilian cities, has another and an official name—to wit, Belem—which appears upon Brazilian maps and charts. In like manner Bahia is called San Salvador, and Pernambuco Recife. Pará stands upon nearly level ground, and is laid out regularly, with narrow streets, generally paved with square stone blocks. Tram-cars, both of broad and narrow gauge, run in all desirable directions, and even to suburbs three miles distant. The city is well lighted by gas. The telephone is in general use. Good hackney-coaches abound, though, being very expensive, they are not much patronized. But little is to be said in praise of the public buildings. An old church and convent, near the river-bank, are utilized as a custom-house. The most imposing and probably the finest building, architecturally speaking, is the opera-house, or theatre. Next in point of merit might be named, I should suppose, the government and president's houses, great two-storied buildings, very plain, both inside and out, facing an enormous plaza covered with rank grass and unprovided with paths. In the center of this plaza, which is surrounded by one-story houses and a row of mango-trees, a lofty white-marble monument has been erected to some Brazilian general, a native of Pará. The pedestal possesses no other merit than that it is cut from marble, but the bronze figure of the commander on top is worthy of attention and praise. Near by is a small fort, mounting a few guns of light caliber. The public market is in the neighborhood. It is very creditable as regards its construc-

tion and utility, and, of course, from its location in a city so near the equator, contains an endless profusion of fish, fruit, and vegetables. A street running past the government-house is bordered by rows of the royal palm for a distance of half a mile. For one who had never seen the splendid avenue in the Botanical Gardens of Rio, or in the park of Palermo, near Buenos Ayres, the vista of this street would be very interesting; but here the trees are of a lesser height, are broken and irregular, and their trunks have a disagreeable, unhealthy look. What is by courtesy styled the Botanical Gardens adjoins this avenue of palms. Whatever it may once have been, it is now only a thicket, into which it would be almost impossible to penetrate. The cathedral of Pará is a very large, long edifice, now undergoing much-needed repairs. A handsome high altar, in which I counted ten different sorts of marble, has just been erected. From the towers of this church a good view may be obtained of the city, the surrounding rivers and islands, and the vast forests of the interior. These forests may be easily visited by riding out in the tram-car in a northerly direction to the edge of the city, and then walking about a mile along a path cut through the dense woods, to a little stream called the Una River. Besides the naturally great variety of plant and animal life to be seen, you find the *assai*-palm, the most airy and graceful of all the palms. The beautiful orchids are also sure to claim the stranger's attention. It is curious, moreover, to see a street lined with houses end abruptly against a vast perpendicular wall of verdure, into which you can not see ten feet. Many of the dwellings of Pará are very pretty, surrounded, as they are sure to be, by odd trees and shrubs and gay flowers. The better class of houses are two stories in height, and covered with blue and white tiles; cheaper houses have their mud walls fancifully painted. The first and second streets running parallel to the harbor, or anchorage-ground, are devoted to the wholesale stores, the banks, consulates, and ship-chandlers. The third street contains the retail stores, with a great variety of goods imported

from the United States, England, France, and Germany. Pará has to supply all the river towns of the interior with food and household utensils. A great bustle reigns along the wharves of Pará; steamers come and go almost every day, either to or from the Amazon, the coast, or the ocean. Many foreign ships and native boats and canoes throng there. Half a dozen lines of steamers ply on the mighty Amazon. The climate of Pará is not unhealthy, though variable. The mornings are very sultry, but with the afternoon generally come refreshing sea-breezes, and throughout a greater part of the year heavy showers, accompanied with thunder and lightning, which usually make the nights cool and pleasant. Little or no yellow fever visits Pará, though intermittent fever is not unknown. During the rainy season, which extends over about two thirds of the year, all those streets which are not paved become terrible sloughs of mud and water.

During my stay I paid several visits to the great opera-house, one of the largest in South America, which, as I have said, is situated at one end of the plaza. It is built of brick and stucco, though in front and on each side are rows of lofty marble columns, fluted shafts, with the delicate foliated capitals of the Corinthian order of architecture. In marble-paved porticoes one may promenade between the acts. He may also visit the large foyer. In front of the entrances were a dozen negresses, vending sweetmeats and candies. Near the doors, inside, was a large bar-room, which the audience frequently visited during the evening, for supplies of beer or sweet drinks. The theatre has four narrow galleries, which are rather remarkable, in that none of them are supported by pillars, but by iron brackets. The president's box is in the center of the middle tier, but there are no proscenium-boxes. The interior is decorated in white, red, and gold. As in the European opera-houses, one half of the parquette has seats at one price, the other at a larger. The company was an Italian one, and gave Donizetti's "*Favorita*" in very good style, especially when the facts are recalled that we are located at

a mouth of the great Amazon, hardly a mile from the primeval forest. The orchestra numbered some twenty-five performers, and the most prominent instrument was a piano. The band was leaderless—a very palpable defect. The voice most frequently and loudly heard was that of the annoying prompter. But, either because it was not a very popular opera that was presented, or because the best members of the troupe did not participate, or because it was not Sunday, the popular holiday, only three hundred people were present. The ladies wore light-colored dresses, without hats; no gentlemen were in evening dress. If an additional illustration of the dilatoriness of the South American people were needed, I might mention that, though the hour for beginning the opera was advertised as 8.30 P.M., at that time not a member of the orchestra was in his seat, and by actual count only four people were in the auditorium. At nine the performance began, and just at that time the people came in hurriedly and took their seats. The intermissions were very long, and the entire audience appeared to leave their places and promenade in various parts of the building, while many of the gentlemen adjourned to neighboring cafés. A few nights afterward I attended a benefit at which the tenor was complimented in most extraordinary fashion. Speeches were made from the boxes, poetry was recited, jewelry was presented, and between the acts, Manrico, in costume (the opera was "*Il Trovatore*"), went around to the boxes to collect his subscriptions. These being paid, were at once checked off by a clerk who attended him. It was a most diverting evening.

One day I made an excursion to the end of a railway which is intended eventually to extend to the large town of Bragança, about eighty miles from Pará to the northeastward. At present, however, the road is only completed about half this distance. It is a narrow gauge, with rolling-stock of English make, and one train a day is run each way. Only a single town of any importance graces the road, and the district generally is very thinly peopled. But the opportunity

presented of seeing the forest is unrivaled, for the country is quite level and covered with almost impenetrable jungle throughout the entire distance. A space for about fifty feet has been cleared, on both sides of the track, and the little villages generally face the road in long, straggling rows. The train was full of natives. The women were neatly dressed in light calicoes, and their luxuriant black hair was ornamented with flowers, but they neither wore hats nor carried parasols. The men were dressed in thin black cloth, and smoked and chatted constantly. But what shall I say of the forest? One never tires gazing at it. Its novelty is perpetual. The largest trees would average one hundred feet in height, with trunks three or four feet in diameter, and generally very straight, with but few branches, and these near the top. The first thing that strikes the beholder of a tropical forest is the almost solid mass of verdure, the vast quantity and variety of plant-life; the second is the generally tall and slender character of the trees, and the fact that each has leaves, for the most part, only on top. Here one readily comprehends the doctrine of the "survival of the fittest," for all are struggling in a dense mass upward for light, sun, and air. Hence you observe the very summits of the loftiest covered with orchids, lichens, and vines, many of which send their roots down a hundred feet to the ground, at the bases of the trees upon which they thrive. Frequently you notice a parasitic plant whose foliage towers above, and is greater than that of the tree which it has scaled. And then, from tree to tree, and limb to limb, is an intricate network of luxuriant lianas, the appearance of which continually reminded me of the rigging of a great ship. The lower half of the forest was composed of so many smaller trees that their thin straight stems alone almost shut out the light. The surface of the ground was covered with a tangle of creepers and trunks, and decaying vegetation of all kinds. In temperate regions, you find, in a day's ramble, a single representative of a genus; but here, under the equator, you discover a dozen. During my short ride I casually counted

fourteen species of the palm. Upon arriving at the terminus of the railroad, I took a walk of a couple of miles along a path entering directly into the forest. The stillness was mournful and oppressive. The only sign of animal life was comprised in a few birds, butterflies, and lizards. The birds gave forth no song, only occasionally a frightened screech. The butterflies were large and very pretty; and a toucan, that sailed quietly by, looked like a fragment of a rainbow. Though I heard no animals, and could of course see none in so dense a growth, I made no doubt the forest was as prolific in them as in vegetable life—not perhaps in quadrumana, but certainly in reptiles and insects. In the heart of the great woods one does not see many flowers other than orchids, but some of these were most interesting, from their singular form and the peculiar arrangement of their blossoms and fleshy tubers. Some of the tree-trunks are fluted, others honey-combed, others larger above than below. Some are reared upon stilts of roots, some are buttressed by narrow slabs of living wood which frequently, to insure the better brace, project twenty feet from the giant pillar they are steadying and supporting. Then, again, the enormous variety of leaves, both in shape and size, all massed together, and all new and strange to eyes accustomed to a more meager flora, prove of unflagging interest. As I walk slowly along, I feel as if in a fog, or Russian bath, it is so damp and steamy. Below is the moisture, and above are the light and sun, which together produce such a lavish display of plant-life. The tropical forest is not only grand and solemn, it is also graceful and beautiful. The delicacy and elegance of some of the palms are very wonderful. The vast beds of trailing creepers are so soft and rich as to resemble the choicest velvet. And notice especially the shades of green in the foliage, which vary from the faintest, most illusive tints, to the heaviest and darkest green-black. It is always twilight in the primeval forests of the torrid zone. It did not, therefore, require a very vivid imagination to fancy that the body and limbs of some old sylvan monarchs, wound



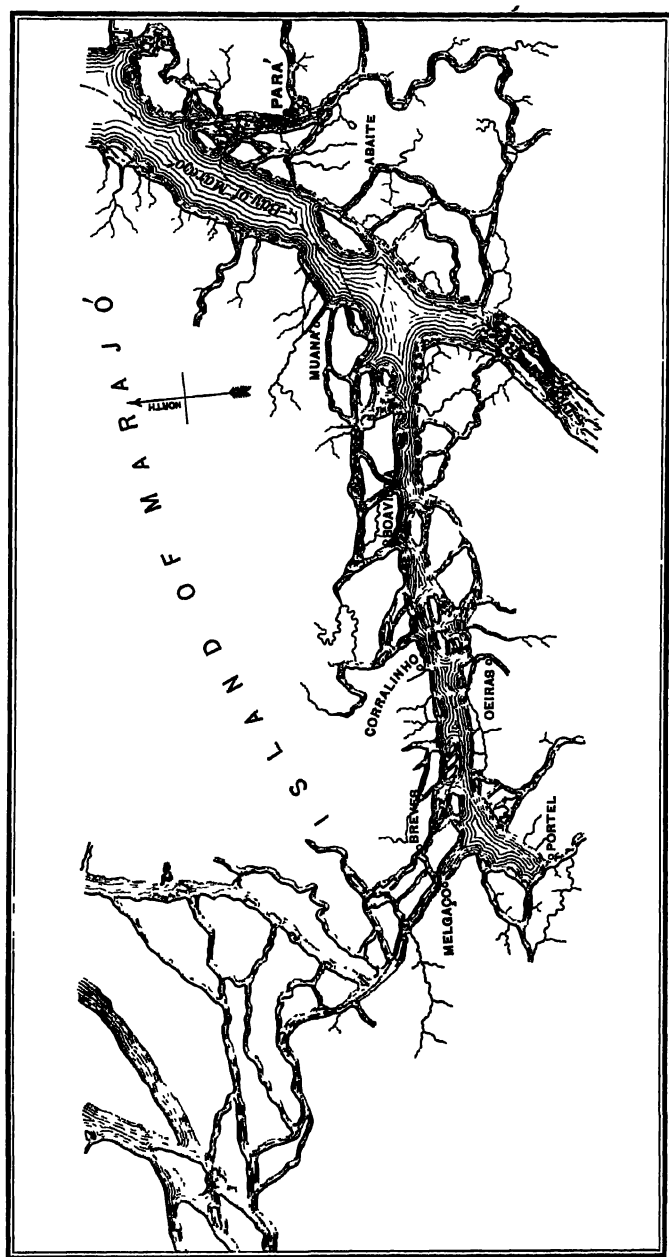
about by huge parasitic climbers, were thus pinioned by massy cordage. To return to the city: no visitor to Pará should omit an examination of the splendid gardens of the well-known American botanist and author, Edward S. Rand, who has some thirty thousand plants in seven hundred and fifty-six species, and endless varieties. Especially interesting is his collection of orchids. These gardens are private property, but Mr. Rand is very amiable, and likes nothing better than to show his treasures to an appreciative stranger.

Having seen everything of importance in and about Pará, I decided to make a voyage of about a thousand miles up the Amazon to Manáos, the capital of Amazonas, the largest province of Brazil. Several lines of Brazilian steamers run to Manáos; and two English steamers, each of a thousand tons burden, go from Liverpool direct and return by way of New York. But the best passenger line, for a traveler who finds himself in Pará, is that called the Amazonian, which is an English company, though the officers and engineers are Brazilians. This company dispatches three steamers a month. These are iron side-wheel vessels, of five hundred or six hundred tons burden, built in England. They are specially well arranged for long voyages under the equator. They have, for instance, two decks, the upper being covered by a wooden roof. The cabins are forward, and contain four berths each. The whole after part, behind the wheel-houses, is open, and a long table down its center is used for meals. On each side of this the passengers stretch their hammocks transversely between the iron posts which support the roof. Should the breeze blow too strongly, or a rain-shower come on, canvas curtains are dropped on all sides, making a dry and comfortable room. In these hammocks you find the passengers lolling, swinging, gossiping all day long, but never by any chance reading, or, if women, doing any embroidery or fancy-work. The hammocks are generally used at night also in preference to the warm and close cabins. On the lower deck a number of second-class passengers are carried. The crew all sleep in hammocks in the forward part of the steamer,

and so thickly are these hung together that it is impossible to pass between them, though, if necessary, you might cross under them. When I went on board the steamer at midnight—it was to leave at daylight—everything was silent, though I knew there must be many passengers ; so, strolling around, I found the whole deck covered with hammocks, each of which contained a sleeping man, woman, or child. The next day I discovered, posted in a conspicuous place, a list of the names of forty passengers, with their several destinations. The table was not very good, nor was the cleanliness as perfect as would have been agreeable. Coffee was served at 6.30 A. M., breakfast at 11.30, dinner at 4.30 P. M., and tea at 8. My fellow-passengers were affable and sociable, though of course their ideas of refinement were not the same as those generally prevailing in the northern half of the continent. They stuck to their hammocks, day and night. The Amazon Valley is *par excellence* the “country of hammocks.” Thereabout a man never travels without one, and in all the hotels and private houses you find stout ring-bolts fastened in the walls ready for use in suspending them. As you steam along the great river, you always see many hammocks swinging in the huts along the bank. The word is of Indian origin. Columbus, in the narrative of his first voyage, speaks of the *hamacas*, or nets, in which the Indians slept. On the Amazon they are made of netting or cloth, generally the latter, and of hemp or cotton, variously ornamented and embroidered. They often have deep fringes hanging down from the sides, which give them a very pretty appearance. They cost all the way from five dollars to fifty dollars, according to the amount of ornamentation. Some, made on the Rio Negro, of the feathers of rare and beautiful birds, are, of course, still more expensive. As soon as the ordinary hammocks become soiled, they are washed, and hence the white ones—the best of them generally seem to be of this color—present a very bright, neat appearance. They are used not only as couches by day, but as hanging beds at night. It requires some practice to learn how to lie comfortably in one

of these cloth swings. The position which the Brazilian adopts is oblique, from the corner of one extremity to that diagonally opposite. Having assumed this position, you discover that no pillow is necessary. If the hammock be derided, during the daytime, as a lazy institution, it is just such a one as is needed in the debilitating temperature of the tropics; and, used as a bed at night, it is certainly clean, cool, comfortable, and conducive to health. Aside from the Amazon Valley, or rather including it, the part of South America where hammocks flourish most vigorously may be roughly indicated as between the Caribbean Sea and the tenth degree of south latitude.

The route followed by the river-steamers from Pará is westwardly, around the great Island of Marajó, until we enter the Amazon proper, just beyond the mouth of the Xingu. More than one half the total length of the Amazon is a vast network of islands, channels, creeks, and lakes. It is a great archipelago, an inland sea full of islands of every conceivable size and shape, though they are very much alike in being low, level, and densely covered with forest. While we are in the Pará River, we generally have a sky and water horizon, both before and behind us. In fact, a special and very appropriate name is given to a part of the river here—namely, the Bay of Marajó. We pass the wide mouth of the Tocantins River. The land is so low that on either side you discover only slight fringes of verdure. At night we stop for half an hour at the little town of Breves, on the Island of Marajó, and from here, until we near the mouth of the Xingu, we are in channels of about half a mile in width. Going on deck early the next morning, I obtained several extended vistas between the islands, and away out toward the main river. A few small schooners with odd masts and sails were observed. There do not seem to be any villages along this part of the river, but occasionally large, isolated huts, of palm-leaf sides and roof, and a few dug-out canoes, drawn up in the slime and floating *débris*, are noticed. The river is of a thick, muddy hue, though, when the water is allowed to



*Chart of a Section of the Lower Amazon.*



settle, it becomes comparatively clear. Huge earthenware jars of it are stationed about our decks for ever-thirsty passengers. The current is strong—three or four miles an hour—and carries along fruits, stalks, huge logs, and a great many large islands of grass and reeds, like those in the Paraguay River to which I have heretofore alluded, save that here many of them were forty or fifty feet square. As we neared the mouths of the Xingu, the forest, on the south shore, became indescribably grand and beautiful. It comes directly to the edge of the water, and is faced with great masses of reeds and other aquatic plants. Sitting at your ease in comfortable extension-chairs, or reclining in your hammock, you may enjoy a panorama unequalled throughout the world. I have never anywhere seen such magnificent native woods. I had thought that some of the previous voyagers on the Amazon had exaggerated, that they had colored their accounts too highly; and that, being specialists, they had observed with the enthusiasm peculiar to their kind. But, no; the reality fully comes up to the descriptions of others, and my own ardent longings. Too great praise could not be bestowed upon the splendid Brazilian forest; but I soon saw that it was, besides, a veritable botanist's paradise. The variety of plant-life is overwhelmingly and continuously great. You might perhaps take a photograph of any thousand feet, which should be in a manner typical of all, yet often, for long distances, a particular species of some tree, most likely a member of the great palm family, will assert itself. The thicket is so compact that ordinarily you can not see farther into it than a score of feet, yet even this is quite enough to show leaves varying in color from the lightest to the darkest green, and from yellow to black. Every species of plant, from a tiny spire of grass to a giant monarch of the forest, a hundred and fifty feet in height, and with a hillock of verdure atop, is represented. Venerable trees, adolescent saplings, vines, parasites, lichens, orchids, ferns, grasses, and arums are here grouped, massed, or interwoven. Many of the large trees resemble forest-trees in the temperate zone, but the palms at

once proclaim another sun, soil, and atmosphere. Hundreds of species of these palms flourish, always striking, graceful, and beautiful. Among them the already mentioned *assai* is, perhaps, the most charming, through its light and airy elegance, its slender, ringed stem, its glossy, fresh-colored tuft. Several of the largest trees—not palms—spread above the others a wide, thick roof of verdure, like a vast umbrella. Others have so dense a covering of leaves and intertwined vines that you hardly see their trunks, while elsewhere a great mass of tall, slim stems crowd so closely together as almost to resemble a natural picket-fence. The great groves of palm-trees looked like vast verdant halls. The mighty columnar stems bore high aloft a solid roof of glossy green, walking under which the proudest of earth might justly feel awed and humbled. The stems and trunks add not a little to the pictorial effect of the vegetation. They range from green to gray, from red to white, from brown to black. Some are smooth, others furrowed. You see them rugged with rings, encircling lianas, or the stems of great fallen leaves. Some have very much the appearance of what sailors term “made masts”—that is, they seem constructed of about a dozen segments, tightly fitted together and presenting an almost smoothly rounded surface.

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## CHAPTER XL.

### UPON THE SEA-LIKE AMAZON.

EVERY morning at six o'clock decks are washed, and every one must turn out of his or her hammock and trice it up out of the way of the scrubbers. This daily deck-washing is a great nuisance. Over two hours are consumed in what might be done in fifteen minutes, and in the mean time a passenger can not find a dry place on the steamer in which to sit. The attendance is especially bad. No care whatever is taken of the cabins. It is quite impossible to get clean towels, and if you wish water for washing you must go and draw it yourself, or find an unoccupied boy to get it for you. Even feeing a servant will not necessarily get a favor done a second time. Candles are very scarce; so are clean napkins. At meal-times the passengers do not keep their original seats, but sit down wherever they may happen to be, and when the bell is rung such a rush is made that several times I have had to walk all around the table to find a vacant seat—of course, with a stained table-cloth, and some other person's soiled napkin before me. The captain takes all his meals in his own cabin, out of which he is seldom seen. The days were very hot, and there were almost always heavy showers in the afternoon or evening. The nights were sufficiently cold for a blanket if in a cabin, and for two of them if in a hammock. At night it is no unusual thing to see husband and wife sleeping in the same hammock. Two small children, thus placed, look natural enough; but two grown people appear rather ridiculous. We have two pilots, who relieve each other every four hours. They sit in front of



the pilot-house, and keep up a constant series of directions to the quartermaster at the wheel behind them. So familiar are these men with the vagaries of the river, that we go ahead at full speed all night, no matter how dark it may be. The current being very strong, the wheels are in some danger from the great trunks which float swiftly down, but most of these are avoided by an expert pilot. The steamer is steered, not by compass, nor even by the stars, here so very bright, but by the configuration of the banks. The air is exceedingly damp, and everything made of leather, allowed to stand for a few days, becomes covered with the down-like fungi of green mold. A good deal of local travel gave animation to the river; we put down and took up passengers at every station. The principal part of their baggage consisted of a hammock, a pair of slippers, and a pet bird, dog, or monkey. A man in the Amazon Valley, before walking, invariably takes up his bed. The well-to-do passengers bring tin trunks, which preserve their contents against rain and insects. The traditional "shirt-collar and pair of spurs" are quite equaled and realized in the children, who wander and play all over the steamer with absolutely nothing on save a pair of shoes and stockings.

The Xingu has two mouths. We passed through the easterly and wider one, and entered the Amazon proper by way of the narrow but deep westerly branch. Upon the left bank I saw the first high land since leaving Pará. A series of densely wooded ridges met the view, perhaps three or four hundred feet in height, lying back a short distance from the river. Looking at my large Portuguese map, I found but two or three other distinct clusters of a like importance, near the river, for a distance of twenty-five hundred miles from Pará, or as far as Nauta in Peru. The central part of the Amazon is also, it appears, throughout its entire length, full of islands and sand-banks, the beginnings of islands; and the grown islands are mostly oblong and of large area. They are all, of course, like the mainland, thickly covered with vegetation. In this respect, and in that of the great number

of connecting creeks, lakes, and minor branches, though some of these are so large as to seemingly make two parallel Amazons, this gigantic stream has no rival on the face of the globe. It realizes the Miltonic phrase "ocean-stream." The optical phenomena of mirage is frequently observed. The eastern or lower half lacks the picturesque element derived from tortuousness. It is all either in enormous sea-like expanses, with water horizons before and behind you, or banked by long, parallel, wooded shores. Its tributaries, however, are more or less winding. The lower river varies from two to ten miles in width, but you are never sure of not mistaking the shore of islands for the actual banks. The Amazon is generally very deep—an average of one hundred and fifty feet. Steamers of two thousand tons can at all seasons of the year go safely up to Manáos, a thousand miles. At Tabatinga, in Peru, two thousand miles from the Atlantic, it is one and a half miles wide. The Amazon is the largest river in the world—with all its upper windings over four thousand miles long—and receives eight tributaries, each over one thousand miles in length. The area of the basin of the Amazon is nearly three times that of the Mississippi. The Amazon and its tributaries furnish fifty thousand miles of navigable waters, half of which are available for steamers. In the basin of this mighty river an area, fifteen hundred miles long and one thousand broad, is covered by vast forests. Here, among many valuable timbers, you find the rare tortoise-shell wood, pronounced the most beautiful cabinet-wood in the world. It is, however, an unhealthy region, and so thinly settled that there is scarcely an average of one person to ten square miles. Speaking of forests reminds me that those of South America (which are mostly in Brazil) occupy about two thirds of its surface, and that three fourths of the continent may be regarded as tropical. These forests differ in at least one particular from those in other parts of the world, in that many of the largest are adorned on their outskirts with the most brilliant flowers. In fact, everywhere the magnitude, variety, and gracefulness of the trees, and the

profusion and brilliancy of the flowers, are extraordinary. Birds also, of very beautiful plumage, are found in greater abundance in Brazil than in any other part of the world. So far as the inhabitants of the water were concerned, I noticed several varieties of fish, notably porpoises and a few alligators, but the paucity of water-fowl is rather striking. A few black ducks, white herons, and small blue and brown birds, are all. There are very few native boats, and not many huts along the shore, and these were deserted, being half-submerged and rendered tenantless by the rainy season, which was just over.

Late in the evening of the third day we reached the town of Santarem, the second on the river in size and commercial importance. It is situated directly at the mouth of the blue Tapajoz, on the right bank of the Amazon. It is built close down to the water's edge, and has a large church, some fine public buildings, and ordinary two-story dwellings. In its neighborhood we occasionally saw great *campos*, or meadows, level as the floor of a house, and covered with the thickest and richest of green grass. We then threaded an especially intricate network of islands, lakes, rivers, creeks, and sandbanks, and halted at Obidos, on the left bank, our next port of call. This is the third important town on the river. We made fast to a large tree, in addition to our anchor, for the current runs very swiftly here, the river being but a little more than a mile in width, though very deep. Obidos, standing upon a rocky bluff, and with a background of hills, is very attractive, though it counts scarcely a single two-story house, and many of the others are uninhabited and dilapidated. As I wandered through the streets, I saw scarcely any one at the doors or windows. It seemed almost like a cemetery. The banks were considerably occupied by cacao-plantations. At a distance these somewhat resemble an old orange-grove. The chocolate-trees are planted three or four feet apart, and are from twenty to thirty feet in height. The cacao has a brownish bark; and directly from the trunk, or large branches, springs a pulpy fruit, from whose flat, oblong seeds the choco-

late of commerce is made. We passed some curious trading-boats; they had two masts, the foremost one bearing two yards, and the deck was covered with a huge round cabin. These boats contain a miscellaneous stock of goods, and are sailed to villages where there are no stores. There they remain until the trade is exhausted, when they journey to another village. They are clumsy-looking craft, that might do justice to the ancient piratical boats of the Barbary coast. A few small schooners, with rakish masts, were also seen. To show the force of wind and current on the Amazon: vessels, with furled sails, can drift to its mouth from the base of the Andes, twenty-six hundred miles, in two months, and may be brought back most of the way with sails filled by the strong easterly breeze which generally prevails. The east wind is, besides, so constant, that vessels go up against the powerful current as rapidly as they are borne by the current down-stream. The pirogues are propelled by short paddles, which have enormous and nearly round blades. The large canoes have one or two masts, with semi-cylindrical straw cabins in the center, or sometimes large wooden cabins in the stern. We occasionally passed steamers going up or down the river, but there did not seem to be much shipping of any kind. Perhaps, however, this impression was due to the enormous size of the river. There are two kinds of river huts: one with straw-mat sides and straw thatches, and one with mud walls and tile roofs. The former are generally found in the more swampy sections, and are raised upon posts. Clustered about the landing-places, where a few pirogues are generally drawn up in the mud, are always to be seen a half-dozen or so of stark-naked children. Such men as happen to be noticed about wear nothing but trousers. The huts are surrounded with such food-supplies as mandioc, maize, bananas, and sugar-cane, and perhaps also a little tobacco. Great slabs of the *pirarucu* fish hang in the sun to be cured. This fish the Indians eat when fresh also, but, as it has a very soapy taste, it is not much relished by foreigners. As we slowly passed, two or three degenerate curs crouched gloomily about,

and, too lazy to growl, stared at us in the most amusing manner. The Indians are mostly engaged in collecting and selling wood, which many of the steamers use for their boilers, though the vessels of the Amazonian Company burn coal.

On the morning of the eighth day from Pará we entered the Rio Negro, the spot where its inky-black stream enters the yellow Amazon being marked by a distinct and abrupt line extending across the river. After the dirty Amazon, the black though clear Negro was a pleasant change. Just below the junction of the Negro with the Amazon is a very large island, which, indeed, is so large as to contain an extensive lake. Directly west of this island the Amazon is called the Solimoens, and still farther up to its source the Marañon. The Rio Negro contains almost no islands at first, but higher up it is nearly choked with them. A few miles from its mouth, on the left bank, is situated the city of Manáos, the capital of Amazonas. The river here is a mile in width. The city of Manáos begins about thirty feet above the river, at its edge, and slopes back amid so much vegetation that you can not see half the houses. In the river were half a dozen double-decked steamers, two of which, one bound for the river Jurua, and the other for Iquitos, in Peru, soon fastened themselves alongside, in order to get what freight and passengers we had for their respective destinations. Anchored abreast the city were a small gunboat, a store-ship, several small launches, and, near the shore, a score or so of Indian craft. The most conspicuous object of Manáos, to one coming up from the Amazon, is a large, newly built market, standing on a point of land which projects into the Negro. The market-house is made of zinc, with a very ornamental front. In what seems about the center of the city, near the river, upon a prominent knoll, is the cathedral, a great pile of flaring white masonry. Beyond this, to the left, is an old fort, not, however, disclosing any guns above its walls. Near the cathedral, on the opposite side, is a very foreign-looking, iron-girder bridge, spanning a small river.

At the extreme eastern end of the city is a large saw-mill. A great fleet of boats came out to us from the shore, down to which were speedily driven several very civilized-looking hackney-coaches! Having plenty of room, Manáos is a city very greatly spread out. In a long walk upon shore I noticed that it was laid out at right angles, that the thoroughfares, save the principal one, called Brazil Street, were narrow, and badly paved with rough cobble-stones, and that the lighting was by means of oil-lamps. The houses are mostly of but one story. The ridges of some of the roofs were so fully covered with turkey-buzzards as almost to make one at first think they were an artificial ornament. On nearly every corner is a store, usually of miscellaneous articles and provisions, but sometimes devoted to a special line of goods. The business streets smell strongly of India-rubber. In the great warehouses you see enormous masses of dried caoutchouc-sap, or rubber, resembling great cheeses, especially when cut through. These are black, though the juice, when first obtained from the trees, is a milky white, the dark shade being produced by smoking. Brazil is the greatest rubber-producing country of the world, though in Asia there are two species, the *Urceola* and *Ficus*, denominated as *elastica*. The Brazilian tree is called *Siphonia elastica*, and is known to botanists as a herbaceous succulent. I noticed several colleges, and a fine, large building at the southern end of the city was inscribed "Lyceo." Two newspapers are published here, each three times a week. One is styled "Amazonas, a Liberal Organ." I have already alluded to the hackney-coaches, and here also, in the center of the vast Brazilian forest, are cafés, billiard-saloons, and barber-shops. An opera-house, which, if completed, would have rivaled that at Pará, was begun, but want of funds prevented its red-sandstone walls reaching a greater height than about ten feet. At present the inhabitants receive their supplies of water from the Negro and small streams near by, whence it is distributed over the city in jars and barrels; but some fine water-works, similar to those at Pernambuco, are being built for Manáos.

In the near future water is to be obtained from a spring-fed stream, about three miles distant, pumped into a reservoir some two hundred feet higher than Manáos, to which it will be conducted in a large iron pipe.

My walk led me along a wide road, shaded by handsome lime-trees, past the barracks, with red-sandstone walls, brass field-pieces, and sentinels before the gate. I then turned to the right, and upon high ground, commanding good views of the Rio Negro and the city, I found the Botanical Gardens and "Botanical Museum of Amazonas." The building is a handsome two-story structure, faced with tiles, with two wings, the one labeled "Museo," the other "Laboratorio." It is a sort of general selection of the products of nature and man in Amazonas—a vast province of eight hundred thousand square miles, but with a population of only sixty thousand inhabitants. It is open to the Manáos public only on Sundays, but to students and foreign travelers every day in the week. The first or ground floor is devoted to a herbarium, a chemical laboratory, and draughting and photographic rooms. Up-stairs are a library of works upon Brazil, and a very complete ethnographical collection, which relates to the Indian tribes of this great province, and illustrates in a very interesting manner their clothes, domestic utensils, weapons, ornaments, implements of the chase, etc. The collection numbers some three thousand specimens, and I was shown a complete manuscript catalogue, which was expected soon to be published. The director of the museum is the famous Brazilian botanist, ethnographer, and explorer, Dr. J. Barboza Rodrigues, from whom I received much kindly attention. Dr. Rodrigues is widely known, among botanists, for his discovery of more than one hundred varieties of palms and five hundred and fifty of orchids, having made these two families of interesting and beautiful plants his specialties. The doctor is very expert with pencil and water-colors, and showed me a score of great folios full of splendid pictures of the various palms and orchids which he has discovered. He has published a large number of

learned monographs upon the ethnography, archæology, and philology of the Indian tribes.

On my return trip to Pará there were but about a dozen first-class passengers, which greatly added to my comfort, affording increased room and better attention at table. We kept to the middle of the river, and with double the speed of the upward voyage, though we made the same number of calls. The downward journey is more pleasant, because one is able to enjoy the fresh southeast trade-wind, which blows steadily and strongly up the river during the greater part of the day. We took on board many beef-cattle, embarking them in the most primitive and tiresome manner imaginable. In fact, four hours were sometimes consumed in doing what might have been done in fifteen minutes. The cattle were corralled at the bank's edge, from which we were always distant as much as fifty feet. A little wharf might have been built and the cattle put on board by this means, or they might have been placed in a scow and drawn alongside with little trouble or loss of time. But, no—the extraordinary method adopted was as follows: A bullock being lassoed within the corral, an attempt was made to get him down into the water, and then to swim him to the side of the steamer, there to hoist him on board by means of a stout rope fastened about his horns, and attached to a steam winch. A large rope was stretched from shore to steamer, and plying up and down this, in a canoe, were four or five men whose object was to hold the animals and draw them to the side of the steamer, where one of the men in the bow would attempt to slip the lifting noose over the horns. Of course, with all these details, and the bawling of the men, the animals were terribly scared, and plunged, or ran, or stood obstinately, trying to upset the canoe, etc. They frequently broke away also from those endeavoring to pull them from the corral to the steamer, and scampered up the road leading to town, or away into the forest. In order to capture such truants as these, two or three mounted men, with lassoes, had to be constantly employed. To add to the trouble, darkness would often come



on before the cargo was completed, and an animal could only be lassoed by the light given by flashes of lightning. The men laughed and shouted, and cracked jokes, and seemed to be having a most enjoyable time. The whole scene was well illustrative of the country and people; and I have no doubt that a thousand years from now, if there are any cattle remaining in these provinces, they will still be freighted to Pará in the same kind of steamer and hauled on board in the same pristine manner. Our cargo up the river had consisted of foreign manufactured articles and provisions, and that down embraced rubber, cacao, bananas, Brazil-nuts, and beef-cattle. Arrival at Pará happily terminated my voyage of two thousand miles upon the giant Amazon.

In continuing my journey, I wished to go from Pará to Cayenne, the capital of French Guiana, a distance of some four hundred miles up the coast to the northward, but there was no steamer, of any nationality, taking this route. In fact, the only break in the steamer service of the whole of the vast sea-coast of South America, is just through this comparatively short distance, though from Cayenne the connection is resumed, and you can go on along the coast by various lines, calling at all the chief seaports until you reach Aspinwall. Nor is there usually any ship or ocean-canoe to be obtained at Pará. The voyage is occasionally made from Cayenne south, but that is with favoring current and wind, and the return journey of a canoe has been known to last three weeks. I found, therefore, that on this occasion the "longest way around would be the shortest way home." This was to go to Bridgetown, in Barbados, the southernmost of the Windward Islands, where I might get an English steamer to Georgetown, in British Guiana, and depart thence, by Dutch steamer, to Paramaribo, in Dutch Guiana, and finally get to Cayenne in a French steamer. I must then return to Georgetown, and go on to the Island of Trinidad, in order to ascend the Orinoco and visit other parts of Venezuela. So I again patronized the "United States and Brazil Steamship Company," this time taking passage in the

Finance, a sister-ship of that in which I had gone from Pernambuco to Pará. Early in the morning we put our pilot aboard his brig, near the mouth of the Pará, and a few hours later we passed the light-ship, and headed toward the north. The eastern end of the great Island of Marajó, being low ground and far distant, was not visible. During the afternoon we crossed the equator—for myself, in various parts of the world, the twelfth time—and I entered once more the northern hemisphere. We were soon crossing the mouths of the Amazon, fourteen miles *wider* than is the navigable *length* of what we are wont to call the “lordly” Hudson! The water continued all day, and even until noon the following day, a dirty, yellowish-green in color. Fresh water from the Amazon may be taken up in the sea nearly two hundred miles from its mouth!

## CHAPTER XLI.

### TO THE GUIANAS VIA BARBADOS.

WE had a pleasant voyage of four days to Barbados. The island is encircled by coral reefs, and visited by violent hurricanes, which make the navigation dangerous and cause great damage. It is about twenty miles in length and half as many in width. It is low and undulating, with hills and valleys, and sparsely covered with trees; but the soil is fertile and very minutely cultivated, as it must be with a dense population of one hundred and seventy-five thousand negroes. The exports are sugar, rum, and arrow-root, the nutritive starch used as a medicinal food. This plant acquires its strange name from the fact that the Indians once employed its roots to extract the poison of arrows. Barbados belongs to Great Britain, and is the most important member of the Windward Islands. It has its own Legislature. In the roadstead of Bridgetown, the capital, were half a dozen goodly sized ships, and three steamers of the Royal Mail Company, namely, one each from Jamaica, Trinidad, and British Guiana. I was rowed ashore, passed the ordeal of the custom-house without delay, and found quarters at the Nile Hotel, in a square facing an inner shipping basin and opposite a small bronze statue of Lord Nelson. A hotel across the street is styled the Trafalgar House, so there is no difficulty in realizing that one is in a British colony. In the center of the square is a very pretty little public garden containing a large fountain. On one side, covering an entire block, are the Government offices, substantial-looking

edifices, of a rough gray stone, two stories in height. A Gothic tower, containing a handsome four-faced clock, rises from one of the large buildings. The streets of the business portion of Barbados are generally narrow, and macadamized with a stone whose dust is, unfortunately, very trying to the eyes. The sidewalks are so narrow that the streets have to be utilized by pedestrians. The buildings are of every size and shape, and range from one to three stories in height. There are several large stores of wonderfully miscellaneous contents, where the number and attentions of the clerks bring to mind the cheaper class of retail stores at home. These are filled all day long by a chattering, chaffing set of negroes, who are always amusing. The business part of Barbados being compressed into a very small district, the streets always present a gay and animated appearance. Telephones are a wide-spread convenience. Good and cheap hackney-carriages abound, a tramway runs to a suburb, and a railway semicircles the island. The cathedral is Episcopalian, or, more accurately, Church of England. It is an interesting old pile, surrounded by crumbling tombstones, some of which date from the sixteenth century, and are shaded by palms, ferns, and bread-fruits. The sacred edifice is large, with stained-glass windows and a good organ, and the walls are covered with memorial tablets, while the floor is paved with grave-slabs. In the Public Buildings, already mentioned as occupying a block near the shipping basin, are the two Parliament Houses, the Assembly and Council Chamber, surrounded by shrubs, lawns, and flowers. At the head of the grand staircase are two stained-glass windows, which beautifully picture Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, both in full state dress, with conventional regalia. A door opens from the corridor into the large Assembly room, with ponderous ceiling made of huge timbers, and circles of chairs for the members. The Council Chamber is similar, and, in addition, adorned with full-length portraits of local celebrities. The remaining rooms consist of public offices, the Government Library, with twenty thousand volumes of general literature,

and a large apartment, called Albert Hall, where traveling theatrical companies perform.

One afternoon I rode in the only tramway in Bridgetown, which runs in a southerly direction to a suburb called Hastings. There are but four towns in Barbados besides the capital. Hastings is the English garrison-post. Here are neat, clean-looking barracks, military storehouses, and a great level, grassy plain for a drill and parade ground. Natives are employed as soldiers as well as police, but, as the blacks vastly outnumber the whites of the island, it is found advisable to keep a stout contingent of British troops always on hand. Beyond the garrison, and at the terminus of the tramway, a hotel, with one hundred and fifty-five rooms, has just been erected, with a view to luring some of New York's citizens, in the winter season, to Barbados as a sanitarium, the climate of the island, though warm, being equable and healthy. A fine bathing-beach is one of the attractions. Others are the steamer, post, and telegraph facilities, and the fact that English is the language of the island. Barbados is especially well served with steamers plying to Europe, the three Americas, and the West India Islands. Schooners of about two hundred tons burden also connect with the other islands and with British Guiana.

Another day I took a trip in the little railway which runs in a circular course toward the south and east side of the island, and then to the north, along the edge of the ocean. The total length of this road is thirty miles. It is a narrow gauge, with small light cars and small locomotives, all, of course, of English manufacture. Two trains each way are run daily, but the road is not in a very prosperous condition, notwithstanding that its first cost could not have been very heavy, owing to the level character of the island. Bridgetown is spread over a good deal of ground, the dwellings of the negroes being all of wood, and one story in height. They are very small, often appearing like rows of dog-kennels along the narrow streets. The houses of the English residents are generally built of coral and lime-like rock. The latter seems

to be the basis of the whole island, is quarried in a comparatively soft condition, and hardens on exposure to the air. These residences are large, generally two stories in height, with widely protecting verandas and liberal supplies of large Venetian blinds. They stand in beautiful gardens of trees, shrubs, and flowers, with neatly trimmed lawns. The bend of the trees, all in one direction, plainly indicates the force and direction of the trade-winds. The train passes through immense plantations of sugar-cane, together with fields of maize and potatoes, more especially for the laborers. Large sugar-mills, with tall chimneys, and huge wind-mills for grinding cane and pumping water, with great farm-houses for the proprietors or managers, and small villages of toy houses for the negro hands, are seen in every direction. The round stone towers, and huge wood and sail arms of the windmills remind one strongly of Holland. Barbados is exceedingly bare of trees—you see them only about the farm-houses or in stray copses—and yet, owing to the beneficent trade-winds, rain falls plenteously. Rarely is there drought, and even then water may always be found at a very few feet below the surface. Upon the eastern coast you notice great, uncouth masses of coral rock, a long way from shore, out in the surf, whose continual beating has worn away their bases, so that some appear like huge mushrooms, while others are mutilated like the Egyptian Sphinx. Near one of the stations stands Codrington College, the largest and best-appointed institution of the kind in the West Indies. The round railway trip occupied four hours.

I had a few days to wait for the bi-monthly steamer to Georgetown, British Guiana. It was one of the Royal Mail line, all fine vessels built on one model—long, low, narrow, with very sharp prow and raking masts. They are fast, clean, well served, and well disciplined, though it is hardly necessary to speak of the last, as this is a qualification always possessed by English steamers. The cabins are large, and extend the entire length of the vessel. A *punkah*, or fan-machine, is provided for the saloon-table. Negroes, and natives of the

West Indies generally, are employed both as sailors and waiters. In short, these vessels are admirably adapted to the tropical regions in which they mostly ply, and are purposely built low and strong, to withstand the hurricanes prevalent in the West Indies. The big ocean-steamship direct from Southampton brought us a large number of cabin-passengers, as she did also to the other connecting boats, those for Trinidad and St. Thomas. The steamer from England was to go on to Hayti, Jamaica, and Aspinwall. On the second day out, the bright blue color of the deep ocean began to change to the dull green of the comparatively shallow sea. Great sand-banks and mud-flats run far out from the shores of the three Guianas. The coast of British Guiana is so extremely low, that the first intimation one has of it is an occasional fringe of trees, or more probably some of the tall chimneys of the sugar-plantations, which appear to rise directly out of the water. All the coast, from above the Essequibo River to the Corentyn, is one continuous level of cane-fields. At noon we took a pilot from the light-ship, and anchored fourteen miles from Georgetown, which, with its shipping in the river in front of it, was faintly visible. The coast, both above and below the Demerara River, increased a little in height. The water became of a dirty, thick, yellow color. In making for the river a bar has to be crossed, on which, even at high tide, there are but eighteen feet of water. The steamers of this branch of the Royal Mail service are, therefore, purposely made of a draught to suit this shoal. Of the city of Georgetown, from the ocean, but little may be seen, so low and level is the ground upon which it is built, and so thickly are its gardens and streets filled with trees, shrubs, and flowers. You seem to see only a tall, round lighthouse, the towers of a couple of public buildings, the hotel and market, and a picturesque church-steeple. The city stands upon the east bank of the Demerara River, which here, at its entrance into the ocean, is about a mile in width. It extends a couple of miles along the river, and nearly the same distance into the interior. Upon the opposite side are

sugar estates and a small village which is reached by ferry. The coast in the distance seems lined with mangroves and cocoanut-palms. At the northern extremity of the city, on ocean and river, is a fort, with strong, sloping walls of massive masonry, and low parapet, over which ominously peer a dozen or more cannon. Now we are abreast of the lighthouse, and not far from here are the buildings of the railway terminus. The line runs along the coast, to the eastward, a distance of twenty miles. This is about one third of the distance to the town of Berbice—the only other town in British Guiana—to which it is intended some day to extend the railroad. Hence to the extreme southern point of the city the river-bank is flanked with wharves covered with great warehouses of wood and galvanized iron. Many ships and a few steamers are always loading or unloading at these warehouses, but the larger vessels—about a score of ships and four steamers—are lying in a long row in the stream, a short distance from the wharves. The first of these was a great clipper-ship, just arrived from Calcutta, with several hundred Hindoo coolies, or laborers, aboard. Our steamer anchors, and, after submitting to a nominal inspection of baggage, the passengers go on shore in a little iron tender. The first impressions of a visitor, as he lands and walks around, or perhaps rides in one of the little hackney victorias with which the place abounds, are that he has arrived at a clean, orderly, busy, and pretty little city. The wharves present scenes of bustling commerce. The first street, called Water Street, running parallel with the river, is the chief seat of the warehouses and merchants' stores. As you move along toward your hotel, you are struck with the number and great variety of races represented—Hindoos, Parsees, Chinese, negroes, Portuguese, creoles, and whites. Your next surprise will probably be in finding a very good hotel—the "Tower Hotel," so called from its high tower, which contains the winding staircase connecting its four stories, and from the belvedere of which a capital view of the city and river may be obtained. This hotel is new, and contains large, airy sleeping-rooms, with abundance of



windows. It also includes public and private dining-rooms, ladies' parlor, gentlemen's reading-room, a billiard-room, and a bar-room. The deep porticoes, shaded by great Venetian blinds, and furnished with chairs and tables, are pleasant lounging-places.

Georgetown is laid out at right angles, with numbers of parks and gardens. Its streets are broad and macadamized, and lighted at night by gas. The sidewalks are of cement, or of blocks of a composition of small stones and asphalt, from the famous pitch-lake in the Island of Trinidad. Through many of its streets run canals, a reminiscence of the Dutch, who originally established Georgetown, and there copied their maritime towns at home. Many of the public and private buildings, in their peculiar style of architecture, and their gable-ends facing the streets, call to mind Holland. The canals are not unhealthful, and serve a useful purpose during the rainy season, when they carry off the surplus surface water. The stores and dwelling-houses of Georgetown are generally built of wood and galvanized iron, with roofs of slate or shingle, and all, owing to the low land, have to be erected on brick pillars or heavy wooden piles. The size and vast stocks of some of the larger stores, supplying everything from *bijouterie* to boots, from staples to stationery, are very astonishing. Several of these repositories are handsomely and appropriately fitted up. Some of the public buildings are of brick and stucco. The dwellings generally stand detached and secluded in beautiful gardens. They are two stories in height, rarely of three, with pretty towers and cupolas. One sees numbers of large wooden and iron tanks near them, which are used as cisterns for holding rain-water—the drinking-water of the city. The latter is well supplied with cabs, which are both good and cheap—by distance to any part of the city, the price is one shilling; by time, four shillings the hour. Besides the cab-stands, one notices stands of mule-carts and even of donkey-carts. Three lines of tramway start from the post-office, which is centrally located and near the river. One line runs northerly to the railway-station,





*A Chinese Immigrant, Georgetown.*

another eastwardly to the Botanical Gardens, and another westwardly around to the first great plantation on the south, called "La Penitence." Georgetown has an "elegant sufficiency" of two very different kinds of public resorts, churches and clubs. You have a choice of the churches, or chapels, of England, Scotland, the Wesleyan Methodists, Roman Catholics, United Presbyterians, Congregational Dissenters, the London Missionary Society, the Moravians, Lutherans, the coolie missions, Indian missions, sailors' missions, a Portuguese mission, and so on. As there are only two thousand whites in the whole colony, some of the English churches must be content with rather slim congregations. Then, as to clubs, besides the usual social and convivial cliques peculiar to large cities, I find chess, rowing, athletic, lawn-tennis, cricket, rifle, and horse-racing clubs.

The sea-front of British Guiana is about three hundred miles in length, with an interior depth of perhaps four hundred miles. Its entire population is now set down at two hundred and fifty thousand, of which some forty thousand are allotted to the capital. The population of the colony is quite as mixed as that of the metropolis. Only about eight thousand aborigines are supposed to be left. When slavery was abolished, in 1814, it was found necessary to recruit the ranks of laborers by immigration. There are now in the country from the West India Islands about eighteen thousand immigrants; from India sixty-five thousand; from China five thousand; from Madeira and the Azores seven thousand; from Africa five thousand; or a total of one hundred thousand immigrants employed as agricultural laborers. Along the coasts, and from twenty to fifty miles inland, are the cultivated lands—mud flats or alluvial deposits, composed chiefly of blue clay impregnated with sea-salt, and rich with decomposed vegetable matter. A large part is below high-water mark. Numerous fertile islands, some from twelve to fifteen miles in length, lying in the estuary of the Essequibo, are under sugar-cane cultivation. The interior of the colony consists of well-watered savannas, used for cattle-raising,

and also dense forests of timber, very valuable for house and ship building, and for household furniture. Though cattle-farms and cocoa, plantain, and cocoanut estates alternate with each other, the vast bulk of the exports is sugar. The products of the colony would, in fact, stand somewhat in this ratio of supply : sugar, rum, molasses, timber, cocoanuts, and charcoal. A fine, large sugar estate—to give the reader a general idea—will have, perhaps, two thousand acres under cultivation, twelve hundred laborers, and a yearly output of four thousand tons of sugar. Many of these sugar estates have fancy or sentimental names, in Dutch or French, some of which are humorously as well as pathetically suggestive—as “*La Bonne Intention*” (The Good Intention); “*Goedverwagting*” (Good Expectation of Hope); “*Malgré Tout*” (In spite of All); “*Vive la Force!*” (Glory to Power); and “*Zorg*” (Care, Anxiety). Each of these great estates forms a small community by itself, and comprises—besides the male and female laborers—manager, overseers, engineers, a doctor, druggist, teacher, carpenter, blacksmith, book-keepers, chaplain, police, and an attorney and agents in Georgetown.

British Guiana is divided into the three provinces of Demerara, Essequibo, and Berbice, and these again are subdivided into parishes, named, singularly enough, after the Christian Evangelists and some of the alleged saints. It has a peculiar sort of government, its political constitution having been adopted from that established by its original Dutch possessors. The functions of a Legislative Council and House of Assembly are performed by the Governor and a Court of Policy, which, besides the chief magistrate, is composed of four official members appointed by the crown, and five elective members nominated by a body called the Electoral College and appointed by the court. The Governor and the Court of Policy attend to all public administration, save taxation and finance. These require in addition the services of six Financial Representatives, elected by their several constituencies, the assemblage thus constituted form-

ing what is termed the Combined Court. The executive power is vested in the Governor, whose annual salary is fixed at the handsome figure of twenty-five thousand dollars, with twelve thousand dollars additional for what are not very exactly outlined as "contingencies." The Governor is elected for seven years.

## CHAPTER XLII.

### A BRITISH COLONY.

GEORGETOWN is not very rich in fine public buildings. The most attractive of them, however, is the new Law Courts, which is nearly completed. This is a large, L-shaped building, to which an entire square has been assigned. It is two stories in height, and built in the "Queen Anne" style. It is fire-proof, the lower story being of brick, stucco, and iron, with cement floors. The doors are of iron, the window-frames of iron, the staircases of iron. The rooms above are beautifully furnished in varnished pine and hard, native woods, and are in a sort of Dutch Renaissance style. Near the new Law Courts stands what is styled, *par excellence*, the Public Building—a large, two-story, stuccoed structure, with a columned front and low central dome, occupying an entire square, and surrounded by neat lawns and pretty shrub and flower gardens. Between the Public Building and the river is the market, an enormous structure of galvanized iron, which would do credit to any city. It occupies an entire square. In the central façade is a great clock-tower, which has a fine belvedere atop. One half of the interior is arranged as stalls for miscellaneous merchandise, and the remainder is occupied by market-women, who crouch upon the floor with their produce grouped about them, as is their wont all over South America. But comparatively few of the stalls were leased, showing thereby, as their rent is not high, that this great market is rather in advance of the present requirements of the city. The finest and largest church in Georgetown is the Roman Catholic Cathedral, which is built







Colonial Produce, British Guiana

entirely of wood, and the greater part of it of the hard woods grown in the colony. This is the church that has the lofty and highly ornamental spire, which forms a picturesque feature in the general view of the city as obtained from the offing. The cathedral, whose architecture is Gothic, has some fine stained-glass windows, a high altar of marble and wood, and two good organs. In the post-office building a large room contains what is styled the "British Guiana Museum"—a collection representing the three kingdoms of nature. It is open to the public from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. daily. In the same building are the reading-rooms and library of the Royal Agricultural and Commercial Society. The rooms are large and comfortable, and fully supplied with European periodicals, while a miscellaneous library of about ten thousand volumes lines the walls of one of them. There are three extensive collections of books in three of the large stores—no store appearing to be devoted to a single line of goods; so that, with the local periodicals, one has ample literary exercise and food. The daily, bi-weekly, and weekly newspapers, the monthly and quarterly magazines, a bi-monthly "Mercantile Intelligencer," an annual blue-book, and a bi-weekly "Official Gazette," give an immense amount of local and statistical information. A building called Philharmonic Hall is used as a theatre. It contains about six hundred seats. In the center of the front row are some chairs upholstered in blue velvet, for the use of the Governor and family. The coat-of-arms of England, carved in wood, and highly colored, adorns the center of the proscenium arch, with the motto, "The world's a stage, the men and women merely players," extending across below it. The hall is lighted by large crystal chandeliers, and its walls are decorated with busts and the names of famous musicians and poets. Along with the great names of Shakespeare, Milton, Scott, and Moore, I was agreeably surprised to behold that of Longfellow, and disappointed not to see that of Byron. This theatre is occupied by strolling companies, and is also used for musical, literary, and other public meetings and entertainments.

The residence of the Governor and family—called the Government House—is a plain, unpretending structure, of three stories, with a *porte-cochère*, a few stained-glass windows, and some belvederes. The building is surrounded by lawns, shrubs, and flowers, and a native soldier, in Zouave uniform, stands on guard at the gate. The Governor holds a public reception once a week. Near the Government House is a large park, occupying an entire square, called the Promenade Gardens, which is laid out in beds and paths, and filled with an extraordinary variety of those inevitable accompaniments—trees, shrubs, and flowers. So luxuriant, however, is the growth of this tropical verdure, that one can not distinguish well the different sorts of plants, the beds being simply a wild tangle of trunk, leaf, vine, and blossom. Especially striking, however, to a stranger from another clime, are the plants with colored leaves, the palms, the orchids, and the cacti family. The borders to the beds are of rough stones, and the paths are of broken shells. In the center of the gardens is an octagonal pavilion, in which the military band plays upon two afternoons of each week. There are several fashionable drives and promenades in Georgetown. One is to the sea wall and esplanade. The sea-wall extends for a mile or so along the coast, and, its top being cemented and provided with settees, it makes a fine promenade in the early morning or late afternoon, with the cool breezes and widely extended views of the ocean. A road runs parallel with the wall, and at a certain point a colored military band plays upon two afternoons of the week. The Botanical Gardens, about a hundred and fifty acres in extent, lie at the eastern extremity of the city. Besides affording a means of recreation and instruction, nurseries are here formed for extending agricultural industries by introducing new products. Space is lacking to particularize the varied rarities and beauties of this splendid collection; but, in referring to those gems of aquatic plants known as the *Victoria Regia*, I may remind the reader that this queen of lilies was first found in British Guiana, up the Berbice River, about half a century ago.

Near Georgetown, to the eastward, is an old, unused canal, which, for a distance of about three miles, is completely filled with this interesting species of lily. Here you may behold it in a state of luxuriance impossible to be obtained artificially under glass. Large, spreading leaves, five feet in diameter, with rims four inches high, and immense rose-white flowers, two feet in diameter—there, thanks to heat and moisture, do honor to the name of Queen Victoria! Georgetown being only seven degrees north of the equator, is very warm, but the days are generally freshened by brisk sea-breezes, so that, with cooling baths and thin clothing, one may keep passably comfortable, and the nights being tempered by land-breezes, one may always get rest. The climate is therefore not unhealthy, save on the occurrence of epidemic yellow fever, which is extremely rare. The victims are almost exclusively from the foreign population.

During my stay in Georgetown I made several trips into the interior of the colony. One was up the Essequibo and the Mazaruni, to what is termed Georgetown Settlement, the penal colony of British Guiana, distant about sixty-five miles from the capital. Little iron, paddle-wheel steamers, each of about one hundred tons burden, ply twice a week, going one day and returning the following, up the Essequibo, Demerara, and Berbice Rivers. These steamers are of very light draught, only three to six feet. They carry two classes of passengers, and provide meals, but no state-rooms. We had only two or three passengers with first-class tickets, but the second-class section was crowded with Hindoos, Mussulmans, Chinese, negroes, and creoles, who sang and played on musical instruments, and chattered, scrambled, and wrangled throughout the whole voyage. We left Georgetown at eight in the morning, going down the Demerara River, and around the ocean to the westward, to the mouth of the Essequibo. Though drawing but little water, we were obliged to keep several miles from the coast, which presented nothing but low land, with plantation succeeding plantation. The mouth of the Essequibo is about fifteen miles in width, and full of

islands, some of which are covered with cane fields. The river, however, gradually narrowed to five miles, with low, level banks covered with forest. The water changes in color from a dirty yellow to a brownish black. The banks are very thinly settled. Wood-cutting and stone-quarrying seem to be the only commercial advantages proffered. At the junction of the Essequibo and Mazaruni, on the south bank, is a large village, half concealed by rank vegetation, and called Bartica Grove. It is the home of some remarkably beautiful palms. From this spot upward the Essequibo is crowded with small islands, and soon becomes so filled with rapids as to be navigable only by canoes. The penal settlement occupies a tolerably high point of land on the north bank of the Mazaruni River. A short distance beyond it, a considerable river, called the Cuyani, empties into the Mazaruni. This, like all the rivers of British Guiana, is broken by rapids farther up. The penal settlement calls for no extended notice. The situation is wholesome, being wind-swept, and the forest has been cleared for a long distance back. The buildings bear the conventionally grim aspect of a prison. A square stone tower has a large clock, which solemnly strikes the hours and quarters. The officials live round about, in comfortable houses, shaded by mango, palm, and bamboo trees. There are some three or four hundred convicts, the majority being imprisoned for theft, although not a few have been convicted of murder and other grave crimes, which receive life-sentences. I slept in the cabin of the steamer, and returned to Georgetown the following morning.

A still more interesting excursion was that up the Demerara to Akyma, a distance of nearly a hundred miles from the capital. The fare was two dollars, and meals served on board were charged extra. The first-class passengers sit in great easy cane chairs, upon a little upper deck, level with the tops of the paddle-boxes. The Demerara flows nearly due north and south, and is probably in the neighborhood of two hundred miles in length, though its upper course has

not been explored by foreigners, and is therefore known only to the Indians. They report that it is much broken by cataracts. For forty miles the river is of a dirty yellow, caused by the clayey soil through which it flows; but above this it changes to a chocolate, and afterward to a brownish black, like the Rio Negro of Brazil, and doubtless for a similar reason, containing the lees of a vast quantity of decaying vegetation. At the mouth of the river are found sharks, and higher up alligators and several varieties of fish, some of them of a large size, upon which the Indians live, but which are not very pleasing to foreign palates. The Demerara has few tributaries, and these are mostly insignificant creeks. It contains numerous islands most of which are small. Upon one of these, some twenty miles from Georgetown, the Dutch held their seat of government prior to its removal to the present position. The river has a very winding course throughout its length, and its banks are very thinly peopled. For the first thirty miles the banks are exceedingly low, and the country is astonishingly level, and studded with rich sugar estates, together with factories and dwellings. Next we pass the first high land, consisting of hills of the finest, whitest sand, about one hundred feet in height. From this point the banks are covered with forest, thickly edged with large reeds. The forest is, of course, remarkably beautiful, and especially noteworthy are the enormous buttressed silk-cotton trees, the sturdy cabbage-palms, the feathery cocoanuts, great downy clumps of bamboos, delicately graceful assai-palms, dainty ferns, and others whose native names would convey little idea to the reader. There are only two or three regular stations at which the steamer calls, but she is obliged to stop for every boat which may put out from shore, and hail her, whether that boat be a little pirogue, sharp at each end as a pin, and carrying a single passenger, or even a single letter, or a great scow full of passengers, baggage, and freight. On our upward trip we stopped not fewer than thirty-three times, and thus lost more than two hours. A large amount of creole and mulatto travel variegates the

river. The pure negroes and creole negroes live in a state of primitive simplicity. Those who are assembled in the little villages earn a livelihood by cutting wood, preparing charcoal, and growing produce for the market at Georgetown. We passed many of their little boats, propelled sometimes by two or four men, with long sweeps, and sometimes by tiny and grotesque sails made of old brown tarpanlin. The more ignorant and lazy of these creoles, however, employ themselves in stealing from the others, so that here I had an explanation of the frequently seen and remarkably civilized notices that "all trespassers will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law." A few miles from our terminus is a large settlement of the Macusi aboriginal Indians. These are peaceful, kindly savages, going almost naked, and living in little grass huts. A peculiar fashion of theirs is tightly to bandage their legs, just below the knee and around the ankle, so as to produce an abnormally large calf. They begin this practice when very young, as the Chinese do with their feet, and the Flathead Indians with their heads, and the result is as disproportional and inartistic as the waists of female Caucasians. At Akyma, the terminus of the voyage, the steamer was secured to a buoy in the middle of the river, which had here narrowed to less than three hundred feet. Akyma is neither a town nor a village, but simply a few scattered huts. Owing to a strong head-tide and our very numerous stops, we were eleven hours in making our upward journey. I slept on a settee in the cabin, and left at seven the following morning, on the return voyage to Georgetown, which, as we made fewer stops, we were able to reach at four in the afternoon.

A great development in gold mining is taking place in British Guiana. No quartz ledges exist; the gold is found in rivers and creeks by washing. Three thousand people, mostly colored and inexperienced, are prospecting in the interior. In 1885 sixteen thousand dollars in gold was exported to England, and in 1887 over two million dollars. The industry promises to be permanent and lucrative. The busi-

ness in native woods is large. Seventy-eight specimens have been sent to England. Their durability is very great, and a feature which adds to their value for furniture is their generally bitter and disagreeable taste, which acts as a protection against insects. They are not affected by dry rot. They vary in color from a light yellow to black. Most of them are well adapted to cabinet-making, taking a fine polish.

I took passage for the capital of Dutch Guiana, about two hundred and fifty miles distant, in a trim, clean little steamer of about eight hundred tons burden, belonging to the line styled in correct Hollandish "*Koninklijke West-Indische Mail-dienst*," or, in plain English, "*Royal Dutch West-India Mail*." Three steamers serve on this route, a monthly one, from Amsterdam to Paramaribo. The outward voyage is direct and without stop, but, arrived at Paramaribo, the homeward route then followed leads to Georgetown, Port-of-Spain (Trinidad), Curaçao, Porto Cabello, La Guayra, Port-of-Spain, Paramaribo, Havre, Amsterdam. First-class circular tickets for the whole tour of about two months, with the privilege of breaking the journey at any port at which the steamer calls, cost three hundred dollars, this amount including board while the steamers are in port, should a passenger wish to make a continuous excursion. We had a full complement of passengers—about twenty of the first class.

The same sort of low level coast prevails at Surinam as at Demerara. The channel, from the light-ship up to the mouth of the Surinam River, is marked by huge iron buoys, and the sea is of a very thick, yellow appearance. The river, at its mouth, is perhaps ten miles in width, and forests line both banks. We pass two or three old sugar-factories, and two small villages, and then see, directly before us, on a point where the Commewine enters the Surinam, the fort of New Amsterdam. This is merely a low earthwork, above which appear rows of guns of small caliber. The place looked neither formidable nor threatening. On the Commewine, which flows for some distance to the eastward, are situated the finest sugar estates in Dutch Guiana. Steamers run up



this river twice a week, returning the following days, just as they ascend the Surinam, about a hundred miles, once a week. They run on the Surinam to what are the beginnings of the gold regions. At present the gold is mostly found by washing, though there is also some crushing ; but, on account of a lack of capital to pay the heavy expense of importing machinery into a section of roadless country where the rivers are generally raging torrents, the washing method prevails. As the steamer draws near the city, you notice, first, the walls of what was once no doubt considered a very powerful fort. This now contains the prison and the barracks of some three hundred Dutch troops. The tower of the Administration Building appears above the trees, and beyond it are the twin towers of the Roman Catholic Church. As you slowly move on, you catch a glimpse of a pretty park, an extensive meadow, and the tasteful front of the Government House. Then about all you see is a long row of two or three story dwellings, painted white, and with steep roofs, columned porticoes, green jalousies, and many curious little dormer-windows. Facing the river-front is a long row of the singular stunted and gnarled almond-trees. Paramaribo is situated ten miles from the ocean, where the river is about a mile in width. The banks opposite the capital are uninhabited, and the contrast of a city on one side and a forest on the other is very striking. At the time of my visit there were only four small vessels lying at the wharves, and a little Dutch gunboat out in the stream. The river is very deep, and our steamer drew in directly to one of the wharves. To look up at the prim white houses, all of a like order of architecture, one would imagine one's self in Holland ; but to see naked mulattoes paddling dug-out canoes, transports you at once back to Guiana and primitive man. Custom-house officers boarded the steamer as soon as it was made fast to the wharf, and the inspection that followed was ridiculously exact and detailed. My baggage went in a donkey-cart, and I followed on foot to a sort of private boarding-house, the nearest approach to a hotel which Paramaribo at that time contained.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

### PARAMARIBO AND CAYENNE.

THE city extends along the river for about two miles, with an average width of half a mile. It contains a large number of canals, as do all Dutch towns at home and Dutch colonies abroad. All the canals run toward the river, and serve the excellent purpose of drainage. Other noticeable features of Paramaribo are absence of trees and sidewalks in the streets, and the number and variety of the churches and burying-grounds. Of the latter, and all within the city limits, two are Jewish, two Roman Catholic, two Reformed Dutch, two Moravian, one military, and one is for poor people. The Jews—both German and Portuguese—are a large and powerful political party in Dutch Guiana. The city is lighted by paraffine-lamps. The streets are covered with the whitish sand and broken shells of the plain on which the city is built, and the glare proves very trying to the eyes. No tramways vein the city, though a few hackney-coaches are visible. The houses, were it not for the peculiar custom of placing their gable-ends, in so many instances, toward the streets, might almost pass for those of a New England town. They have sharply pitched roofs, generally covered with slate, and are usually surmounted with an attic-like half-story, with small or large dormer-windows. The great green doors—provided with enormous brass knockers, as in Holland—have roofed vestibules, which are a grateful refuge in hot evenings, for Paramaribo is an exceedingly hot place, with little breeze and many mosquitoes. The city is well policed, and has several steam fire-engines, which, in

case of fire, draw water from one of the numerous canals. The streets, early in the morning, are always interesting, because of the great crowds of natives going to or returning from market. The creole men dress in complete suits of white, as in China, but the women are always gayly dressed, and therefore attract special attention. They wear huge stiff-skirted gowns, and sacks low at the neck and cut very loose at the lower edge, with brilliant handkerchiefs so tied about the head as to lie broadly on top and allow of protrusive ends behind. The skirts are made very stiff with starch. Sometimes the entire suit, including head-gear, will be of the same pattern, more often each piece will be different; but you always notice the happy combination of colors, in which particular these people display very good taste. A peculiar and very unseemly fashion, however, is that of pulling a part of the dress up at the waist, and confining it there by a handkerchief, the upper portion being also sometimes improvised as a huge pocket. This naturally makes an ugly hulge, and throws the figure out of proportion. It spoils an otherwise piquant and picturesque costume. These loose jackets, stretched out behind, and great "beer-barrel" dresses, almost touching the ground, give the figures a curiously dumpy appearance, like those of Hindoo and Egyptian women. Sometimes shoes are worn, but more often they go barefooted. Their carriage, however, is easy and graceful, and, as they sail past in jaunty fashion, you perceive the younger ones are also very pretty, having scarcely any of the negro or Indian element about their features, save a trace of the color. You see these women, as those of Brazil, walking gracefully along, and nearly always bearing something, without any effort or attention, upon their heads—now a newspaper or an umbrella, again a great tray of dishes or a three gallon jar of water. In color they are a light chocolate, with smooth, fine-grained skins. Their features are generally regular, and their hair, eyes, and teeth are all that the most finical could desire. This much for the middle-class women. Those of the upper classes are frequently educated in Europe, and are as intelli-



*A Paramaribo Creole.*



gent as they are pretty and vivacious. I attended a ball at Government House, where I found these ladies quite equal to their northern sisters in grace, in manner, in accomplishments, and in dress. The heat is so intense in Paramaribo that gentlemen, when attending to business, generally dress in white duck; but at home they are apt to pass most of the day simply in *pyjamas*, even coming to table and receiving visitors in such scant garb. The late nights and early mornings are, however, apt to be cool, and, were it not for this, a European or American could hardly keep his health there. The ice that is used is brought from the United States, and is sold at two cents per pound. It is, of course, a highly valued luxury.

In the eastern part of the city, on the side next the river, just beyond the little fort, is a large level meadow fringed with cocoa-palms, with a pretty little private park on its eastern border. On the northern is the handsome Government House, and on the west are the Stadt-House, the Court-House, and the office of the Government Secretary, all of quaint old Dutch architecture. In the center of this meadow a military band performs on certain afternoons of the week. Government House is of wood, two stories in height, with graceful columns and arches, and the Netherlands coat-of-arms, carved in wood and highly colored, glaring from the topmost pediment. A broad road goes past, lined with fine old tamarind-trees, whereof the gnarled roots, half above ground, project twenty feet from their trunks, and twist like huge serpents. Behind the Government House is a large and beautiful garden, to which the public are freely admitted. The Governor is appointed by the Crown of Holland, and serves six years. He is associated in his duties with a Colonial Council. The population of Paramaribo is put down at twenty-five thousand, and of the whole colony at seventy thousand. The private park to which I have above referred contains some very interesting palms, one of the most striking and beautiful species being called the moriche palm. This park is much resorted to by the people for its beer-garden and restaurant, its

open-air ball-room, bowling-alley, and shooting-gallery. Balls are occasionally given on Sunday evenings, to which a membership ticket or the introduction of a member admits you. Dance-music is furnished by the military band, and evening dress is not required. Full dress is, however, always obligatory at balls given at Government House. Other recreation is afforded by two small circulating libraries. Three newspapers—one tri-weekly and two bi-weekly—are published in Paramaribo. The solitary club contains reading, billiard, and smoking rooms; and at the small theatre amateur performances are occasionally given during the cooler part of the year. At infrequent intervals a strolling company of professionals amuses the easy-going citizens.

I took the French mail-steamer—which comes once a month from Fort de France, Martinique, where it connects with a large steamer of the same line from Saint Nazaire, France—to Cayenne, my next point of call. She is a comfortable vessel, of fifteen hundred tons burden, and was quite full of passengers. The following morning we halted just long enough to leave the mail at the small and rather bare islands of Salut, on one of which is a French penal settlement. We had the previous afternoon passed the mouth of the Maroni River, upon which are several other penal settlements. All along the French Guiana coast, in the neighborhood of Cayenne, are clusters of small islands, most of them wooded, and many of them inhabited. About ten miles from Cayenne is a lighthouse on a small rock, over nearly all of which the sea washes. From here the Guiana coast appears, for the most part low and covered with dense forest, though there are several pretty hillocks and, east of the city of Cayenne, several ranges of hills, or mountains, as they are styled here. We steam slowly through a great swell of thick, muddy water. The houses of the city of Cayenne, owing to the vegetation, appear indistinctly, with the exception of the great yellowish-white, three-story barracks, and the Roman Catholic church. As we approach, a slight eminence appears at the extreme western side, where is an old fort, at present dis-

mantled and used as a signal-station. We arrive in the early morning, and the island is covered with mist, through which the palms loom forth in spectral manner. To the left of the fort we saw a great grove of lofty cabbage-palms, and beyond, and in nearly the center of the city, the roof and steeple of the largest church in Cayenne. Two or three small rivers, emptying into the sea by the side of the city, form a broad estuary, where lies the shipping. At this point we pass a low earthwork, mounting a few guns; next, a short distance beyond, another and similar one, a little higher up; then the great barracks, and now we anchor near a French man-of-war, three or four merchant-ships, and a few small ships and lighters.

I land on a long, narrow, stone jetty, upon which are congregated several hundred of the inhabitants, some to receive their friends, but more loitering about from mere curiosity; for the arrival of the monthly French mail is a great day for the Cayennese. Passing an open space, where some huge mango-trees stand, I walk along a very dusty road of crushed bricks, past a *magasin général*, and on to the custom-house, where the examination is very cursory. I then pass around the base of the fort, leaving the Treasury on the left, and the large buildings of the *direction du port* upon the right, and enter the Rue du Port, which is one of the principal business streets of Cayenne. I have only to go a short distance, to obtain a room in a house on one side of this street, while I arrange to take my meals at a *pension* upon the opposite side. With the exception of the older part, in the immediate neighborhood of the hill of the fortress, Cayenne is laid out at right angles, and mostly in oblong blocks. It lies upon a level plain, the greater part of which is but fifteen feet above the ocean. The houses are two stories in height, and with their projecting roofs, balconies, and dormer-windows, make a very pretty sight. The dwellings of the best class are of stuccoed brick—colored pink, white, or yellow. Sidewalks are few. The street-cleaning brigade consists of vultures, which perform a like service for so many tropical



towns. In Cayenne these uncouth and uncanny black scavengers congregate and rest in the tops of a great palm-grove. The city is lighted by lamps of paraffine-oil. A few carriages are to be obtained by sending word far in advance of the time required. The streets are full of people all day, save between the hours of eleven and two, when business is suspended, the shops are closed, and the people devote themselves to breakfast and the *siesta*. The dress of the creole women, though not so quaint as that of the corresponding class—the middle class—in Dutch Guiana, is not inferior to it in the variety and brilliancy of color. Their gowns are always much too long for them, and are constantly being lifted in such a reckless manner as to expose not only the little feet in high-heeled French shoes, but also entrancing sections of neatly turned and naked legs. The higher classes, however, appear in white stockings; the lower always with bare feet. A large French garrison—one eighth of the entire population—is stationed at Cayenne; and jaunty soldiers, in white trousers, blue coats, yellow epaulets, and white pith hats, are always to be seen about the streets. The city stands on an island, which may be circumnavigated by very small steamers and native boats. It is not supplied with roads, and contains numerous small plantations. A good general view may be had from the walls of the old fort. The appearance of the hills to the eastward is exceedingly pretty. From here you may also see the lighthouse on the rock, styled the *Enfant Perdu*, away to the north; and the range of the Kaw Mountains to the southeast. Access to the far interior is quite difficult. The rivers are mostly small and broken by rapids and cataracts. Gold has been found in hill-ranges similar to the other Guianas, and, though previously it has only been worked by washing, now companies are being formed and crushing machinery introduced, so that mining in earnest, regular, scientific manner may commence. I saw in Cayenne some exceedingly rich specimens of gold quartz, brought from a hundred miles or so up-country.

One of the most interesting sights is the great grove of



*A Cayenne Creole.*



palm-trees, Place des Palmistes, or "Cabbage-palm Square," as it is locally termed. I was never tired of walking through the giant aisles, or admiring them from a distance, whence they resemble half a dozen of the great palm avenues in the Botanical Gardens of Rio de Janeiro massed together. The trees have, of course, been planted in this order, most of them more than a century ago. When one of them dies—which is very seldom—its spot is at once replaced by another, though necessarily a smaller one. These splendid palms are about five hundred in number, with an average height of eighty feet. They are placed in eight rows, about twenty feet apart, and perhaps the same distance from each other in the rows. They are thus sufficiently near to produce the effect of a stately Titanic hall, with great gray pillars, straight as arrows, supporting a roof of the glossiest of beautiful verdure. At one corner of this magnificent square stands that great botanical curiosity, a double palm-tree, which the citizens appreciate so highly that they always take a stranger the first thing to see it. It is still a young tree, though nearly as tall as the others, and is in perfect health. The trunk branches about twenty feet from the ground, and thence two trunks run upward until they terminate in two perfect-shaped leafy crowns. At one corner of Cabbage-palm Square are the buildings of the "gendarmerie," an important and well-disciplined service in Cayenne. Near by are the jail, a large military hospital, and what is termed the college—a sort of high school for creole citizens. Occupying an entire block, on another side of the same square, are the "Intendance" or commissariat, the large artillery "Caserne" or barracks, and the Government printing-office, which, besides an official newspaper published once a week, issues a large number of valuable pamphlets relating to the colony, including an "Annuaire" of some three hundred and fifty octavo pages. In front of the latter is the Place d'Armes, a neatly grassed parade-ground, surrounded by rows of great mango-trees. Directly opposite the artillery barracks are the buildings of the "Hôtel du Gouvernement" and the "Mairie" or town-

hall. Government House is a great square two-and-a-half-story edifice, of no architectural merit, though of a character well adapted to the climate. Set apart for the Governor's use, however, is a very pretty little *chalet*, situated near the coast, about six miles east of the city. A semicircular level spot has been dug from the side of a hill, from which the timber has been cleared for a little distance, and upon this a pretty brick house, of a single story, with broad verandas, has been erected upon brick pillars eight or ten feet in height. In front of the house are flower-beds and a row of cabbage-palms. Steps lead directly down to the rocky beach. The great muddy sea stretches before you, studded with three or four thickly wooded islands. A strong, cool trade-wind comes in from the southeast. A path runs up the hill to a point where a summer-house has been erected. A semaphore signals to that at Cayenne. The semaphore at the latter place may be distinctly seen, between the hills and over the woods, away to the west, though but little else in the city appears, save the tops of the lofty palmistes. In returning from the Governor's seaside retreat, you may, if you like, take a look at one of the many convict establishments of the colony—of only the exterior, however, for it is not permitted the stranger to enter. Here, upon the islands of Salut, and in the settlement on the banks of the Maroni River, is said to be a total of fifteen thousand prisoners. These are kept in confinement. About a thousand additional convicts are allowed at large, but are not permitted to leave the colony.

The same steamer which brought me to Cayenne brought also a general of the French army, who had been sent out from France to inspect the troops stationed here. On the late afternoon of the day upon which we arrived a review and a brief inspection were held. But first came a *levée* at the Government House, attended by all the officers of the post. A regiment of infantry, a small battery of artillery, a handful of cavalry, half a dozen buglers, and a company of gendarmerie, all commanded by a colonel, are located at Ca-

yenne. No military band makes music, which is to be regretted, since, to say the least, a drum-major is a desirable adjunct to a parade. The troops were drawn up in line in the street which passes by the great square of cabbage-palms. Then the newly arrived general, in full uniform, his breast a blaze of stars, crosses, and medals, and accompanied by a brilliant staff, walked slowly down the ranks and returned at the rear. The troops then formed into company front, and passed in review before the general and staff, who stood under the giant palms. I am not, of course, describing anything new in the matter of a review, but I wish to emphasize the extraordinary circumstances and associations of its occurrence. Fancy the pageant! The hour was near sunset, with its peculiar tropical glow. Above our heads was the green sea of verdure. The red road, the brilliant and varied uniforms of the troops, the great crowds of creoles and people of every tint from white to black looking on, the spectacle of the veteran general with his staff of young officers, the stirring march-music of the buglers, the clatter of the artillery, the rush of the cavalry, and all about, seen through the columns of the great natural temple, the pink, yellow, and white walls, and the quaint balconies, windows, and roofs of the city—such a scene was certainly a remarkable combination of the works of man and of nature.

From Cayenne, once more turning my head to the north, I went in the French mail-steamer to Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, thence to take a steamboat running up the Orinoco River. We stopped at Paramaribo for seven hours and at Georgetown for ten hours, and then headed toward the northwest. In the afternoon of the next day we were crossing the great delta of the Orinoco, the water having changed from a light green almost to a black, and in the evening the large British Island of Trinidad was sighted. Shortly after we entered the Gulf of Paria—a circular body of water between Trinidad and the mainland of Venezuela—by the comparatively narrow channel on the south called the Serpent's Mouth; that on the north is styled the Dragon's Mouth. The Isl-

and of Trinidad runs to three quite sharp points, the two western ones being actually peninsulas. In the bight of the southwestern point is the town of San Fernando, and in a similar bight of the northwestern point is the capital of the island, Port-of-Spain. Before reaching San Fernando, we pass Point La Brea, near which is a submarine spring of petroleum, and about a mile from which, on the island, is the famous Pitch Lake. Between this and the hills of the interior liquid asphaltum is found, and at two other spots near the coast the map has marked upon it the presence of both asphaltum and asphaltic oil. Then, again, about ten miles east of San Fernando, in the interior, these names appear once more, together with springs of petroleum; while directly south of them, and near the southern coast, I read the words "asphaltic cones." I do not find the presence of asphaltum indicated anywhere else upon the island, but notice some thermal springs a short distance north of San Fernando.

We anchored about a mile from Port-of-Spain. The island stretched away, quite smooth and level, to the eastward. To the north, back of the city, were ranges of low hills, cleared in parts below, but tree-covered above. A large field to the westward was planted with sugar-cane. Still farther was a group of islands, separating the Gulf of Paria from the Caribbean Sea. Again, still farther to the west, was the northeastern extremity of the Spanish Main, the mountains of Venezuela rising grandly from the sea-coast. We had passed a German man-of-war, and had anchored amid a dozen ships and two or three steamers. The city lies upon a gently inclined plain, but little above the surface of the gulf, at its edge, and, being filled with trees, does not appear to much advantage from the steamer's deck. Landing, and having no trouble or delay in the custom-house, I enter a large open space called the South Quay. Here is the railway-station, whence daily trains are run to San Fernando, thirty miles distant. I pass great oblong blocks of warehouses, and enter a large square, or boulevard more properly,

full of splendid old trees, and with a fountain at one end and a handsome Catholic church at the other. The street on the north side contains the shipping-offices, and many of the largest wholesale and retail stores. On the south side the names of hotels and clubs indicate the presence of many Venezuelans, and an extensive business with their country. The sidewalks of this boulevard extend in the form of arcades under the lower stories of the houses. I next pass the Treasury building, and soon find, opposite the post-office, a new and very good hotel.



## CHAPTER XLIV.

### TRINIDAD AND UP THE ORINOCO.

PORT-OF-SPAIN reminded me in many particulars of Georgetown, Demerara—naturally, too, since both are cities of British colonies. It is laid out at right angles, in large oblong blocks. The streets are macadamized, and have gutters of cut stone, in which, in most of the streets extending north and south, is running water. There are always sidewalks, sometimes paved, sometimes “metaled,” sometimes covered with asphalt blocks. The houses are built of brick, wood, or iron, and roofed with slate, iron, tiles, or shingles. They range from one to three stories in height. In the older parts of the city you see few trees, but in the northern parts, where the residences of the better class are situated, the profusion of vegetation and flowers is very remarkable. Port-of-Spain is well provided with hospitals and asylums of all kinds. These are constructed strictly for their purposes, rather than for any particular architectural effect, and the same might be said of all the public buildings, most of which are built solidly of stone or brick. In the southern center of the city is a large square—full of fine trees, and containing a neat bronze fountain—upon the western side of which are several of the more important public buildings, such as the Government House, Court-House, Town Hall, police barracks, and new public offices. Two lines of tram-cars run, and a good idea of the city may be obtained by riding to the terminus of one of these lines, and then walking a few blocks and taking the other line back. You would thus see, in the northern part of the city, what is termed the Savanna, or Queen’s Park, a



*A Big Tree in a Public Square, Port-of-Spain.*



great open field of smooth grass which extends quite away to the base of the hills. It contains many large and splendid old trees, and around its edges a race-course and grand stand. Herds of feeding cattle give a pleasing aspect to the Savanna. Beyond it are a very fine botanical garden, and the Governor's palace. The botanical garden is especially interesting and worthy of a visit from the stranger. Besides many specimens of the enormous trees peculiar to the island—or, more exactly, to the tropics hereabout—are splendid flowers, shrubs, aquatic plants, also fountains and neatly kept paths. On the way back to the hotel you will notice the plain brick building of Queen's College, standing in a large inclosure. This is intended for boys under the age of twenty-one. The curriculum comprises the English, French, and Spanish languages, classics, mathematics, and chemistry. It is distinctly stated that no religious instruction is given in the college. The charge for tuition is only forty-five dollars per annum. There is a public library of about twelve thousand volumes, and connected with it a reading room containing a good selection of English periodicals and newspapers. Several tri-weeklies appear, but no daily newspapers as at Georgetown. Iron pillar post-office boxes abound in the streets, and are emptied thrice daily.

I, of course, visited that natural phenomenon, the famous Pitch Lake of La Brea, about forty miles south from Port-of-Spain. A commodious passenger-steamer runs there two or three times per week. Such of the island as may be seen on the first part of the journey is low and swampy, then succeeds higher ground, covered with large sugar-cane plantations, with hills and woods in the distant background. Our first stop is at San Fernando, the second town of the island, and very curiously situated at the base and upon the flanks of a solitary hill rising up from the shore. So little available space does there seem to be, that great slices have been cut from the hill in order to find standing-room for the houses. Near the landing are the railway-station and several large warehouses, but little of the town is seen from here, owing

to the dense vegetation. We go on for an hour more, and then drop anchor off the point of La Brea, where most of the remaining passengers go ashore in small boats, which put out to the steamer. The latter goes on to a village called Cedros, two hours more, and then returns to La Brea, on her journey back to Port-of-Spain, so that we curiosity-seekers have four or five hours in which to visit and inspect the Pitch Lake. The country hereabout is covered with forest, wild sugarcane, and scrub. Upon the point of La Brea are a small village and several "boiling-down" factories. All the inhabitants of the village are employed in cutting and bringing the asphalt from the lake, or in melting it and packing it in barrels to transport to New York and Paris, and, in fact, all over the world.

We land upon a beach covered with asphalt, looking like some great, smooth, dark rock. The shore all along is piled with great heaps of asphalt blocks. A strong but not unpleasant smell of pitch is in the air. The huts and shops are very miserable looking. They stand raised upon posts of brick or stone, to insure better sanitary results. A road, twenty-five feet in width, with gutters at each side, and the whole made of bitumen blocks, which have, in process of time, become one solid, smooth mass, runs up to the lake, about one mile distant. The small, two-wheeled mule-carts, which are employed to bring the asphalt down, are also utilized to carry people up. Sometimes there is an extra animal—probably a horse—attached, tandem fashion, which, with the visitors sitting in the carts on ordinary chairs, makes a curious picture. Guides are taken to indicate points of special interest, and explain matters generally. The road makes a gradual though continued rise to the lake, which does not lie in a great depression, but near the top of the ridge, with two sides sloping away, and two a little higher than the lake. The Pitch Lake is a great bottomless bed of asphaltum, half a mile in diameter, hard and cold on its borders, but soft and hot toward the middle. Its shores are fringed with palms, scrub, and small trees, and its surface is studded with several

wooded islands. At first it looks like any woodland lake, and not immediately do you realize that it is pitch and not water. But the illusion is soon dispelled by the color and consistency of the fluid. You see before you great masses of rather smooth asphalt, which are everywhere separated by streams of water, some a foot wide, some a hundred feet. In the larger water-courses are small fish, which must be very warm-blooded creatures, and do not object to a little sulphur and bitumen. In examining these water-basins, some of them a few inches in depth, and others many feet, I saw that they were fissures produced by the pitch oozing from different points, and therefore failing to make a compact mass. The asphalt is black and brown, hard and brittle, and full of longitudinal air-holes. You may, however, walk about the surface, for it is nearly everywhere strong enough to bear your weight. The asphalt is cut out with pick-axes in square blocks, and may be kneaded into balls like putty. It contains, at first, a strong smell, as of coal-gas, but neither soils the hands, nor, strange to relate, leaves any odor. The appearance of the bitumen everywhere reminded me of lava-flows such as I have seen on Mount Etna, Sicily, and Kilauea, Hawaiian Islands. A hole dug by the men one day is pretty apt to be filled up from below and the sides, by the following day. In about the center of the lake the asphalt may be seen boiling and mixed with steam and sulphur, which gives the water very pretty colors. Little pitch volcanoes thrust themselves up about two feet high, in whose centers, about six inches or so in diameter, the pitch is in a fluid state, sometimes welling up, sometimes overflowing. The surface in the neighborhood is like treacle, and is too soft to be walked upon. Slight explosions of gas are continually taking place, accompanied by noxious vapors rising from the seething mass. The Pitch Lake belongs to the Government, and is leased to various companies. At the time of my visit two ships were loading the asphalt in the roadstead of La Brea. I reached Port-of-Spain in the evening, having made the round trip in about twelve hours.

Twice a month a line of steamers under the Venezuelan flag, though owned and managed by Americans, runs a vessel between Port-of-Spain and Bolivar, a town three hundred and sixty miles up the Orinoco River. These boats are of a similar model to those in use upon the Hudson River and Long Island Sound. They have two decks, paddle-wheels, draw but eight feet of water, and range from three to six hundred tons burden. Then there are other steamers, plying on the upper Orinoco, which have stern-wheels, like our Mississippi River boats. Though outwardly my steamer was like those of North America, inside the arrangement was very different. The saloons were exceedingly bare, being furnished only with plain deal tables and benches, and with painted canvas instead of carpets upon the deck. The state-rooms had the advantage of two doors, an outer and an inner one, and a very large window, thus giving free access to the air. Forward, on the main-deck, were second-class passengers, and aft, cattle and merchandise. The second-class passengers sleep in hammocks, as indeed do many of those of the first class. The meals are varied and plentiful in character. The captain and chief engineer were Americans. The steamer and machinery were built at Wilmington, Del. This company, called the "Orinoco Steamship Line," receives no subsidy, and is virtually a monopoly. The passenger-fares and tariff for freight are exceedingly high. Thus, the voyage from Port-of-Spain to Bolivar, a distance requiring but thirty-six hours to cover, costs, for a first-class ticket, twenty dollars in gold. There is a line of steamers which sends one about every six weeks direct from New York to Bolivar. From Bolivar you may go in the rainy season, or during nearly half the year, up the Orinoco and Apur  to Nutrias, a total distance of about a thousand miles from the mouth of the great river. The Orinoco is itself put down in the gazetteers as twelve hundred miles in length.

On leaving Port-of-Spain we headed at once toward the southwest and the Serpent's Mouth, out of which we safely passed and entered that branch, or rather that one of the



*A Hindoo Coolie, Port-of-Spain.*





many great mouths of the Orinoco, styled the Macareo River, which was at first about half a mile in width, its shores densely covered with aquatic plants and forests. Running nearly parallel to this river, is another called the Cascuina. Both are navigable for steamers drawing less than ten feet; those requiring deeper water than this must use the southern and main branch of the Orinoco. This one is naturally always preferred by ships. The water of the river is a thick yellow, and the current is as swift as four or five miles an hour. As we went on all day, the Macareo narrowed to about one hundred feet, but was very deep. The banks appeared quite uninhabited, until we reached the Orinoco proper. First we passed two very small Indian villages. The houses consisted merely of grass roofs and wooden pillars, being quite open on all sides, and disclosing numbers of hammocks each containing a nearly nude Indian. Near by were fields of mandioc and bananas. On the beach small pirogues were drawn up. At one place some of the boys paddled out to us, and in wanton sport threw on board many sticks of sugar-cane. These Indians had stout, strong bodies, and broad and good-natured physiognomies, with their hair "banged" across the forehead and left long at the sides.

In its vast size, and large and numerous islands, the Orinoco is not unlike the Amazon, but the banks differ from the Amazon's chiefly in their greater profusion of lianas, the forests being not only decked but half covered with them. After the Indian villages, we passed, upon the Macareo, long lines of widely separated mud huts, belonging to negroes and low-class creoles. All these people wore clothes, had a variety of cooking-utensils, and better dwellings than the pure Indians. Near where the Macareo enters the main branch of the Orinoco is a small town called Barrancas—simply two short streets of dilapidated mud huts. We stopped only ten minutes to send our boat ashore with the mail, and to bring on board two or three passengers. Some very large islands invite the view hereabout, and the distant ranges of the Imataca Mountains, ridge behind ridge, look blue and pictur-

esque. The current of the Orinoco does not carry down the great number of grassy islands and tree-trunks that one sees always on the Amazon. We stopped again, at night, at a town called Las Tablas, situated near the Caroni River up which, or rather in whose neighborhood, some hundred odd miles south of the Orinoco, are the rich quartz-gold-bearing reefs of Venezuela. The gold from this region is shipped from Las Tablas, and gives the little town, which is stretched along the river-banks, an importance that it certainly would not otherwise possess. The name of the mine is El Callao; the ore has averaged about eighteen dollars per ton, and the total amount of gold remitted in a year has been sixty thousand ounces, valued at about one million dollars. The upper levels are, however, becoming exhausted, and hereafter deeper mining will be undertaken. We remained at Las Tablas, but a short quarter of an hour, and pushed on for Bolivar. A fine spectacle at night were the many great prairie fires, the whole sky being aglow with them. A certain fire would suddenly appear, tearing along at a terrific rate, with a blinding glare and long trail of smoke recalling a night express-train a thousand times magnified. The Venezuelans are accustomed to burn their savannas once a year. We had already left the regions of the pristine wilderness, and were now among the great savannas, or natural meadows of the central plains of Venezuela. The delta is the only thickly wooded part of the Orinoco—the upper portion of the river being bounded by the *Ulanos*, or great grassy and almost treeless plains.

On the third day after leaving Port-of-Spain we reached Bolivar. The blue, white, and yellow walls and red roofs of the houses, running in terraces upon a low, dome-shaped hill, and shining under the morning sun, were a very pretty sight. The city stands upon the southern side or right bank of the river. Opposite, and connected by a miniature ferry-boat, is a small village called Soledad. Two buildings stood prominently forth upon the top of the city hill, the hospital and the newly completed theatre, while the tower of the cathedral

was but a little lower down. The banks are smooth and high above the river, especially in the dry season, when the Orinoco falls some thirty feet. In the stream were anchored four or five steamers, mostly small and of light draught, with stern-wheels, for up-river service. There were also the New York steamer, one from La Guayra, the principal port of Venezuela in the Caribbean, and four or five small ships. The lower Orinoco appeared, as we came up, to be as bare of sailing-vessels and canoes as its banks were bare of villages. The river at Bolivar is perhaps half a mile in width. On the first street, that facing the river, are the shipping-offices, the custom-house, the wholesale warehouses, many of the finest stores, and the best hotels. Water is pumped from the Orinoco and forced into mains which supply the city. The streets, though paved, are grass-grown, and so steep that no carriages can be used, and they are even dangerous for saddle-horses. So much of a climb is it from the water's edge to the top of the hill, that I was not surprised, though much amused, to find near the theatre a drinking-shop called "*El Respiroso*" (*anglicè*, a breathing-spot). A pretty little park contains a bronze statue of Bolivar, raised on a high marble pedestal. It is, of course, in honor of the great Venezuelan patriot that the city has been named. There is another good statue in Bolivar, or, rather, near it. In ascending the Orinoco you may see, still a long way off, with marine glasses, a statue reared upon a tall, slender spire, inland, behind the city, to the south. You naturally marvel at its singular position, and none the less so upon walking out to it. Here you find by the side of the road, in a little open space on one flank of which is a line of mud hovels, a good marble bust of General Guzman Blanco, the Venezuelan patriot and President, raised about fifty feet from the ground, upon a pedestal of brick and stucco. The four sides of the substructure contain marble tablets, of not very good workmanship. The attitude and carving of the semi-statue (for it is more than a bust, showing to the waist) are very creditable. Owing to a low intervening hill, this figure can not be seen from the city. The explanation given

for such a peculiar position is, that it is placed in a district named after the "Illustrious American Regenerator." It ought, however, to be placed either upon the summit of the city hill, in the open square near the theatre, or else somewhere upon the river embankment. I learned that, after having stood fourteen years in its present place, it was about to be removed to the front of the custom-house, a very good and appropriate location.

In returning to Port-of-Spain, we had a full list of first-class passengers, among them a lot of ladies, most of whom, as noticed also upon the Amazon steamers, appeared to be too shy to come to the table, and kept their rooms the greater part of the voyage, although there was no motion calculated to produce any degree of sea-sickness. The male passengers spent their time in gambling in the forward cabin, sometimes the stakes being in silver, and occasionally in large gold pieces. The favorite game appeared to be *vingt-et-un*. This gambling continued all night, and greatly annoyed such passengers as had rooms near the forward cabin. Although the inevitable bar was on board, fortunately there were not many libations. The river water is used for thirst-quenching purposes. It is filtered through great basins of a very coarse sort of stone, and falls, quite clear, into a large earthenware jar. In going down the river we saw many birds—herons, hawks, geese, and several others of which I do not know the names. We passed alligators on sand-banks, and a great water-hog swimming the river. We did not find the ocean rough in crossing to the Gulf of Paria, and reached Port-of-Spain after a pleasant passage.

## CHAPTER XLV.

### THE BIRTHPLACE OF BOLIVAR.

A few days later I left for La Guayra, Venezuela, in a steamer of about two thousand tons burden and belonging to the "West India and Pacific Steamship Company," of Liverpool, which sends out two steamers per month. Though quite dark, we steamed safely through the Dragon's Mouth, the navigable channel being about a mile in width, and early on the following morning we passed the small and low Testigos Islands to the north, with the large Island of Margarita in sight upon the left, or toward the south. Margarita, with its sharply pinnaced hills and its irregular coast-lines, looked extremely picturesque. It is for the most part bare of vegetation and thinly inhabited. A small village on its southern coast is, however, the center of an extensive fishing industry. Toward night we passed quite near the very much smaller Island of Tortuga, and going on deck at daylight saw before us the northern coast of Venezuela, a long line of lofty hills rising steeply from the water. Their crest was comparatively uniform, but their flanks were much diversified. The hills lower down were of a rocky character, reddish brown and gray, covered with huge cacti. Higher up they were clothed with bright-green scrub, and then, on to their tops, with dwarfish trees. We anchored in the open roadstead. The shore here makes nearly half a circle, so there is considerable protection for shipping, though not enough; and a stone mole is in progress of construction, which will transform the roadstead into a harbor. A tremendous big swell generally rolls into the roadstead of La Guayra—I know of

but two worse anywhere: Mollendo in southern Peru, and Vera Cruz in Mexico—and it is frequently so heavy that for days together no freight can be landed or embarked, and passengers have to be hoisted on board the steamers by means of chairs and ropes. To remedy this state of affairs, an English company is now engaged in building a breakwater of solid cement, intended to be about three quarters of a mile in length, which shall make a quiet haven—inclosing an area of about sixty acres—for vessels of the heaviest draught. The cost of this structure, as ordered by the Government, is to be three million dollars, and the time to be consumed in its erection five years. At present it extends but about two hundred feet from the shore, and apparently is being washed away as rapidly as it is constructed. The hills back of La Guayra are so steep that the town has the odd appearance of being built upon the sides of a precipice. The scene, however, is always picturesque and interesting, as viewed from a distance out at sea. In the early morning, or late evening, the upper hills look very soft and green, and the colors of the houses, though evident, are much toned down. No clouds cover the hills, and their sharp lines stand out bravely against a pure blue sky. All is very different in the middle of the day. Then the fierce heat and bright light bring the town out in its brightest colors, the lower parts of the hills look parched, rough, and glowing with red and brown tints, the summits of the range are covered with layers of fleecy clouds, and the sea and surf glisten and shine most radiantly. Three miles to the eastward of La Guayra is the little village of Macuto, reached from the town by a narrow-gauge railway. About a mile to the westward is the village of Maiquetia, standing in a beautiful grove of palms. Both of these environs are used as residences by merchants doing business in La Guayra. Through Macuto runs a brawling little river from the hills, which rise almost perpendicularly behind it. It possesses also a nice, cool, shady park, and two good sea-bathing establishments. In fact, it is the Coney Island of Venezuela. From December to February it is crowded with







*Plan of the Railway from La Guayra to Caracas*

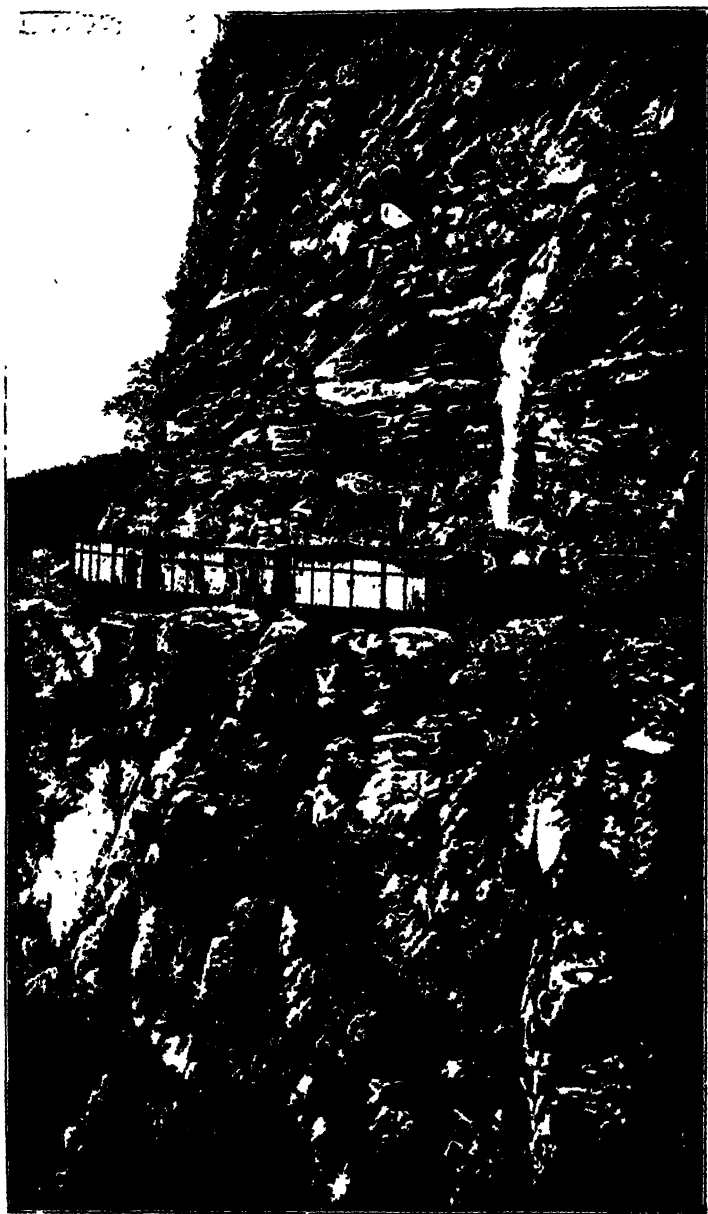
fashionable people from the capital, who come for the sea-bathing. General Blanco possesses a charming villa there. You may reach either of these pretty suburbs by carriage as well as by railway.

The appearance of La Guayra from the ocean is indeed odd. It reaches along the shore for a distance of a mile or more, with two or three extensions up the steep hills and valleys, which are reddish brown in color and perfectly barren, but for a few cacti. In fact, save the large cocoanut-grove at Maiquetia, no vegetation of any kind is in sight, except near the summits of the range. The color of the precipitous heights is exactly the same as the roofs of the houses. Zigzag paths extend up the hills, but the buildings run only a little way. Along the shore there is generally but a single row. The dwellings of the negroes are little miniature huts, with a single door and window. The houses in the business quarter are two and three stories in height. The streets, which are crooked and paved, with sidewalks a couple of feet in width, are dimly lighted at night by oil-lamps. Upon a prominent knoll, back of the town, is a fort, though it is in a dilapidated condition. Not far from this is a small bull-ring, which is only occasionally occupied by companies from Spain that visit in turn the larger towns of Venezuela. There is nothing of any special moment to be seen in La Guayra; its chief interest to a stranger centers in its extraordinary situation. It looks as if it might slide into the sea at any moment. Though it is a very hot place, it is regarded as healthy. But its only excuse for existing at all, is that it is the outlet, the seaport of the city of Caracas, which is situated but nine miles inland to the southward, though the railway that connects the two has to make a journey of twenty-three miles in order to scale the mountains. A row of about a mile took me ashore, and landed me at a long pier. In going from this to the custom-house, I passed a little park filled with flowers and dwarfish trees. It was surrounded by a neat iron fence, and in its center was a very spirited bronze equestrian statue of General Guzman Blanco, raised upon a

white-marble pedestal, on the sides of which were emblematical bronze tablets. At each corner stood great bronze candelabra. This statue was erected in 1880, and is considered a very good likeness of Blanco. This little park is also deserving of mention, as containing about all the trees in La Guayra. The distance from La Guayra to Caracas is, "as the crow flies," but six miles, and the old Spanish mule-trail crosses the crest of the mountains at an elevation of six thousand feet. It is said that about fifty years ago an English company offered to excavate a tunnel between the two cities, provided the Government of Venezuela would grant to them forever the right to all the minerals that might be found during the progress of the work. The offer was not accepted, however, and only lately a concession has been granted to an American company, which proposes to bore the grand subway, with the intent to operate a railway through it by means of the cable-grip and stationary engine system.

The railroad which runs to Caracas was built by an English company, some five years before my visit, and at great expense, owing to the number of cuts and tunnels, and the steepness of the grade—which is about three and a half per cent. All the rolling-stock is of British importation. Two passenger-trains and four freight or "goods" trains are run daily each way. The locomotives are small, but very powerful. The cars are small, very light, of two classes, and with seats running along the sides, from end to end. A first-class passenger-ticket to Caracas costs two dollars and a half. The railway follows the old coach-road, which is now only used by mule-troops. The cars are all provided with stout, patent brakes, worked from the locomotive. It is said there has not been an accident since the line was opened, though it is frequently blocked by land slides and by great quantities of gravel and earth washed down from the steep hills. The rains are very heavy and of long duration. Sometimes the railway is interrupted for days at a time, and then the only communication with the capital is by the steep mule-path over the mountains, or by the old coach-road. The





*Scene on the Railway from La Guayra to Caracas.*

train stops half a dozen times, generally to take water for the locomotive. There are no villages on the route, and the country is not cultivated. The railway is a very remarkable feat of engineering, reminding me of several in Brazil, already mentioned in these pages. It is, of course, a narrow gauge, which admits of very sharp curves, and, in fact, there is scarcely in the whole road a straight stretch of five hundred feet. The line runs far to the westward, winding in and out of the valleys, but always ascending until a height of about three thousand feet is reached. Here, of course, the air is much cooler, and wraps are in request. The views, too, are extensive and very fine, the Caribbean Sea remaining in sight for nearly half the journey. At one point, called Zig-zag, three sections of the road are in view at one and the same time. Soon after, it turns to the interior and south, and follows along the precipitous side of a grand valley, fully a thousand feet above its bed. We pass through a great many rock-cuttings and several tunnels. Some of the views directly below the road would prove rather startling to a nervous person. As we near Caracas, the country becomes cultivated and somewhat inhabited, though the train glides into a fine station at its western side before you are aware of the proximity of a city, so little of it can be seen by this entrance.

Caracas lies at the bottom of a beautiful valley, two or three miles in width, and perhaps fifteen in length, closed in by mountains from eight to ten thousand feet high. Though comparatively level, there is an even but decided slope from the north to the south. This promotes a sanitary drainage. The mountain-ranges are rough, and covered with bright-green grass below. Above, you see only dark-green trees. Beyond the city, both east and west, are level fields planted with sugar-cane, vegetables, coffee, and fruits. At the eastern side is a large and dense wood. Caracas is laid out at right angles. The general appearance of the city, from the surrounding hills, is monotonous, the universal level being broken only by the outlines of half a dozen churches, and the roof of the opera-house. The houses, built of mud or

brick, with peaked tile-roofs, are mostly but one story in height. The streets are narrow, never (with one exception) more than fifteen feet in width, though all are paved with cobble-stones, and kept unusually clean. The sidewalks are capitally made of Portland cement. The naming of the streets in Caracas is unique, reminding me somewhat of the method employed in Buenos Ayres, though, when once comprehended, the process here employed is much less confusing than there. Two streets intersect at right angles, just about the center of the city, at one corner of the Plaza Bolivar, the best square. These streets extend toward the four cardinal points. Starting from the corner of the Plaza Bolivar, they are designated as North, East, South, and West Avenues. Then the streets running north from the East Avenue are called North First, North Third, North Fifth, etc.; and those running north from the West Avenue are called North Second, North Fourth, North Sixth, etc. A similar nomenclature is given to streets running south from East and West Avenues, as South First, South Third, South Fifth; South Second, South Fourth, South Sixth. In this manner, when once the mode is explained, the name of the street instantly denotes its position with regard to the cardinal points of the compass. All that the stranger has to do is to go through the process of orientation. The streets running parallel to the east and west avenues are styled east and west respectively of the north or south avenue, with odd numbers to the north and even numbers to the south of that dividing line. Moreover, each house has its particular number, an unusual thing for a South American city. There are two or three lines of narrow-gauge tramway, with miniature cars of but four benches. Hackney-coaches, and very good ones, abound, while the carriages to be had at private livery-stables are quite as good as those in New York. Carriage-hire is also very reasonable—thirty cents to cross the city, or a dollar by the hour to call or shop. The city is well illuminated by gas and electric lights. The telephone is in almost universal use. There are several good hotels, having a sort of com-

promise between French and Spanish cookery. Retail stores are numerous and various, and a goodly number of foreign firms—chiefly of German and English nationality—appear to flourish. The dwellings are not particularly handsome, either inside or out. They generally have, facing the street, a large door and a large window, the latter always heavily barred with iron and with interior shutters, which are opened to let the female members of the household peep through wire or wooden gratings.

About the center of the western extremity of the city, the top of the steep spur of a chain of hills has been leveled, and its sides terraced in order to make a park called the Paseo Guzman Blanco, whence the finest view of Caracas and its valley and surrounding mountains may be obtained. The summit of this hill is perhaps five hundred feet above the city. A good carriage-road turns and winds, doubles and zigzags, from the bottom to the top. At the base an enormous semicircle of stone steps leads to a foot-path which continues to the top. Beautiful and rare plants and flowers are everywhere set out. You pass fountains and pavilions, cages of animals and birds, and find a very pretty flower-garden upon the summit. Here stands a colossal bronze statue of Guzman Blanco, reared upon a red and yellow sandstone base, which itself stands upon a huge brick foundation of three terraces. Around this you walk, by a gradually inclined plane, on and upward to the statue. The railing which bounds this mammoth foundation is made of old musket-barrels and cannon-balls. The position of the statue is so prominent as to be seen from any part of the city, and, I had almost said, valley. The wonders which the genius of man has worked upon this rough and forbidding eminence called forcibly to mind a similar work effected with the pyramidal hill of Santa Lucia at Santiago, Chili. A little farther to the westward is the distributing reservoir, the water used by Caracas coming in an open aqueduct, from a river eighteen miles distant. Large iron-pipes conduct the water through the city. From the Paseo Guzman Blanco I went to the public



market, situated near the center of the city, and occupying nearly an entire square. The buildings formed a quadrangle, which was mostly used by dealers in knickknacks and by small restaurateurs. Great, iron-roofed sheds in the courtyard contained the fruits, meats, and vegetables. A profuse supply of all of these was on hand, and the variety of fruits and vegetables—coming as they did from both tropic and temperate zones—truly astonished me. Opposite the market is a pretty little square, full of trees and flowers, and containing a bronze statue of the man who was at once the father of General Blanco and the editor of an influential Caracas newspaper. An interesting curiosity, in the shape of a small stone sun-dial, made and used by Alexander von Humboldt during his visit to Caracas in January, 1800, is now affixed to one of the corner-posts of the railing which surrounds this park. From here I visited the Plaza Bolivar, close at hand. It also is a pretty little square, surrounded by a neat iron fence, and containing graceful bronze candelabra for gas. In the center of the garden stands the finest statue in Caracas, that of Bolivar, which was erected by General Blanco. It is a colossal equestrian figure, the horse rearing upon his hind legs, and ingeniously supported by his tail, that touches the ground, exactly as in the statue of Peter the Great at St. Petersburg. The images are of bronze, the pedestal of a beautiful bluish-gray granite, highly polished. An inscription on the front of the base informs the visitor that Simon Bolivar was the liberator of Venezuela, New Granada, and Peru, and the founder of Bolivia. On other sides I read that this great man—the Washington of South America—was born in Caracas, July 24, 1783, and died at Santa Marta (United States of Colombia) on December 17, 1830. His remains were brought to Caracas, and re-entombed on December 17, 1842; and, in 1874, the illustrious American, Guzman Blanco, President of the Republic, caused this monument to be erected.

Many of the public buildings of Caracas are handsome in architecture and pleasing in both contents and intents.

The university occupies nearly all of a large square. Its façade is of the Gothic order, with stained-glass windows. There are two courts, one beyond the other, filled with shrubs and beautiful flowers. The first contains a bronze statue of Dr. Vargas, who bequeathed to the university a small library and a very good museum of a miscellaneous character, representing the three kingdoms of nature. The second court contains the bronze statue of a famous citizen, named Cajegal, who was the founder of mathematical studies in Venezuela. Passing through this court-yard, you come out upon a broad stone platform, adjoining another street, and containing a life-size bronze statue of Bolivar. The University Library is used by the public. It is a miscellaneous collection of about thirty thousand volumes. In front of the university, and occupying an entire square, are the Halls of Congress, the Federal Palace, the Federal Courts, and the Government offices. This huge quadrangular building is surrounded on three sides by wide avenues containing double rows of trees, something after the style of the Paris boulevards. The building, though only a single story in height, and constructed of brick and stucco, is quite imposing. The interior is laid out in a pretty garden, with a fine large bronze fountain in the center. A carriage-road, having great bronze gateways, passes through, from street to street. The space between the university and the Halls of Congress is termed the Plaza Guzman Blanco, from a handsome bronze equestrian image of the general standing in its center. Near the statue are two enormous bronze cannon, made in Seville, and captured from the Spaniards during the War of Independence. The two Houses of Congress, the Senate and the Deputies, are exceedingly plain, fitted with mahogany tribunes, and chairs with broad arms to be used in place of desks. A few paintings of Bolivar and Blanco alone relieved the staring white of the walls. Directly opposite these two legislative halls is the Federal Palace, a sort of large reception-room, of elliptical form, occasionally used for state balls, with a laid-wood floor of neat pattern, and furnished with chairs and sofas covered with red, yellow,

and blue figured satin. The windows have hangings of red and yellow silk, and bear the coat-of-arms of Venezuela, beautifully embroidered in a variety of gay colors. But the most interesting thing about this room is a collection of painted portraits of about fifty men famous in Venezuelan history. These date from Bolivar and the War of Independence, down to the present day and Guzman Blanco; and though most of them represent military heroes, yet they also include statesmen and men of science and letters. It is a most interesting and valuable portrait gallery, of which all Venezuelans should be especially proud. The opera-house—called the Teatro Guzman Blanco—is only two squares distant from the Halls of Congress. This modern building is, like the Federal Palace, elliptical in shape, with a portico and stained-glass windows. It has three galleries and a parquette, and will seat altogether about twenty-five hundred people. The box of the President is in the center of the dress-circle. A handsome crystal chandelier depends from the middle of the roof. The house is illumined by electric lights. Paintings of famous composers and poets adorn the galleries. The foyer, strange to say, is at the top and front of the house, a very large room containing some good engravings and a large medallion of Guzman Blanco. This house is generally closed during the summer. A smaller theatre, called the Teatro Caracas, in the northern part of the city, is apt to be open a large part of the year, and is usually occupied by an opera comique or bouffe troupe.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

### GENERAL GUZMAN BLANCO.

THE Panteon Nacional of Caracas—a sort of Venezuelan Westminster Abbey—is a large church in the northern part of the city, once old and dilapidated, but now reconstructed and put in good order for use as a National Mausoleum. In the part usually reserved for a high altar in a Catholic church lie the remains of Simon Bolivar, under a splendid white-marble cenotaph embracing a life-size statue of the general and *libertador* (liberator), flanked by large emblematic figures, and supplemented by allegorical tablets. The front of the monument is almost covered with wreaths of artificial flowers, which produce a pretty effect. The walls contain slabs of alabaster and marble engraved with coats-of-arms of illustrious Venezuelans, and selections from the sayings and writings of Bolivar. Above the cenotaph is a splendid crystal chandelier holding hundreds of candles, and two huge candelabra stand at the sides. On either hand are large book-cases containing collections of books and periodicals in all languages, referring to the life and career of Simon Bolivar. The Venezuelans cherish most fondly everything connected with the name and fame of that celebrated man. I went into a store one morning and saw, above an inner door, a marble slab let into the wall, which informed me that in that house was born the Liberator of Venezuela, in 1783. What is termed the National Museum is simply a collection of Bolivar relics, paintings, statues, and rich gift-offerings of various towns and individuals, on the occasion of the Bolivar centennial, which are preserved in two small rooms in the

same building wherein is the Venezuelan Academy. In reference to the Academy I might mention that its meetings are held in a handsomely frescoed room, in the center of which is a large oval table, perhaps twenty feet in length and five in width. Around this sit the sixteen members of the Academy, in great, high-backed chairs. This table, covered with green baize in the center, has a deep border of inlaid woods, the dark cocoanut being especially prominent, while the remainder is made of fragrant cedar. A neighboring room contains a small but valuable library on general philology, and works on the Spanish language.

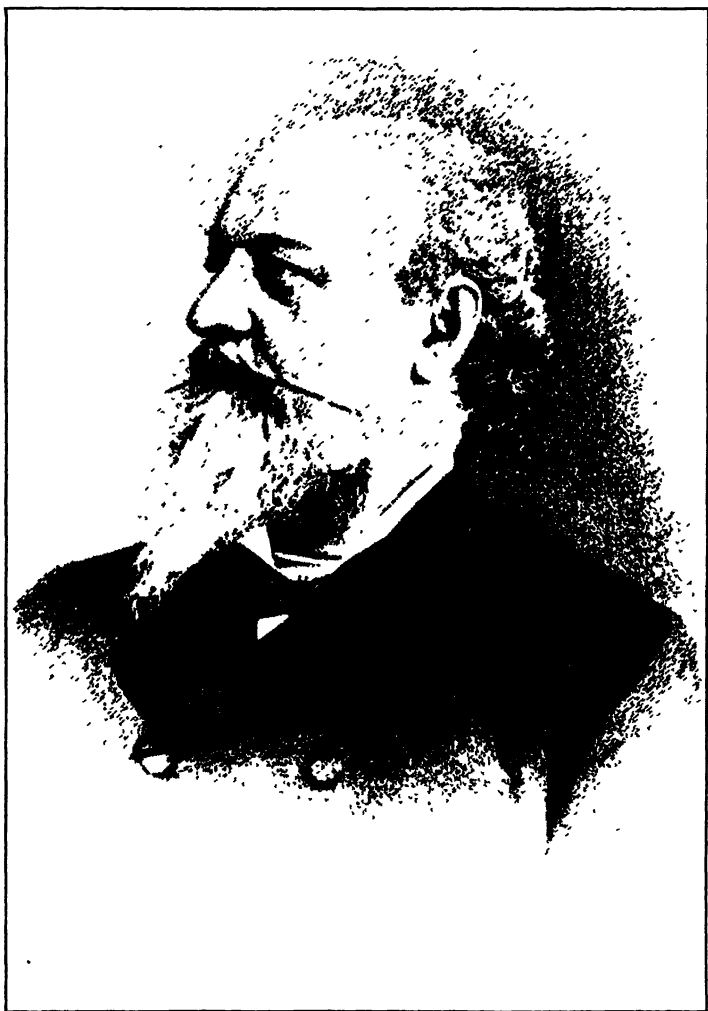
The Caracas ladies are dark, but many of them very beautiful, with velvety skin, luxuriant, coal-black hair, and wonderful flashing eyes, which they well know how to use to the utter destruction of a young man's peace of mind. In the streets they wear both black and light-colored dresses. The black dresses, with the lace-fringed black mantle, seem to best become their style of beauty. They never wear hats in the street, and rarely boots, but, instead, high-heeled French slippers. Their walk and general carriage are graceful, and not a little coquettish. As I passed along the sidewalks, I noticed that all the shutters were thrown wide open, thus giving an unobstructed view of the parlors and the people. These rooms are generally plainly furnished, but brilliantly lighted, and full of gayly dressed and vivaciously chatting people who seemed to be quite unconscious of the bold publicity of their doings. Occasionally might be seen a young cavalier talking through the great iron bars of a window to a blushing señorita sitting on the window-sill within. But still more likely would you find all the inmates crowded into the window recesses, and gazing curiously into the streets and at the passers-by.

Nearly all the fine public buildings, parks, and statues of Caracas have been built by Guzman Blanco. Almost all the important public works have also been initiated and completed by this remarkably enterprising man. If Paris was Haussmannized, then in a much broader, grander sense has

Caracas been Blancoized. Three statues to him in Caracas, and many others in different cities of the republic, erected during his lifetime, attest the gratitude of an appreciative nation. It certainly can not be said that Blanco himself was ungenerous or narrow-minded, for he has erected many statues in Caracas to famous Venezuelans, and also a statue to one not a Venezuelan—George Washington. A few months before my arrival at Caracas, General Blanco, who had been representing his country in England and France for the previous two years, returned to enter upon the duties of President, an office to which he had been elected for the third time. He came from France by the way of Barbados, and was welcomed back in the most enthusiastic manner, the people taking a three days' holiday, during which festivities of various kinds—such as processions, receptions, banquets, bull-fights, illuminations, and a solemn *Te Deum* sung in the cathedral—followed each other in rapid succession. The officials issued laudatory and congratulatory *pronunciamientos*, while the newspapers echoed the popular joy and patriotic feeling in the most extraordinary outbursts of rhetoric. There was scarcely a house in the city but displayed the Venezuelan tricolor—red, blue, and yellow. Rows of gas-jets were arranged in most of the parks, banners marked "Peace" were everywhere displayed on tall staffs, while the street through which General Blanco passed to his house was ornamented with several triumphant arches. The great quantity of bunting, everywhere displayed, gave the city a very gay and animated appearance, as did the colored lanterns, which were suspended between the trees and the statues in the plazas, decorated with beautiful flowers and evergreens. The people, in holiday attire, restlessly paraded the streets, quite beside themselves with excitement and joy. Fire-works were continuously set off, by day as well as night. Two trains of prominent officials, including the acting President, the archbishop, and the diplomatic corps, went down to La Guayra to receive the "Illustrious American," as his countrymen love to style General Blanco, and to escort him

up to the capital. Many of the newspapers came out in double numbers, on tinted paper, with covers and illustrations wholly devoted to eulogies of Guzman Blanco. Several of the ordinary newspapers were issued gratis. General Blanco was welcomed at La Guayra with glowing speeches and inspiring music, and being escorted to the capital was received with the wildest enthusiasm by the citizens, nearly all of whom seemed to be in the streets. The general was attended to his house amid a salute of artillery, ringing of church bells, the music of military bands, fire-works bursting in air, and vociferous cheering by the populace. Besides the popular amusements above catalogued, might be mentioned bull-racing in the principal streets, a banquet for the people in the public market-place, and a gala concert by the famous pianist, Teresina Carreño, a native of Caracas, and a lady who has often been heard in New York, and always with interest and delight. Finally, the Venezuelan Academy, of which Guzman Blanco is the president, celebrated what it was pleased to term a "solemn session." The career of a man to whom such extraordinary honors have been paid is well worthy of recital.

Antonio Guzman Blanco was born in the city of Caracas in 1830. His father, of whom I have already spoken, was a journalist and politician. He had been private secretary to the great liberator, Bolivar, and may be considered as the founder of the Liberal party in Venezuela. Guzman was educated at the University of Caracas, where he acquired proficiency in various branches of learning, principally in law, though his tastes naturally led him to cultivate belles-lettres, in which pursuit he had considerable success. The liberal principles instilled into his mind by his father, however, soon diverted the thoughts of the young man to politics. He quickly came prominently to the front, as one of the leaders of the great revolution that set Venezuela free from the tyranny under which she had suffered since 1830. He displayed so much ability, both as a soldier and an administrator, that when the dictator, General Paez, was forced,



*General Guzman Blanco.*





after a protracted and bloody struggle, to sue for peace, he was intrusted, with his friend and former chief, General Falcon, with the reorganization of the republic. Blanco became Vice-President. He was, at the same time, Secretary of the Treasury, and went to London to negotiate a loan. On his return, he was, for a short time, in charge of the executive, and afterward was elected President of Congress. In 1868 another revolution overthrew the existing government. But the triumph of the Liberal party was soon followed by a state of complete anarchy and disturbance. General Blanco was invited to take command and restore public order. Within seventy days the campaign was at an end, and Blanco entered Caracas in triumph, at the head of eight thousand soldiers. He became provisional President, with extraordinary powers, and ruled the country for four years as a dictator.

Though invested with absolute power, he did not abuse the trust, but devoted his energies to the reorganization of the nation, and to leading it into the paths of peace and progress. His first care was to provide public instruction, which had been almost abandoned. During his term of office he doubled the number of primary government schools and scholars, and established six normal institutions, and about twenty national colleges. In the Department of Public Works, and as regards the development of the country, whatever there was in Venezuela in 1877 was due to the energy of President Guzman Blanco. Large sums were spent on railways, roads, bridges, telegraphs, and city improvements. Equal success attended his efforts in reorganizing the national finances. The revenue, which formerly was not sufficient to pay the salaries of the public employés, soon increased under his administration, so as to be not only sufficient to meet the current expenses, and provide the millions spent on public works, but also to re-establish public credit in the interior, and to leave a surplus in the national treasury. Nor were other branches of administration disregarded. The civil, military, and penal codes were revised, and the best and

most modern provisions were incorporated into them. His presidential period having been completed, General Blanco handed over the administration to his successor, and, leaving everything in order, went once more to Europe. But soon reactionary movements began. The people rose *en masse* and invoked the aid of Guzman Blanco, who, thus called upon by his fellow-citizens, returned at once to his country, and immediately succeeded in restoring order. He was again elected President, and directed the Government of Venezuela from 1880 to 1884. This second constitutional period having come to an end, he was again returned to Europe as ambassador to France and England.

The second term of office was no less fruitful of beneficent results than his first. He made an arrangement with the holders of the national debt whereby an interest of three per cent annually was secured to them. This has regularly been paid ever since. The boundaries of the republic were defined in all their extension, and an immense territory in the valley of the Amazon, which had been neglected by previous administrations, was reclaimed by Venezuela. So much attention was given at this time to public instruction, that when the President left power, there were nearly in round numbers two thousand national schools, attended by one hundred thousand scholars, as against five hundred schools and thirteen thousand scholars when he was first elected President in 1873. He also founded a polytechnic school and a school of arts and trades, another of marine, and another of telegraphy, all of which are of great service to the state. Chief among the public works carried out during this period may be mentioned the La Guayra and Caracas Railway, that from Macuto to Maiquetia, and several lines running from the capital into the interior. The system of national telegraphs was largely extended, and gas-works, electric lighting, and the telephone were introduced. In spite of the large sums spent in public works, the finances of the country were so well managed that when General Crespo came into power, in 1884, he found a surplus of over two million dollars in

the treasury. Peace was steadily maintained. The Constitution was revised, and more liberal statutes adopted. The presidential period was reduced, and a Council of Administration was constituted, without the consent of which the executive power can not act.

In 1886 Guzman Blanco again assumed the presidency, and in 1888 he returned once more to Europe as minister plenipotentiary, where he now represents his country with dignity "near the Governments" of France and England. Such, in brief, are the chief events in the career of this extraordinary man. In view of all that he has done for his country, working under so many difficulties, General Guzman Blanco well deserves to be considered a statesman of high order, and to enjoy the title of "Illustrious American" conferred upon him by his grateful countrymen. His energy, his influence, his wisdom, and his works are apparent in every town, on every road throughout the land. He is the only ruler of the country who has done much to develop it. And Venezuela is one of the richest and most enlightened countries of South America. There is, in fact, everything to make a prosperous country, except population. There are only two million inhabitants in a country more than twice as large as France. All climates exist there, so that wheat, as well as coffee may be raised. The country is ripe for development as soon as railroads and other facilities induce immigration. Guzman Blanco is enormously rich. He owns several entire provinces. Besides his town-house, in the capital, he possesses a magnificent country-seat, up the valley from Caracas, about an hour's drive, and reached also by rail. The "season" in Caracas used to be whenever Blanco was in town, and terminated when he left. Madame Guzman Blanco is a remarkably handsome woman, and is, moreover, very amiable and charitable.

From La Guayra I wished to visit the only remaining South American country—the United States of Colombia—yet unseen. So I took a steamer of the West India and Pacific Company, which called first at Puerto Cabello, in Ven-

ezuela, and next at Curaçao, the largest of the Dutch West India Islands, lying about seventy-five miles from the Spanish Main. Then, rounding Point Gallinas, the most northerly land of South America, we headed directly for Savanilla, at the mouth of the Magdalena, which river I expected to ascend on my way to the capital, Santa Fe de Bogota. Puerto Cabello lies upon a long, narrow, low peninsula, setting out to the northward from the base of the same range of mountains which back La Guayra. The position and appearance of the town are very picturesque. The roadstead is of crescent shape, with a fine sandy beach, and groves of cocoa-palms in the distance. To the east of the town is an extensive and deep lagoon, into which large steamers may enter, and lie snugly at the wharves. The town reaches directly down to the water's edge. In the interior, about twenty miles southeast of Puerto Cabello, is the important city of Valencia, formerly connected with its seaport by diligence, but to which a railway is now completed. After a little more than a day in Puerto Cabello, we left for Curaçao at six, one evening, and early the next morning sighted the long, narrow, and generally low island, which is, I believe, about forty miles in length by ten in width. The occasional jagged points, precipitous cliffs, and numerous hillocks, indicated a volcanic origin. The island seemed destitute of trees or other vegetation, and had a very calcareous, sandy, dry appearance. Lime-phosphate is mined there. At intervals, in the mouths of little valleys, were hamlets of negroes. The capital, situated at about the western center of the island, is called Willemstad. The houses of this town are built compactly together, with few or no trees intervening, and their walls are of very gay colors, which, with the two gray forts at the entrance of the harbor, the long range of smooth hills behind, and the great, square, brown fort on top of a central hill, make a very picturesque *ensemble*. The great variety of bright colors gives the place so fanciful an appearance as to seem almost frivolous. It looks, for all the world, like one of the toy villages so dear to children. The many dormer-

windows, quaint little towers, steep-pitched roofs, and houses with gable-ends facing the streets, again vividly recall Holland. The entrance to the commodious and deep harbor is not more than three hundred feet in width. The fortresses on each hand mount guns of but slight caliber, and seem much dilapidated. Around the harbor proper are the great warehouses, while about a large arm of it are most of the residences. In the harbor were a number of steamers, a few ships, two men-of-war, and a small fleet of schooners, which ply between Curaçao and the Spanish Main. Diminutive flat-bottomed boats were continually ferrying people across.

The streets of the city are narrow, and paved with little blocks of stone. The short cross-streets are only four or five feet in width. Though the heat is great, and rain scarcely ever falls, a fresh breeze always blows from the north or southeast, and the island is said to be remarkably healthy as a residence for foreigners. The population of Willemstad is about twenty-five thousand, which is a little more than half that of the whole island. Though a Dutch colony, it is a very cosmopolitan sort of place. You see every variety of complexion, and hear half a dozen tongues, in a walk of a few blocks. The telephone is in general use. There is a good club house, with a reading-room well supplied with journals in many languages. The island produces little or nothing, but Willemstad, being a free port, attracts a considerable transfer of products, and many lines of ocean-steamers touch regularly here; besides, great quantities of goods are brought and sold to dealers for the Spanish Main. Curaçao must be fed altogether from without, much food coming from Europe and the United States, and some also from the neighboring shores of Venezuela and Colombia. The island gives name to the well-known liquor called Curaçao. This highly esteemed aromatic cordial is made from small oranges, or orange-peel, cinnamon, and cloves, digested in weak spirits.

We remained at Willemstad only during the day, leaving at 5 P. M. for Savanilla. During the night we passed between the Dutch Island of Oruba, on the right (north) hand,

and the Paraguana peninsula, connected with the mainland by a long and narrow isthmus, only three or four miles in width, on the left—the channel separating the two being but about fifteen miles broad. We also crossed, before morning, the mouth of the Gulf of Venezuela, into which empties Lake Maracaybo, through a long and narrow channel, upon the western side whereof is the city of Maracaybo—the third in size and importance in Venezuela. In the channel of Maracaybo Lake there is but ten feet of water at high tide, so that only light-draught steamers can enter. A small American steamer runs between Curaçao and Maracaybo three times each month. At 8 A. M. we were about six miles off the Guajira Peninsula and Point Gallinas, the northern extremity of South America. We could see, at a distance inland, a range of hills perhaps two thousand feet in height, the region about the point being generally very low. Early next morning we passed the town of Santa Marta, the capital of a province of the same name, in the United States of Colombia. It stands upon the shore, at the base of a lofty ridge of mountains, which rises gradually, and finally terminates in the great, snowy peaks of the Sierra Nevada de Santa Marta. The town of Santa Marta was once very important, but it is now falling into decay, through the trade of the interior being directed to Barranquilla and Salgar, on the Magdalena. I had a superb view of the five conical peaks of the Sierra Nevada, sixteen thousand six hundred and forty feet high, and covered with snow, as their name indicates. They are visible at sea, in clear weather, a distance of about seventy miles. They extend east and west, or at right angles to the axis of the great Andean system, which begins some eighty miles farther south. The range does not seem more than thirty or forty miles in length. Of course, such an immense and lofty dark mass did not present the beauty or majesty of a single dome, like Chimborazo, or a solitary cone like Cotopaxi; still, so thick were the fleecy clouds, far below the summits, and so direct a view did I get from the sea-level that, with the surrounding generally low

and level expanse of country, the spectacle was most impressive and interesting. Though several attempts have been made at different times, by foreigners, these peaks have never been ascended, at least never to their summits. As we steamed on to the west, the sea-water soon became very muddy, much disturbed, and covered with drift-wood; and we knew we were at the mouth of a great river, and that that river must be none other than the Magdalena. The distant shores were low, flat, and densely wooded. We had reached the delta. The Magdalena enters the Caribbean by two arms, one about six miles to the eastward of the other; and these, uniting some six miles from the sea, embrace the Island of Gomez, which, therefore, bears to the Magdalena a relation similar to that which the great Island of Marajo bears to the Amazon. The westerly branch, or Magdalena proper, is about two miles wide, while the eastern branch is only about half a mile. But both contain bars which are subject to such great and sudden changes, as to make the river there shallow and unnavigable. Hence the produce of the interior is brought down only as far as Barranquilla, whence it is transported by rail about fourteen miles to the seaport of Salgar. From there it is carried in lighters and iron barges, towed by steam-tugs, and put aboard steamers lying five miles distant in the Bay of Savanilla. But I am anticipating a little.

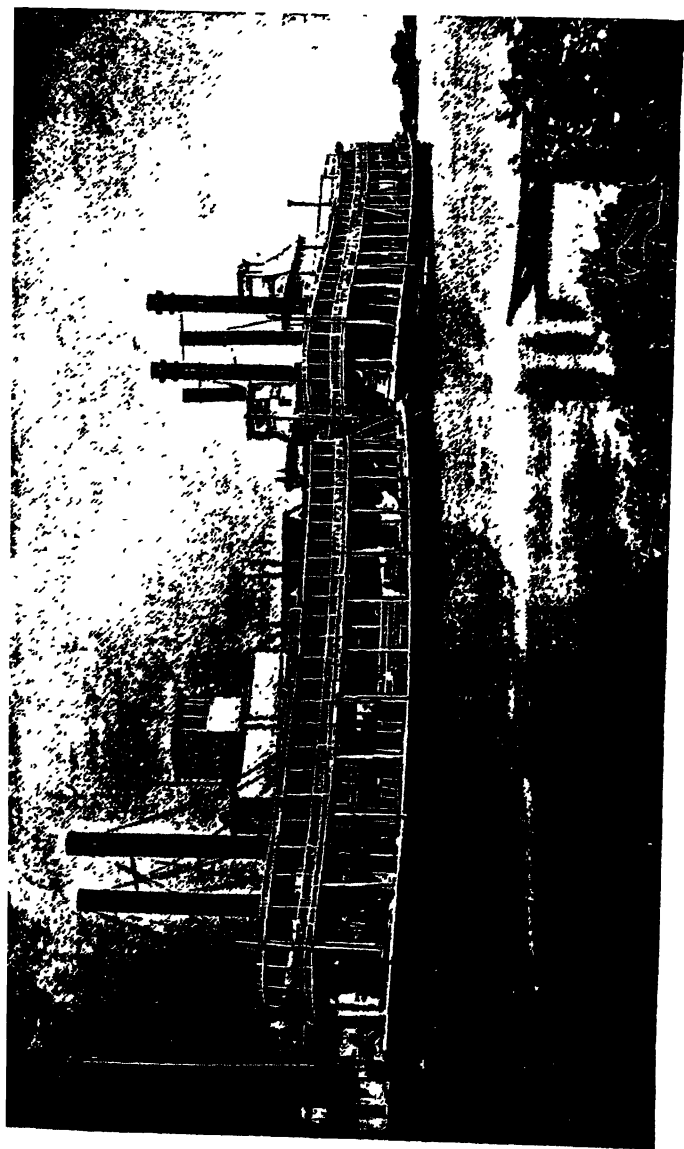


## CHAPTER XLVII.

### A WEEK ON THE MAGDALENA.

As we steamed on from the mouths of the river, the sea became clearer and the land gradually rose into ranges of low, table-topped hills, thickly covered with small trees and scrub. We rounded some low islands, and then found ourselves in a long bay, sheltered somewhat from the swell and waves. There were but two steamers and a small ship at anchor, and as we halted near them no town was in sight, only on a distant bluff a solitary old custom-house, whose white walls we had seen from a long distance in the offing. This custom-house was never used, but it was quite completed before it occurred to the builders that it would be a rather costly, not to say unnecessary, proceeding to haul goods up and then lower them down the forty feet of bluff on which it stands. Soon after our anchor was down, a small, very wheezy, and dilapidated tug came alongside, and took passengers and baggage still farther up the bay, to the little village of Salgar, where the present terminus of the railway running to Barranquilla is built. Landing on a long wooden pier, upon which stand the freight-cars, we first had our baggage weighed in the station-house, all in excess of one hundred kilogrammes having to be paid for later at the custom-house in Barranquilla. There are morning and afternoon trains to this town. The road led over the level, swampy, wooded delta land, where I noticed great numbers of many kinds of pelicans, cranes, flamingoes, and other fishing-birds. Arrived at Barranquilla, I was first struck by a long row of great river-boats, with their lofty double funnels, built ex-





*Magdalena River Steamboat.*

actly upon the model of those we use upon the Mississippi. They were lying in a very narrow sort of creek, a part of the Magdalena, whose main stream might be seen in the distance, rushing past with an eight-knot current. Barranquilla is built upon a vast sandy plain, upon the western shore and near the junction of the two arms of the river. It is a town of small, single-story, mud-walled, and grass-thatched huts, and contains about twenty thousand inhabitants. Mule hackney-coaches abound, and are extremely necessary, owing not only to the obstacles presented by deep sand, but also to its blinding glare, which is very trying to the eyes. I found a very good hotel, with large, airy rooms, and the breakfast ready on a table set in the interior corridor of the court. A number of native gentlemen were chatting in the parlor, which contained a prim double row of rocking-chairs, placed *vis-à-vis* in the center of the room. These Colombians were all dressed in white, and the corner rack was covered with their enormously large and high, conical straw hats. These in appearance would become the conventional and not yet altogether traditional bandit, but are just the thing for peaceful wear in tropical latitudes.

I made all my preparations, packed my mule-trunks, and left on the afternoon of December 3d, in one of the large mail-steamers for Yeguas, a port twenty miles below the town of Honda, with which it is connected by rail. Caracoli, the port of Honda, is six hundred and thirty miles from the sea, and is accessible to steamers drawing as much as four feet of water. The Magdalena is navigable by canoes almost to its source, nearly a thousand miles from the Caribbean. Honda is from two to four days' journey from Bogota—on mule-back and in diligence—according to the condition of the roads and the quality of your animals. The steamer in which I took passage was of three decks or stories in height, and atop of all was a pilot-house. Upon the main-deck, at the forward end, are the boilers which are of the multiform tubular pattern, and wood is burned under them. Huge piles of wood are made around the boilers, and along

the sides of the steamers, and at least twice in each twenty-four hours supplies have to be taken, so great is the quantity burned. It is piled up for sale, at frequent intervals, along the river-bank. As a counterpoise to the boilers, the machinery is placed next the wheel, at the stern, the intervening space being used by passengers of the second class, by the minor officers, and for the kitchen, freight, and animals. These steamers are steered by four connected rudders, which move simultaneously. The largest of them carry about two hundred and fifty tons of cargo. They are built in England, of iron, and are put together in compartments. About twenty of them are at present on the river, all in good running order. A number of companies formerly existed, but lately there has been a fusion of interests, and all now work under one direction. Steamers have been running on the Magdalena about half a century. A broad staircase leads from near the prow to the second deck, which is reserved exclusively for the use of passengers. First there is an open space, employed as a sitting-room during the day, and which, with curtains let down, and supplied with canvas cots, forms a spacious and cool dormitory. Then come the state-rooms, numbering only ten. The saloon is gaudily painted and supplied with large mirrors, tables, settees, and chairs. The state-rooms contain only cots and rough wash-stands. The traveler must bring his own bedding and mosquito-netting. The customary bedding consists of a straw mat, to place first upon the cot, a pillow, a pair of sheets, and a blanket, for the late nights upon the river are apt to be chilly. After the first two or three nights, when the river has become narrower and shallower, it is customary to draw in to the bank, and remain fast until morning, and at such times the mosquitoes are certain to be very troublesome. Hence, no native passenger ever forgets his mosquito-netting. Back of the saloon and cabins is a large open space, in which a long dining-table is spread. This space is also utilized at night as a dormitory, cots being provided for the passengers. An extra charge of ten dollars is made for the state-rooms, and lady

passengers deferentially have first choice. Back of the open dining-saloon are the pantry and stewards' rooms, the bath-rooms and lavatory. Upon the upper deck, the use of which is denied to passengers, are the rooms of the captain, engineers, and pilots. Upon the forward end of the structure, containing these quarters, is the large, square, glass-inclosed pilot-house. The latter, being thus situated about forty feet above the river, affords a very extensive survey of its surface, from which the wary pilots can generally detect the neighborhood and proximity of shoals or reefs. Each of the large mail-steamers, two of which run each week to Yeguas, carries a physician. This gentleman is a foreigner. So are the captain and the chief engineer of many of the steamers, generally either Englishmen or North Americans.

We started with a total of forty passengers, about equally divided between the first and second class. The food supplied was of very fair quality, though we were subjected to a most unusual and unseemly haste in its serving. The plates are never changed, but, as soon as you are seated, three or four native boys, in shirt and trousers, and with bare feet, rapidly make the round of the table six or eight times, each one placing upon your plate a different kind of fish, flesh, fowl, fruit, or vegetable—hot and cold, sweet and sour. Soon you have such a heaped-up hodge-podge before you that you can not see nor taste what you are eating. Coffee and bread and butter are served at six A. M. ; breakfast is at eleven, and dinner at five P. M. Though a stampede ensues as soon as the second bell rings, yet a good deal of ceremony is observed, such as all standing until the captain or doctor takes his seat, and then all sitting down simultaneously. Everybody appeared to finish eating at precisely the same time, for all rose together. It is also the custom of the captain to hand to the table two of the lady passengers, and to leave it with two others. But the speed of the serving and eating of the meal would put to shame that witnessed at the station of an American Western railroad where twenty minutes for dinner had been announced. Although there was plenty of time, most of the

passengers having nothing to do but eat and sleep, yet the average length of our dinner "hour" was but fifteen minutes. The wine supplied by the steamer not being of a very superior mark, most of the passengers bring their own. Filtered river-water is used, and it is very palatable and wholesome.

The Magdalena River is exceedingly tortuous, full of islands, and has many branches and side lakes, which enter it through small creeks. Its very tortuousness, however, makes it navigable, for its declivity is very great, Honda being eight hundred and sixty-two feet above sea-level. Many villages and towns dot the Magdalena, Mompos being the third largest, with a population of about eight thousand; Honda the second, with twelve thousand; and Barranquilla the first, with twenty thousand. The greater part of the traffic of the republic is carried on over the Magdalena. We have native pilots, who thoroughly understand the middle and upper portion of the river, where the navigation is extremely difficult. The channels run on one or the other side, and frequently cross from one to the other, through the resistance of some obstacle, or the conformation of the banks. In the dry season the river usually hollows out a sort of special channel, in which there will be a general depth of five or six feet, so that vessels drawing four feet can pass in safety. The rise of the river in the rainy season is from fifteen to twenty feet. At every interval of five or six years there is an extra high flood, as was the case on the occasion of my visit, when the country was under water in every direction, and villages were half submerged. Along the village front you will often see little dikes of tree-trunks, sticks, and leaves, but these serve to little purpose. Frequently we notice a village quite surrounded by water, and with all its streets water-ways, so that there must be a foot or more of water in the huts; but the people squat in the doorways and in canoes, waiting for the waters to recede, and gazing calmly at the passing steamer. The Indians like to live exactly upon the water's edge, and this is a principal cause of the inundations which afflict them; for, though much of the land upon the lower Magdalena is low,

yet there is an occasional bit of higher ground, and here the old Spaniards, with more discretion than their descendants, always located their towns, secure from inundation or change in the course of the river. The general direction of the Magdalena is from north to south. Its waters are very muddy, and covered with small floating islands of aquatic plants and drift-wood. Its banks, at first, to one ascending, are low, and covered with a scrubby sort of forest, with ranges of low hills in the far distance, toward the south. It has a width varying from one to two miles, and contains many large islands. We were often able to materially shorten our journey, by taking the creeks and minor channels between the islands and banks. The profusion of water-fowl was especially noticeable; and a huge alligator, about twenty feet in length, swam across the river directly before the bow of the advancing steamer. We stopped at one or two places during the first night, and in the morning reached the town of Calamar, upon the west bank. This stands at the mouth of a river, which, in a series of creeks and lakes, with a little artificial opening, extends one hundred and ten miles, with an average depth of eight feet, to the Bay of Cartagena. The latter lies in a northwesterly direction, and accommodates the flourishing seaport of the same name. A small steamer makes this voyage three times each month, and, besides, there are some freight-boats, though Calamar is not of so much importance now as when Santa Marta and Cartagena were the only gates of entry on the coast, and all the imports and exports of Cartagena passed through it. Our steamer stopped an hour at Calamar, embarking and disembarking passengers, and taking on freight and fire-wood. Going on, we passed a number of villages whose inhabitants are devoted to fishing, the raising of cattle, agriculture, and the making of earthenware.

We passed the town of Teneriffe on the east bank. Upon a low hill is still standing a church built by the old Spaniards. At Tacatoe, on the west bank, which we reached in the evening, the single stream of the Magdalena becomes two. Upon



the northern one is the largest town above Barranquilla—Mompós. Upon the southern branch is Magangué. Formerly the steamers took the northerly branch, but this part of the river, having greatly shoaled within the past two years, is now abandoned by the larger steamers. At Magangué an annual mercantile fair is held, which was of more importance when fewer articles were imported into the country from Europe and the United States. Beyond Magangué the River Cauca, the largest branch of the Magdalena, enters it. Hereabout we found the country flooded for miles in every direction. At a distance upon the left bank were some high peaks of the Andes, and nearer some beautiful ranges of blue, forest-clad hills. During the afternoon we reached the town of Banco, and found the river once more a single stream. The people in this neighborhood are largely devoted to cattle-breeding. Valuable cabinet and dye woods abound. The natives hunt alligators, and use their fat for house-lights. The Magdalena is full of eatable fish, some of them of as heavy weight as a hundred pounds. Their great variety and quantity are one of the principal reasons why so many of the natives dwell directly upon the river-banks. They frequently catch more than they can dispose of, and then throw the overplus back into the river. With fish, yams, mandioc, and bananas, they require no other food. Fishing is also pursued as a business by those of the river-people dwelling near where salt may be cheaply obtained. They send the fish, salted, to other parts of the country. I have already referred to the great quantity of bird-life upon the river, but wild game, dangerous to man, also lurks in the forests, not far from the banks. Jaguars, pumas, tiger-cats, poisonous serpents, tapirs, deer, water-hogs, wild-pigs, are a few of the denizens; but the more domestic monkeys, turkeys, parrots, and paroquets are also found. At one village jaguar-skins were offered us at the moderate price of a dollar and a half each. The great number of towns, villages, and detached huts much surprised me. It is said there are not fewer than fifty-five communities between Barranquilla and Yeguas, most of them, how-

ever, on the lower half of the river. Two classes of natives inhabit the country : those in the bank villages, and those in isolated and distant parts. The river-people may be called more than "semi-civilized." In character they are amiable, docile, peaceable, and hospitable. Crimes against person or property are all but unknown among them. They are generally clean—at least their bodies, if not their clothes. They are intelligent, considering their lack of advantages and opportunities. Aboriginal Indians are found beyond the eastern banks—between them and the Cordillera, about the lakes and creeks. They are savage, and do not, of course, speak Spanish. They will attack a solitary traveler, but are too cowardly to molest even a small party. They are very thievish. They are, however, never seen upon the river, and very little is known of their habits and usages. They generally prefer a wandering life. At Banco we drew in to the shore, and tied up by a chain to a tree. The people of the town came, in great crowds, down to the bank to see us and to sell us something. The men, in white shirts and trousers, and great straw hats, formed one group ; the women kept by themselves in another spot, and looked very picturesque in their white chemises, gay-colored bandannas, and neatly dressed hair. The women brought for sale splendid pine-apples, bed-mats, and woven baskets. The boys bore great earthenware jars, eggs, and turkeys. As we proceed, the forests seem to increase in height and density, and I notice many large silk-cotton trees. But the forest is greatly wanting in representatives of the palm, orchid, and liana families, which add so much to the beauty of the forests of the Amazon and the Orinoco.

A range of the Andes on each side of the river is soon in sight, that upon the east, which forms a portion of the boundary between Colombia and Venezuela, being bold and high, with many fleecy clouds lying far below its summits. We arrive at a small village, which is the port of a city named Ocana, forty-two miles distant to the eastward. From that region are exported considerable quantities of coffee, hides,

sugar, hempen sandals, ropes, medicinal herbs, and sweets. The river-villages are all of one pattern. The huts are made of bamboo-wattles, filled in with mud, and roofed with coarse grass. Great numbers of dug-out canoes are always seen drawn up on the banks before them. These canoes, some of which are very large, in going up-stream are pushed along, very close to the shore, by a long pole, with a double-pronged fork at its end. This method of travel requires about thrice as much time as a slow steamer. In going down the river the Indians simply take advantage of the current, without making use of any sail. The river here is about a mile in width, and full of enormous sand-banks, just appearing above the water, and upon which we see groups of alligators. Upon one I counted a score, the largest of which was over twenty feet in length. On seeing the approaching steamer they would either rise and waddle into the river, or simply slide off the bank. We stopped at a small village, whence a railway has been undertaken to the city of Pamplona, and thence to Socorro. Ultimately it is to be extended to Tunja, and the capital—Bogota. But, alas! only one mile of this grand project has been as yet realized. An old locomotive, under a shed, and a few freight-cars looked very forlorn standing near the river-bank. I understood that a new company had just taken hold of this work and intended to complete a railway at least to Pamplona and Socorro. We stopped one night at Puerto Berrio, on the west bank. This is the river-port for the wealthy mineral State of Antioquia, and gives entrance to most of the merchandise for the city of Medellin, which is about due west and nearer the Cauca than the Magdalena River. In population and importance it is the second city of Colombia. From Puerto Berrio begins a railway, which, it is expected, will eventually reach Medellin. Thirty miles are now opened to traffic, and the completed road will be about a hundred and twenty-five miles in length. The present one belongs to the Government. The river at Puerto Berrio is scarcely half a mile in width, but is deep, and has a very swift current. The next day we passed through what

is called "Angostura," or the narrows of the river, not more than three hundred feet wide for a distance of about a quarter of a mile. The following morning we arrived at Yeguas, just seven days from Barranquilla. At Yeguas passengers and freight are transferred to the railway for Honda. It is a narrow-gauge road, with cars made in Philadelphia, Pa., and locomotives in Paterson, N. J. It is twenty-one miles in length, and runs one train each way daily.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

### THE ANDES AGAIN.

To the right of the railway, after starting from Yeguas, were many curiously formed hills, their sides being precipitous terraces of stone, with some verdure between the banks. Between us and the river, as we followed its course, though high above it, were many fine, grassy meadows, some of them covered with cattle. To these succeeded forests containing a large proportion of palms, and then we gradually descended and neared the river-bank, which we followed to Honda. Both sides of the river now showed high, forest-clad mountains. We crossed several tempestuous torrents. The Magdalena gradually narrowed until, opposite Honda, it was less than two hundred feet in width; but here were rapids almost as swift and violent as those below Niagara Falls. The small steamers, which once a month go fifty miles farther up the river, do not pass through these rapids, but "tie up" some distance above. Honda is situated upon the steep bank of the western side of the river. Its streets are narrow, crooked, and roughly paved. The houses are mostly but one story in height; when blocks of them occur, upon a street leading up the hills, they are built in terraces. The railway goes on from Honda, about one mile to a settlement called Arranca Plumas, whence you must cross in a flat-bottomed boat and go on by land to Bogota. Formerly a railway was undertaken from here toward Bogota, but, after a short distance, it was abandoned. Another, and a popular route to the capital, if you succeed in making connections at Honda, is to take a smaller steamer, up the river, fifty miles,





*Colombian Horsemen.*

to a place called Jirardot. Thence a railway is in course of construction to Bogota, about twenty miles of its track having been already built and in running order. On December 12th I left on mule-back for Bogota, with a mounted guide, and an extra mule for my baggage, first following the left bank of the Magdalena to Arranca Plumas. Here we crossed the river by means of a pedulum-boat—a large barge attached, by a wire cable, to a pulley running upon another cable extending across the river. The passage is made simply by the force of the central current and its back water, which is sufficient to carry the boat from side to side without any steering. The mount of a Colombian gentleman is but little different from that of other South Americans. Mules are preferred for steep mountain travel, though horses are in greater favor for plain, valley, and city use. Here, in Colombia, the men wear wide-brimmed, steeple-crowned straw hats, blue *ponchos*, or *ruanos*, as they are called, generally of a water-proof dark cloth, and huge water-proof leather overalls, which buckle around the waist, but are seatless. These are made longer than the legs, and thus keep the feet dry. A slit up the back of the leg, secured by a small strap, is made for the passage of the spur. The shank of the spurs is often four inches in length, with rowels quite three inches in diameter. The stirrups are made of brass, in the shape of a large Turkish slipper. The saddles are supplied with small leather saddle-bags, and a leather case for a blanket, or rubber *poncho*. Very stout cruppers and breeching are necessitated by the steep mountains.

The place opposite Arranca Plumas was called Pescaderias. We followed the river for a considerable distance, but so bad was the road, from the recent heavy rains, that we were the whole day reaching Guaduas, but fifteen miles distant, stopping only an hour to breakfast at one of the many wayside inns. The walls of the public-room of this house were ornamented with pictures from the London "Graphic" and the New York "Puck." Every one of the road-side inns has a well-filled bar-room attached, where, as



per advertisement, "superior brandy, wholesale and retail," is sold, and also the native beer, *chicha*, great calabashes of which are in frequent request by the muleteers. The inns are simply mud huts, with thatched roofs. They contain two or three bedrooms and a sitting-room, where not very good meals are prepared at very short notice. The country through which we passed was not thickly settled, and was covered mostly with timber. Guaduas is a large town, situated in a beautiful valley. We left it the next morning at daylight, and rode slowly up a steep range of mountains to the eastward. The road was paved with great stones in the steepest inclines, and wound altogether too abruptly upward for the comfort of either man or beast. On each side of the pavement, which was often of the nature of a causeway, there was a morass, and frequently the trail was simply a great stone staircase, up which the mules slowly climbed with many slips and frequent groans. Our baggage-mules often would lie down in the bogs, quite exhausted. However, we kept plodding along over a very rocky and muddy road, up one hill and down another, until we reached, in the afternoon, the summit of a range of mountains about five thousand feet above sea-level. From here we went down, far down, to the valley, in which is situated the town of Villeta, some twelve miles from Guaduas. It rained hard most of the day, but, at intervals of clearing, we had splendid views of the green hills and beautiful dales, which were everywhere carefully cultivated, though sparsely inhabited. Corn and sugar-cane abounded, and much of these were grown upon the almost vertical sides of the hills. Villeta was like Guaduas on a slightly reduced scale. It rained hard all night, and in the morning I preferred to take to the road, rather than loiter in a dull inn. The trail became worse, and our utmost speed was about a mile and a half an hour. At night we had only reached a place called Agua Larga, whence there is a very fine view to the westward, over intervening valleys and ridges, beyond the Magdalena River (which was not in sight), past several ranges on the other side. The

view extended to the snowy range of the Andes, with several table-topped mountains—Ruiz among them—southward to the great cone of Tolima, eighteen thousand feet in height, and looking a perfect presentment of the world-famous Coto-paxi, a few hundred miles distant, in the same chain of gigantic mountains. Among many mountain views, obtained all over the globe, I must regard that from Agua Larga as especially magnificent. The valleys, at the time, late in the afternoon, were mostly filled with fleecy clouds, which rose against the sides of the ranges, and made their tops appear like green islands in a sea of milky foam. There, in the far distance, were the sub-ranges of the Andes, dark blue in tint, and above and beyond them the giant domes and peaks covered with snow—calm, majestic, beautiful. In the morning I left Agua Larga for the town of Facatativa, from which I expected to take a diligence to Bogota. In fact, the road from here on might have been used by carriages, being broad and macadamized, and not of very steep grade. This was my fourth day upon it. The ride is, as I have said, made in from two to four days, there being but forty-six miles of mule-back and twenty-one of carriage, thus making a total of but sixty-seven miles from Honda, which lies northwest of Bogota. Of the four or five mountain-ridges which I had crossed on this journey, one was sixty-five hundred feet above sea-level. Facatativa is eighteen miles distant from Villeta. It is a large and busy town. Steam thrashing and grinding machines are in use, and the flour manufactured is of very fair quality. At the time of my visit, it being market-day, the streets were crowded with people, carts, mules, and horses. The Grand Plaza also was a dense mass of humanity, and the appearance of the populace—the men with dark-blue *ruanos* and black-banded *sombreros*, and the women dressed in black—was most funereal. Omnibuses, exactly like those formerly plying upon Broadway, New York, run each day between Facatativa and the capital. They carry no baggage, save saddles and hand-bags. Missing the coach, I engaged, instead, a covered carriage with a pair of horses.

The road between Facatativa and Bogota is very broad, and was once macadamized, but is now in bad condition, full of holes and quagmires. Pack-mules at present give place to ox-carts. The road was frequently bordered by willow and eucalyptus trees. The great plain, or savanna, of Bogota is very level, almost devoid of trees, but exceedingly fertile and well adapted for agricultural purposes, to which it is everywhere devoted. It is surrounded by mountains, and extends from north to south a distance of about sixty miles, and from east to west about thirty miles. As upon the plain of Quito, so upon the plain of Bogota, agriculture flourishes, wheat, barley, and potatoes being largely grown. The pasturage is extensive and of excellent quality. Many cattle are raised, and their breed, as well as that of horses, sheep, and pigs, is of a high grade. While yet many miles off, we could see the cathedral and larger buildings of Bogota, that city lying upon the eastern edge of the great plain or valley at the foot, and extending partially up the sides of two hills, called Guadalupe and Monseratte. These are on the western side of the Cordillera—that is, of the most easterly of the great ridges of the Andes which extend through Colombia from north to south. The city is built upon such gradually inclined ground, that it does not appear to good advantage from the plain. Its elevation above the sea is 8,665 feet; consequently, though in the neighborhood of the fifth degree of north latitude, it is quite cool. The mean temperature of Honda is 95°, while that of Bogota is but 58°—a difference of 37°, which we felt very perceptibly. The situation of Bogota is probably as isolated and as difficult of access as that of any capital of like population in the world. I was twelve days on the route from the sea-coast, and traveled a total distance of seven hundred and five miles. Though apart from the world, Bogota is yet able to have news of it. We followed two telegraph-wires from Honda. The capital is not only in communication with other parts of Colombia, and with Venezuela, but with North America, and thence to Europe, by a wire which runs a little south of west to the

only seaport of the country situated on the Pacific—namely, Buenaventura—whence a cable extends to Panama and New York. In a pouring rain we drove through the narrow, rough-paved streets, flowing with rivers of water, to about the center of the city, where we found what was styled the “best hotel.” If so, Heaven help those who are compelled to live at the others! though a respect for truth compels me to admit that our table was good. My room, however, was small, dark, damp (being several feet below the level of the street), full of flies and fleas, and abounding with mice. My bed was as soft as the marble of a dissecting-table. For my meals it was necessary to cross the street, and pass through a grocery-store and part of a court-yard, to rooms just about the size of the small tables. A solitary door was the only means of admitting either light or air; so it had to remain open at night as well as day. In going to Bogota we met scarcely any one traveling, and but comparatively little merchandise in transit. When the roads are especially bad, all travel not absolutely necessary is intermitted. The Indians I met were stalwart men, and some of the younger of the women were quite good-looking. I was surprised, however, at the number of middle-aged and old women afflicted with the goitre. It is said the Colombian Government expends over a hundred thousand dollars a year upon the mule-road to Honda. It would not cost more to keep a railway in order, and it is of the very first necessity for the development of the country that such a railway should be immediately constructed. I have, however, small hopes that it will ever be built. The whole genius of the nation seems directed toward civil dissension and guerrilla warfare. Hence, while the people complain of poverty, they offer so little guarantee and security to foreign life and capital as to be quite unable to secure the presence and help of either.

It was December, and the coldest month of the twelve in Bogota—a peculiar, damp, penetrating cold, which requires one's heaviest winter clothes by day and three or four blankets at night. The native gentlemen all wear black over-

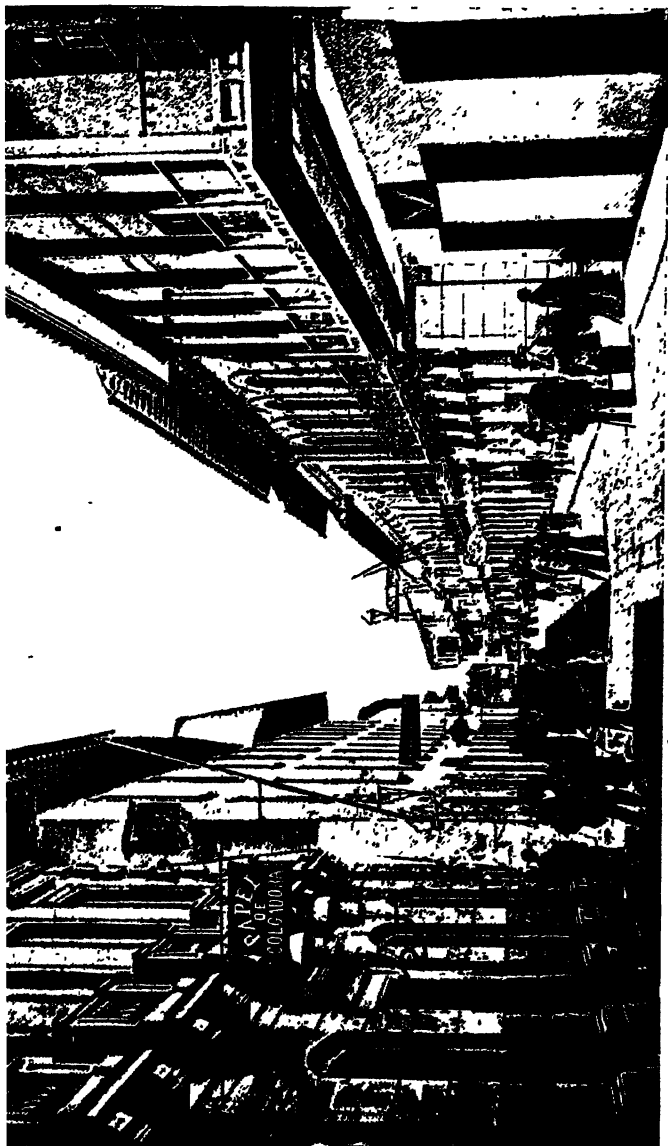
coats, or long dark-blue cloaks, with short capes, like those in fashion at Quito—this “conspirator style” seeming to be, and properly, in most favor at night. Long black frock-coats are fashionable here, and, in fact, the whole suit is generally of black cloth. Tall silk hats are also the mode, and, with the primitive surroundings, look almost as ridiculous as they did in Quito. The citizens need only black kid gloves—which they really wear in Quito—to complete a most somber aspect. The dress of the women, who may be seen early in the morning in attendance at church, is also all of black, as with those of Lima. They wear the mantilla of black cashmere, heavily edged with black lace, and embroidered with black silk, around the shoulders and neck, and partly around the head. The dresses are worn short, and beneath them you may generally detect the presence of black stockings and little black silk slippers, or black kid boots. The ladies carry black parasols, and on Sundays little black prayer-books. They resemble their sisters of Quito and Lima, and some of them are exceedingly pretty.

The city of Bogota lies upon such comparatively level ground, and so few are the large and prominent buildings, that when approaching it from the westward you notice only three or four distinct points, and one of these, away to the northeast, you are apt to imagine to be a lofty column in memory of—say, the great Bolivar. With its high shaft and circular, two-storied, Pantheon-like base, you have a very good copy of the Washington Monument (at Washington, District of Columbia), as originally planned, though not as finally completed. But you are thoroughly disillusioned on learning that the supposed patriotic tribute is only a manufactory of bricks, with its accompanying and very necessary chimney. Then, toward the center of the city, you see the great broad façade of the cathedral, with its twin towers, and to the right of this, again, the walls of the Capitol building, and beyond, the white-sided and red-topped dome of the church of San Carlos. Directly back of the city rise the precipitous hills of Monserrate and Guadalupe, the former about fifteen hundred

and the latter eighteen hundred feet in height above the plane of the Grand Plaza. These mountains are rocky and treeless, though covered in parts with short grass. On their summits are little chapels, the one dedicated to Our Lord of Monseratte, the other to Our Lady of Guadalupe. Pilgrimages up steep mountain-paths are made to these on special feast-days. Between the two hills is a valley trending toward the east. Down it flows a mountain torrent styled the Rio San Francisco. Farther to the south is a second break in the range, and down this narrow, precipitous valley rushes another brawling brook, the Rio San Augustine. These two streams, after flowing directly through the city, where they are crossed by innumerable bridges, join their waters, and then run off to the southwest, where they join the Bogota River. In the course of that river, which gradually makes its way to the Magdalena, are the celebrated falls of Tequendama, which I afterward visited.

In about the center of the city is the Grand Plaza—the great square of the Constitution. It is a large space, paved with blocks of stone, now somewhat overgrown with grass, and containing in its center a small park of shrubs and flowers, but no trees save a few stunted evergreens. In the middle of this miserable little garden is a handsome bronze monument of Bolivar, raised upon a marble pedestal. Upon the eastern side of this square stands the cathedral and its sacristy, approached by a wide stone-paved terrace. On the southern side is the large building of the national Capitol, not yet completed. On the western side is a block of stores, three stories in height, the sidewalks passing in front of and under the lower story, in the form of an arcade. And on the northern side are more shops. But, before proceeding to describe public or private buildings in detail, I ought to say something of the general appearance and character of the city. The houses are mostly built of mud, and but one story in height. They have huge iron gratings to those windows facing the streets. In the business part of the city the buildings are of brick and stucco, two stories in height and some-

times three. They are apt to have picturesque little balconies to their upper windows, but nowhere is any special architectural taste displayed, and this remark will apply to public as well as to private edifices. An interesting effect is, however, produced by the great diversity of house-fronts. The better class of residences have no especial quarter. They are scattered here and there, the best often being found in the meanest and dirtiest parts of the city. Some of the finest stores and dwelling-houses have the first story of cut yellow stone and the upper one of brick. The principal business streets are the two running parallel north from the east and west sides of the Grand Plaza, and all the retail trade seems here to be concentrated within half a dozen blocks. In this neighborhood you find the banks and the post, telegraph, and telephone offices. The shops are mostly small and dark, being lighted only by the open doors, and therefore you are not surprised to find the counters placed within a few feet of the street. The post-office is situated in an old convent. The Bank of Colombia has a handsome columned front. Near by is the building of the American legation, our country being represented by an envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary. Bogota has no carts or carriages. The streets are far too narrow and too badly paved to admit them. Carriages coming from Facatativa proceed only to some of the exterior squares, where you must descend and proceed on foot to your hotel or dwelling. Your baggage and, in fact, all goods for Bogota, are obliged to halt quite at the limits of the city, and be brought in either on mule-back or by porters upon trestles. Horsemen are, however, allowed in all the streets, though they may be said to be "conspicuous by their absence." A few sedan-chairs, with box-covers, are in use for conveying ladies to fashionable receptions, or to and from balls at night. You find gas in the more wealthy of the private houses, but the streets are not as yet lighted by that means. In fact, the city is very badly and dangerously half illuminated by kerosene-lamps suspended by hide ropes from houses at the intersection of the



*A Business Street of Bogotá.*





streets. There is but one line of tramway. The cars, starting at the cathedral, run in a northerly direction through the city and suburbs, and beyond along the base of the hills, about three miles, to a little village called Chapinero. This line is owned by an American company, the cars were made in Philadelphia, and mules are used to draw them. This tramway is a very great success, and it is a pity there are not others in the city, and one also across the plain to Facatativa, should a railway not be built. Chapinero is a sort of pleasure-ground for the citizens of Bogota, and on Sundays and feast-days the cars are sure to be crowded, and the road alongside to be gay with native gentlemen on horseback. These people, like those of Quito, are extremely fond of riding spirited horses. The latter have an easy gait—generally a pace—and consequently do not require very special arts of horsemanship. The ease of the riders, therefore, is not as difficult of explanation, as if more skill were required. At Chapinero, besides very many restaurants and drinking-places of various grades, a race-course, a small theatre, and some good baths are found.

## CHAPTER XLIX.

### SANTA FE DE BOGOTA.

BOGOTA possesses a mint. It is a very plain edifice exteriorly, as indeed are almost all the public buildings of the city, but it is fairly well supplied with smelting and milling apparatus. Before the last revolution it was in operation under English supervision, and engaged in coining silver pieces of the value of fifty cents, and copper ones of two and a half cents in value. At present no work is in progress. In fact, you see but few coins in circulation, save five-cent pieces in nickel, and two-and-a-half-cent pieces in copper. There are, however, many small paper bills, of the value each of twenty and ten cents, also of one dollar, some of these being made in Bogota, but the better class of them by the American Bank Note Company, of New York. The paper currency is at present only worth sixty cents on a dollar. Change is so scarce that five per cent is charged for any amount above twenty dollars by the shopkeepers, while the banks prefer not to give any, even upon these terms.

There are only two or three churches, besides the cathedral, of any very special interest. The cathedral is large and lofty, with a façade of yellow stone, cut from the neighboring hills, but its towers are of brick and stucco. Its interior is very plain. The church of San Francisco has a very remarkable high altar, or rather it is the ceiling and walls of that part of the church about the high altar which are interesting. The amount of carving and gilding is quite surprising. The whole wall is divided into great oblong sections,

which make frames for many large figures of plaster in high relief and brightly colored. The church called *La Tercera* is notable from the amount of carved wood-work, a dark-colored cedar, which it contains. All parts of the altar and pulpit, the doors, gallery, organ-case, the frames of the pictures, and the confession-boxes, are carved from this rich wood.

The national Capitol is situated, as I have said, upon the south side of the *Plaza de la Constitucion*. It is a large, massive edifice, of two stories, with a façade of yellow stone, and in the center a double row of great stone columns, through which you look into a small court-yard containing a good bronze statue of a worthy Colombian soldier—General Mosquera. More than a million dollars have been spent upon this building, which extends the full front of the block, and more than one half its depth. The rear half it was intended to devote to a grand residence for the President, but this plan has, as yet, been realized to the extent only of a few feet of basement. The Capitol will be approached by a great flight of stone stairs, but on the whole it is rather a gloomy pile, and is still far from completion. It contains the Senate and House of Representatives, the offices of the President and of the Secretaries of the various departments of the Government. At present there is but one House, consisting of two delegates from each of the nine States of the republic. I attended one of its sessions, and found the delegates busy in forming a new Constitution and reorganizing the Government. Notwithstanding the late disastrous revolution, people were openly saying that political matters were not satisfactory, that another revolution was imminent. And thus it goes with Colombia, as with most of the other South American states. Revolution succeeds revolution, business is paralyzed, the countries are impoverished, and society is disorganized. Said a native gentleman to me one day, "We have here a population of about a hundred thousand—ninety-five thousand of whom do no work, but live upon the others!"

During my stay in Bogota the School of Fine Arts,

which is domiciled in a barn-like old building, in one of the streets next the Capitol, gave a "first annual exposition." Besides the various rooms of the school, the National Gallery (to bestow a high-sounding name) was thrown open to the public, at fifty cents admission. The work of the students in the departments of modeling, crayoning, and draughting was really meritorious. But of the remainder of the "exposition" I hardly know what to say. An enormous number of paintings of all sizes, schools, and ages, good, bad, and indifferent, were huddled indiscriminately together in two or three long corridors of what seemed to be an old convent. Many were by native artists and possessed considerable merit, but the majority were copies and not original work, as was to have been wished. As is usual throughout South America, in all governmental or public exhibitions, the military made a great display about the entrance and through the galleries. An entire regimental company was present. They were, like the greater part of the Colombian army, mere boys, and so small that the bayonet-tipped muskets, which they bore with them throughout the building, were generally about one third taller than themselves. The boys, though gayly uniformed, wore hempen sandals, into which their bare brown feet were thrust. All about the Capitol-entrance, during the day, you might notice a great many officers loitering, and chatting with passing friends. They were arrayed in the most butterfly style of uniforms—red trousers with heavy gold stripe, red caps very richly embroidered with gold lace, and long, gold-fringed epaulets. You must not be at all surprised at the large number of officers you meet in the streets wearing epaulets with three stars, for Colombia is the paradise of generals. The rank and file of the army, and its totality of officers, number about the same. There are actually 2,144 commissioned officers to 3,000 private soldiers. There are seven marshals—*general en jefe*, considering the other generals, must be the equal of, say, a grand marshal of France—106 generals, 167 colonels, and 492 captains. Thus, in the Colombian army, one may

compute, in round numbers, a general to every thirty men, a colonel to every eighteen men, and a captain to every six men! This seems odd and humorous enough, though the Republic of Liberia surpasses even this in military absurdity, for its army consists of one battalion numbering 417 men, of whom 388 are officers! The President's body-guard numbers nineteen, of whom seventeen are officers. Moreover, in some of the counties there are not enough citizens to hold the offices, but in the others there are just enough to go round.

The National Museum and the National Library are located in the same building. The museum is very small, and consists of a corridor of inferior portraits of the old viceroys and men famous in the politics of the country, and a long, narrow room filled with an exceedingly miscellaneous collection of historical curiosities, of native timbers, of zoölogy and mineralogy, of Indian earthenware, antiquities, and numismatics. Nothing is of any absorbing moment, and it must be said that such a museum is of but little credit to the metropolis of a nation. The library I found much more interesting. It contains about seventy thousand volumes, in all languages and upon all subjects. It is classified first by language, and second by subject. In one department, however, are kept the books on South America, in all languages, and about ten thousand in number. There are some fifteen hundred volumes on Colombia alone. The rooms are long and narrow, but with clear light and commodious shelving. This library is intended only for consultation, and contains a reading-room, which I found well filled with students. Near the center of the city is an astronomical observatory, probably the highest above sea-level of any in the world. The building, of brick and stucco, has a lofty spire, which gives it much the appearance of an old church. It is furnished with a number of instruments, none of them of very high quality or in very good condition. At present no astronomical work is in progress. A new opera-house, to cost three hundred thousand dollars, is nearly completed. Formerly a

great number of newspapers were published in Bogota, but some in opposition to the Government have been suppressed, and now there remain but four or five, of which the more prominent are tri-weekly and a small evening daily. These, of course, are not permitted to adversely criticise the Government, and in Barranquilla and other parts of the country the press is also thus muzzled. To show the intolerance of the Government in this connection, there is a printed notice posted in a conspicuous place on the Magdalena boats, to the effect that no employé is allowed to discuss the politics of the country while on service, the penalty to be immediate dismissal as soon as the offense is proved. This edict, though signed by the steamer agents, was made under official pressure. There are but few telegrams in the Colombian papers, and but little (even of old) news from the rest of the world, so the editors have to resort to the easy-going method of inserting, on the lower third of some of their pages, a *folletin*, or serial story, which is generally a poor Spanish translation of some popular though often very aged French novel. A bulletin of the day is generally published; and, besides such important matters as the arrival and departure of the mails, and the names of the saints allotted to each day, the special drug-store which is to be kept open that night is invariably mentioned. The leading newspaper of Colombia, published at Bogota, is called "La Nacion," with the sub-explanation that it is a "political, literary, and news periodical, the organ of the principles of the regeneration." By-the-by, a "regeneration" of some sort or other is always in progress in South America. The evening paper is styled "El Telegrama," though it never contains any telegraphic news.

While at Bogota I paid a visit to the Tequendama Falls, among the finest in South America and most famous in the world. They are situated about twenty miles in a southwesterly direction from the capital. They occur, as I have already said, in the Bogota River, into which, besides the two little rivers that flow through the capital, empty several streams from the eastern side of the plain or valley of Bogota, form-

ing altogether what is here called a river, but what we should rather designate by the title of big brook. Especially would this be its proper name in the dry season of the year. You must visit the falls on horseback, and the time required, if the roads are bad, as they are apt to be during a large part of the year, will be four or five hours. As, moreover, the gorge in which the falls are situated is quite narrow, and there is much rising mist, to say nothing of frequent rains, to obtain a good view it is customary to visit them very early in the morning. To accomplish this, you leave the capital at three o'clock in the afternoon, and ride about half the distance, remain all night in a little village inn, and proceed at daylight to the falls. This was the plan that, in company with a friend, I adopted. Bogota is so compactly built as to have almost no suburbs. You come at once upon the great plain, and then follow a very broad road, inclosed by mud walls, along the base of the smooth, rocky, and grassy hills to the southwest. The road was enlivened by many great ox-carts, troops of freight-mules, and native horsemen moving gracefully along upon their ambling, though fiery, horses. The road, owing to the recent heavy rains, was in a terrible condition. Our horses wallowed in the mud up to their bellies. Here and there were dismembered carts, without a wheel, or with a broken axle or pole, or mired and abandoned. A number of native beer-shops were open along the road, and at all of them our horses insisted upon stopping, thus unconsciously informing us of the habits of their former owners or lessees. At last we reached the miserable, tumble-down village of Soacha, where we tried to sleep in a most wretched inn, but could not for the myriads of fleas. At daylight we resumed the road to the falls. We seemed to have been gradually entering a more or less level valley, lined by low hills. In the fields were some large herds of fine cattle. At distant points were great farm-houses, surrounded by eucalypti and willow trees. A few miles from Soacha we turned away sharply to the right, and soon entered an opening in the low ridge of hills. Adjacent was a commodious dwell-



ing, the property of a brother of the gentleman who owns the falls and the land round about them. Now we enter private grounds, passing under a huge bowlder, a lower corner of which has been cut away to make room for the road. At the mouth of the gorge are many very beautiful willow-trees. The entrance itself, lined by low, rocky hills, is about a hundred feet in width, and the Bogota River is here less than fifty feet broad. Even this breadth in its rapid descent, which here begins, is reduced to twenty feet by the great bowlders which limit its channel and obstruct its course. The road follows the river from here down to the falls, about three miles distant, being for long distances cut out of the cliffs. As you go down, the hills begin to be sparsely covered with scrubby trees and pretty ferns and cacti. You see also handsome willow-trees bordering the stream. The river descends in a channel crowded with enormous bowlders, in the style of a raging, roaring, foaming mountain torrent, thus making a long series of magnificent cataracts. The water shows variously brown, yellow, and white. The trees are dark-green, the rocks are gray, the ferns and cacti of subdued tints, and the flowers of many bright colors. We pass some hills where the country people are mining for coal—near the surface, however. This fuel is of a very fair quality, and is transported to market in the great ox-carts of the country. The gas used in Bogota is made from coal, which is obtained from the hills directly behind the city. The gorge opens and closes, and repeats the process again and again, until we reach the falls. Here the vegetation has become quite dense, the trees are of a larger size, and their leaves of a richer and glossier hue. The road leads on and presents fine views of the fall from below. But it is best to leave the path a little above, and descend to the head of the cataract. On each side of it are great bowlders and rocky walls. The brownish-yellow stream rushes along with a powerful velocity and with a considerable depth, but not greater width than fifty feet directly at the beginning of the fall. The water first takes a slight plunge of about twenty-five feet, on

to a rocky ledge. From this ledge it makes one tremendous leap of six hundred feet to the bottom of the enormous caldron. In its descent it spreads out into a huge column, about a hundred and fifty feet in width and fifty feet in thickness. In this latter respect it had to me a different look from most of the great cataracts of the world. Seen from the side, it presented the appearance of a vast round, solid shaft of yellow water and white spray. Though such a high fall, and with so much water, I was surprised that it did not make a louder noise, that it could not be heard a greater distance. The roar, however, must vary with the states of the atmosphere, and I fear that the day of my visit was not propitious for the finest effect. A path leads from the top of Tequendama to the bottom, and, though steep and difficult, is not dangerous. I spent three hours there, and reached the city again at two o'clock, thus having made the entire excursion in less than twenty-four hours.

On Christmas-day I left Bogota on the return journey to Honda, the Magdalena, and the Caribbean. I reached Facativá at noon, and after breakfast went on at once by mule to a road-station called Chimbe, where I passed a horrible night, devoured by fleas and almost suffocated by vile smells. I went on at daylight, passed through Villeta, and reached Guaduas at night. On reaching the summit of the ridge between Guaduas and the Magdalena River, I had magnificent views of Tolima and Ruiz, standing out clean from below the snow-limit to their summits. The vista up and down the Magdalena was at least fifty miles in length by twenty in width. It was exceedingly fine. In going up to the capital, I had lost all of this through rain, fog, and mist. I descended gradually to the level of the Magdalena, winding along the great wooded hills which border that river. During the past two days I found the road so much better, so much drier, than when I ascended the Cordillera, that I was able to reach Honda at five o'clock in the afternoon of the third day. The accoutrements furnished travelers upon the road between Honda and Bogota are most wretched, as are also the pack-

mules. The riding-mules are fair. The road, as I have indicated, is very bad the whole distance from Honda to Facativa—exceedingly steep, and full of holes and great rocks. The stone staircases, some of them rising at an angle of thirty-five degrees, ought to be seen and experienced to be apprehended and appreciated. In ascending one of the steepest hills, the girth of my saddle broke, and I slid off the tail of the animal, which kicked viciously, but fortunately did not quite reach me. My mule also fell several times with me; and when a mule falls, the road is indeed bad. In coming down, however, I bestrode a diminutive gray mule, hardly larger than a Newfoundland dog, but so remarkably sure-footed as not to slip once the entire distance. My saddle, however, was in such a dilapidated condition and of such cheap construction that I had to sew up its sides in order to prevent my mule from eating the straw with which it was stuffed.

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## CHAPTER L

### HOMEWARD BOUND.

THE Colombians have an extraordinary conception of business and mercantile habits and methods. At the post-office in Bogota one man sells postage-stamps of a certain low value only, another of a higher. This is not so bad as the separation of the office where you buy stamps from the office where you mail letters, which was the regulation in La Guayra and Caracas—in the former town at a distance of nearly a block, and in the latter city at a distance of several blocks. In Bogota accounts, at the chief hotels, are rendered in totals, without any detailed statement, simply saying that you receive to date the amount of your account, which can be examined upon the books of the proprietor. It need hardly be mentioned, however, that should you express a desire to examine said books, the proprietor would feel greatly insulted, to say nothing of the difficulty arising from your possible ignorance of the Spanish language, or the special style of book-keeping employed. Still another instance: the steamer which plies between Honda and Jirardot was detained more than a week beyond its regular date of sailing, in order to accommodate a certain general who wished to take passage thereon, and who, after all, changed his mind, and went all the distance to the capital by mule-back and carriage. Even the “regular mail” steamers are detained a day or two for any letters which the Government may wish to send, or to receive any person of rank who may desire to be a passenger. Thus, neither post-office nor mail-steamer serves the public effectively. Exaggerated forms of address are the fashion in

Colombia. Small boys are saluted by their elders as "Mr." and "Sir." A gentleman uses the same title to his lowest servant, and will even ask pardon of a beggar for having no change, addressing him as "Señor." It is almost needless to add that these people are everlastingly bowing to each other, and shaking hands daily in the streets and elsewhere, as if they had not met for years. If friends have been separated only a week, they fall into each other's arms with great warmth, and very extravagant expressions of esteem and friendship. Not so among the women, and I especially grieve to add not so between the sexes. Though naturally inclined to think one's own country quite right about everything, sometimes one is willing to learn and practice a new custom.

The voyage down the river is at double the speed of that against the current, and much more animated. Sitting in the bow, we have a strong breeze, which, though warm in the middle hours of the day, yet is sufficiently refreshing to relieve high temperature. Our cargo consists of coffee, cacao, hides, bales of tobacco, and vegetable-ivory mats. At all the stations where we stop the crew buy and sell in a very open-handed fashion. They are especially engaged in laying in a store of things to sell in Barranquilla, such as earthen jars, straw bed-mats, cigars, plantains, boxes of jelly, skins of wild animals, hides, and fowls. All the crew, besides their regular duties, seem to find time for this trafficking, which they do on both the upward and downward journey. It is a cause of delay to the passengers, to say nothing of its iniquity, and should not be allowed by the company. We arrived at Calamar at five o'clock one afternoon, and could easily have reached Barranquilla at nine o'clock in the evening; but, after having received some new passengers and their luggage—there was no freight—the captain decided to take wood, although there was a great supply aboard; and this at last being accomplished, we heard that he had decided to stay all night, to attend a ball with his officers—or, as it was given out, to oblige some of the passengers. This was, to us, the last

straw that breaks, etc. The majority, therefore, made so vigorous a protest that the captain suddenly changed his mind, and we started on, but had lost so much time that we did not reach Barranquilla until midnight. We left Honda seventeen hours later than was intended, and during the voyage, although it was one of the "mail" steamers, we made fifteen wearisome stops for freight, and, notwithstanding our speed was double that of the upward journey, yet the time consumed was about the same.

On January 9th I took passage, in another steamer of the "West India and Pacific Line," for Aspinwall, by way of Cartagena, Colombia. About a mile to the eastward of Cartagena, upon the extremity of a short range of hills, are still standing the massive walls, forty feet in height, of what was some years ago a convent. This may be seen a long distance out at sea, and first acquaints the mariner with the proximity of Cartagena. Heading in toward the land, the towers, domes, spires, and walls of the city shortly appear. With the yellow buildings, the gray stone of the fortifications, the background of green hills covered with grass and scrub, and the foreground of bright azure sea, the picture, lighted by a noonday sun, is very striking and quite Oriental. Cartagena is situated almost immediately upon the waters of the Caribbean Sea. Vessels, however, do not ordinarily anchor off the coast abreast of it, but sail or steam half a dozen miles to the westward, and enter a large bay, one arm of which gives deep water up to within a mile of the city's walls. The main entrance to this bay is at a comparatively short distance from Cartagena, but it was made useless to navigation by having been blocked with stones during the colonial war with Spain. We fire a gun for a pilot, and a negro, barefooted, and in only shirt and trousers, comes on board, being paddled out in a canoe of exceedingly primitive form. Nearly in the center of the entrance is an old fort, at present dismantled, as is another opposite, on the island to the eastward. These were built by the old Spaniards, of cut stone and brick, and their fair condition at the pres-

ent day speaks well for the quality of their original construction. Some of the hills around the bay are cultivated. At about the center of the eastern side is the entrance to the canal, which leads to the Magdalena River at Calamar. The bay narrows as we pass two more small, dismantled forts, and soon after anchor near a fifth one, as broken-down as the others, and find, for our companionship, a Colombian gun-boat, an old bark, and a small English steamer. Cartagena is about nine hours from Salgar. Tug-boats bring us, in barges, a freight of coffee, ivory-nuts, and dye-woods, while we go ashore in row-boats.

Although the place at which vessels lie at anchor is at a considerable distance from the city, yet there is plenty of room and of water, and, in fact, the harbor is the best on the northern coast of Colombia. Cartagena is situated at the northern end of the harbor, on a narrow neck of sand two miles in length. It is in the form of a peninsula, with the ocean, or Caribbean Sea, on one side, and the waters of the bay upon the other. On the mainland are great groves of cocoanut-palms; within the city proper, which completely fills its walls, are only a few trees in some of the private gardens and court-yards. The city is about three fourths of a mile long from north to south, and half a mile wide from east to west. The walls which inclose this space are very solidly built of brick and cut stone, with gates, towers, and bastions. They will average, perhaps, twenty feet in height, and thirty in width. They were once fortified with about two hundred cannon, but at present are all but dismantled. The few guns still mounted are very old and rusty, and probably quite unserviceable. The main part of the city communicates with a smaller section by means of an elaborate stone gate, of very massive construction, which opens upon a wide ditch formerly spanned by a bridge. The latter was drawn up at night, or could be drawn up in presence of an enemy, as might be seen from the spaces left in the walls for the pulleys and chains. The city in general appearance much resembles Curaçao, or Willemstad, though its commercial

importance has declined, it is claimed, in favor of Barranquilla.

We remained only one day in Cartagena, and started early the following morning for Aspinwall, carrying one hundred laborers, mostly negroes, for the Panama Canal. During the day and night we crossed the mouth of the Gulf of Darien, and the next morning sighted the isthmus. It was the Point of San Blas, and from here high wooded hills, rising ridge behind ridge, extend westward toward the town of Porto Bello, and thence on, in low, smooth ranges, to Aspinwall. Observed from the sea, Aspinwall appears to sit exactly in the water. At the eastern side is what is called Coolie Town. Here also is situated the large, three-storied hospital. Upon my first visit to Aspinwall quite two thirds of the town had been burned, but now it seems to be mostly built up, and in a finer style than before. From the offing you notice no particularly large buildings, save the great warehouses of the many steamer companies which do business here. Directly upon the sea, which is faced by a long stone wall, shaded by a large grove of cocoanut-palms, is a street of neat cottages—the best houses and the best dwelling-site of Aspinwall. The town now consists of four or five parallel streets of wooden two and three story houses. The roofs are generally of zinc, but the remainder of the buildings is of plank. Aspinwall is simply a great lumber-yard, and a fire would prove most disastrous. In fact, if a fire ever got well under way, and was accompanied by a strong wind, nothing could save the town from utter destruction. The huge iron steamer warehouses would be a credit to a city like New York. Next to them runs a very wide street, one half of which is occupied by the traffic of the Panama Railway and the other by a good plank road. The sidewalk passes under the houses, in the arcade style of South American towns. Here are shops of every character, steamer offices, the foreign consulates, very many bar-rooms, hotels, and restaurants, and not a few gambling-saloons. Gambling, both here and at Panama, is carried on quite openly, and is a passion with all classes.



The favorite games are roulette and baccarat. Aspinwall is a very mushroom sort of town, similar to what San Francisco must have been in the first flush of its gold discovery. The population embraces representatives of every class, from every nationality. The streets are crowded with people, and there is such a commotion as one witnesses in West or South Streets, New York. Prices are exceedingly high, and everything is on a silver or gold basis. The silver soles of Peru and the silver pesos of Chili, representing a United States dollar, the fifty-cent pieces of Bogota, and the smaller division of reales (ten-cent pieces), form the circulating medium, while American gold coin is always at a premium. Aspinwall is connected with the rest of the world by three English companies of steamers, and by American, German, French, and Spanish lines.

Although on arriving at Aspinwall I had completed my circuitous tour of South America, I determined to take another look at the canal, and at Panama, before leaving for the United States. Railway fares were not now specially high—having been reduced to ten dollars in silver—except for “through” steamer-passengers, who paid the enormous sum of twenty-five dollars, gold, as of old. I stopped at a station, about half-way across the Isthmus, in order to inspect the canal. A number of new stations had sprung up since my former visit, and all had grown very much. There seemed an especially great influx of Chinese shopkeepers. The Chinese are not worth much as workmen, being both sickly and idle. All these towns contained houses and stores similar to those of Aspinwall. Rarely now do you see Indian or negro villages of bamboo and mud walls, with grass roofs. The train was full of both first and second class passengers, among the former many French engineers, surveyors, and superintendents. As regards actual progress on the canal, since my preceding inspection, I confess I could detect very little. What had been done seemed rather in the direction of increased accumulation of stores and supplies, machinery, tools, diggers, engines, and cars. The French settlements

were largely increased in number and in size, and elaborate cottages and expensive hospitals had been erected. But not one tenth of the former number of laborers were at work, and the actual excavation of the canal itself seemed hardly a whit further advanced. Many residents of Aspinwall and Panama corroborated my observations, and appeared to think the canal in a "very bad way." They informed me that there was only enough money on hand to last about a year, and they thought it extremely doubtful if the company could float another loan. They said, moreover, that even if money and laborers were at hand, the canal could not be completed in ten years' time.

In the elements of the cost of human life, the Panama Railroad was once unrivaled, but has now been distanced by the canal. The death-rate is chiefly from yellow fever, and is as high as one hundred and fifty per thousand. The Kroomen, or negroes, from western Africa, stand the hardships best, but the Jamaicans die like dogs. Not a tenth of the canal has been built, and the greatest and costliest part of the achievement yet to be done, the management of the Chagres River, remains. How stands the work to-day? Three hundred million dollars have been spent. The stockholders have on hand one hundred million five hundred thousand dollars' worth of machinery, one hundred and fifty millions' worth of uncollectable claims against swindling officials, and fifty million dollars' worth of uncompleted canal. The further capital required is to be purchased, if at all, only at a perilously heavy shave. The Panama Canal must be regarded, therefore, as the most gigantic financial disaster of the nineteenth century; for no one now doubts that the scheme has finally collapsed, and that the long dream of water transit across the Isthmus is apparently as far from realization as ever. It could not have been otherwise with an enterprise that, as originally planned, and in favorable circumstances, would require the work of fifty thousand men for twenty years! But, after all, is the canal worth building? Its necessity and use have been greatly overestimated and misstated.

The traffic between Australia and India, and Europe and America would pass through Suez rather than Panama; and the trade of the west coast of South America with the east coast of North America and with Europe could never make a satisfactory return on an investment of probably one billion dollars. The canal, even if it carried all the commerce of the world, could hardly pay, at such a fabulous cost.

I had intended to go from Aspinwall to Cuba, by way of Jamaica. But small-pox was raging in Kingston, and therefore I should either be quarantined at Havana, or perhaps not allowed even to land; for such detention is usual, under those circumstances, in certain parts of the West Indies. So I decided to take a steamer belonging to the "West India and Pacific Company," the line by which I had recently voyaged so much. Proceeding by their route to New Orleans, and thence to Havana, the time of transit, provided I made prompt connections, would be nearly the same as by way of Kingston. Returning from Panama to Aspinwall, I left for New Orleans on January 20, 1887.

In order to assuage the solicitude which the sympathetic reader may possibly feel with respect to the celerity of my homeward progress, I may say that I had still before me miles and months of travel. Arriving at New Orleans, I went by way of Tampa and Key West, in Florida, to Cuba, and thence to Yucatan. There I inspected all the important and interesting ruins, with an experience the reverse of Sir Charles Coldstream's. Next I sailed to Vera Cruz and coursed through Mexico, descending the deepest silver-mine of Guanajuato, and scaling Popocatepetl, the highest mountain of North America. From Old Mexico I took the railroad to New, and visited the pueblo of the Zúñi Indians, in order to study their ancient and unique civilization. Then I ingulfed myself in the Great Cañon of the Colorado River, one of the grandest curiosities in this curiously grand world. The cyclopean Yosemite and the poetic Lake Tahoe of California subsequently afforded me very pleasurable delays. Afterward

came the Yellowstone National Park, with its fifty geysers and ten thousand springs. The sequel to these were the chain of Great Lakes and Niagara Falls, sailing down the one and sharing the general frenzy to jump down the other. So to New York, the apple of the Knickerbocker eye, after a total journey in the three Americas of fifty-five thousand miles. I had been absent two and a half years. Wonderful to relate, I had not lost a single day through accident or illness.

I sincerely hope that all the days of all my readers may equally be blessed.



# INDEX.

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- Abdon Abumada, Captain, 181.  
 Acapulco, lonely voyage of, 1.  
 Aconcagua, 116.  
 Agua Larga, 438; view from, 439.  
 Aguardiente, for fever, 15.  
 Alameda de los Descalzos, 62.  
 Alexander Selkirk, an, 11.  
 All sorts and conditions of men, 180.  
 Amazonian passenger-line of steamers, 350.  
 Amazon River, the, nature of the largest part of, 352; central part, 356; description of, 357; craft upon, 359; width of, 365.  
 Ambato, town of, 22.  
 Amenities of travel, 298, 299.  
 Andes, the, 28, 39, 40.  
 Aracaju, town of, 318.  
 Arequipa, town of, 77, 78.  
 Arica, town of, 102.  
 Arranca Plumas, settlement of, 436.  
 Asphalt, 398, 399.  
 Aspinwall, distance of, from New York, 1, 2; location of, 459; houses, 459; warehouses, 459; sidewalks, 459; gambling, 459, 460; prices and currency, 460.  
 Asuncion, city of, 160, 163, 164, 165, 166; cathedral, 166; market, 167; female dress, 168; climate and currency, 169; cemetery, 169, 170, 171.  
 Autofagasta, smelting-works at, 103.  
 Babel on shipboard, 115.  
 Baccarat and roulette, 460.  
 Bahia, harbor of, 305, 306; city of, 306; large negresses in, 306; sedan-chairs, 307; Government House and Municipal Hall, 307, 308; theatre, hotel, newspaper-offices, 308; tramways, 308; churches, 309; library and hospital, 310; Public Garden, 311.  
 Ballivian, Señor Manuel Vicente, 98, 94.  
 Balsa, a raft or lighter, 47.  
 Banco, village of, 433.  
 Bank, at Quito, 35.  
 Barbados, most important of the Windward Islands, 366; a sanitarium, 368; well served with steamers, 368.  
 Barrancas, town of, 401.  
 Barranquilla, town of, 426, 427.  
 Bartica Grove, 380.  
 Bedrooms in Brazilian farm-houses, 287.  
 Belem, another name for Pará, 344.  
 Blanco, General Guzman, statues of, 408, 411; wonderful welcome to, 417, 418; when and where born, 418; how educated, 418; how he rose, 418, 419; Vice-President, 419; provisional President, 419; influence on education and public works, 419; revises civil, military, and penal codes, 419, 420; recalled by the people, 420; second term, 420; extends boundaries of the republic, 420; encourages national progress,

- 420; improves finances of the country, 420, 421; liberal policy, 421; his wealth, 421; his wife, 421.
- Bogota, situation of, 440; isolation of, 440; bad roads near, 441; December in, 441; dress of men and women, 442; Capitol, 442, 447; chapels, 443; Grand Plaza, 443; houses, 443; balconies, 444; banks and shops, 444; carriages and baggage, 444; sedan-chairs, 444; kerosene-lamps, 444, 445; tramway, 445; horsemen, 445; mint and currency, 446; churches, 446, 447; School of Fine Arts, 447, 448; National Museum and National Library, 449; observatory, 449; newspapers, 450; no suburbs, 451; coal-gas, 452; hotel bills, 455; trade with Barranquilla, 456.
- Boiling-down factories, 398.
- Bolivar, Simon, 408; statue of, 412; veneration for, 415; monument to, 443.
- Bonpland, Aimé, 204, 205.
- Brazil, a constitutional empire, 256; status in South America, 256; vast resources, national finances, and navy, 256; slavery, 263; slave revolt, 263, 264; emancipation, 264; abolition of slavery, 264, 265.
- Breakwater of solid cement, 406.
- Bridgetown, roadstead of, 366; city of, 366, 367; streets and buildings, 367; cathedral and public buildings, 367; houses of English residents, 368, 369; sugar-mills, 369.
- Brigantines, 161.
- British Guiana, coast of, 370, 373; immigrants, 373; savannas, 373, 374; sugar export, 374; sugar estates, 374; provinces of, 374; government, 374, 375; gold-mining, 382; exports, 382, 383.
- Buenos Ayres, city of, 152, 153, 154; Plaza de la Victoria, 154; Congress Hall and Town Hall, 155; public cemetery, 155, 156; villas and banks, 156; theatres, 156, 157.
- Bullocks, how they are hoisted in Brazil, 363, 364.
- Butterflies, 182.
- Cácores, General, 51, 52.
- Cachoeira, a business center, 312.
- Calamar, town of, 431.
- Callao, town of, 49, 50.
- Camelotes, floating islands, 163.
- Campinas, coffee plantations at, 261.
- Cape Froward, 128.
- Caracas, city of, 407; statue of Blanco, 407, 408; distance from La Guayra, 408; railway and coach-road, 408; location, 409; street nomenclature, 410; Paseo Guzman Blanco, 411; aqueduct, 411; market, 412; public buildings, 412, 413; University Library, 413; municipal courts, 413; Federal Palace, 413, 414; portraits of Venezuelan patriots, 414; Teatro Guzman Blanco, 414; Teatro Caracas, 414; Panteon Nacional, 415; National Museum, 415; ladies, 416; public improvements due to Blanco, 416, 417.
- Caracoli, port of Honda, 427.
- Carreño, Teresina, 418.
- Cartagena, bay of, 431; appearance of the city, 457; location of, 457; form of, 458; inside the city, 458, 459.
- Castilian language, ambitious attempts at, 10.
- Catching the ostrich and the rhea, 141, 142.
- Cauca, the river, 432.
- Caxones, town of, 275.
- Cayenne, difficulty of reaching, 364; houses and other buildings, 388, 389; how laid out, 389; vultures, 389, 390; streets, 390; dress of the women, 390; French garrison, 390; gold-mining, 390; Cabbage-palm Square, 391; the Caserne, 391; Place

- d'Armas, 391 ; Government House, 392 ; semaphore, 392 ; brilliant *levée*, 392, 393.
- Ceibo, port of Monte Caseros, 205.
- Cerro de Santa Lucia, 108.
- Chagres, the river, 5, 461.
- Chalmers, Mr. George, 276, 277.
- Chapinero, pleasure-ground, 445.
- Chica, a native beer, 488.
- Chili, 115.
- Chililaya, 84.
- Chiloe, 118.
- Chimbo, valley of, 42.
- Chimborazo, its appearance, 15, 21, 42.
- Chinese View, 247.
- Chinese workmen, 460.
- Choice of routes, 13.
- Christophe Colomb, town of, 2, 3.
- Chuquipoyo, altitude and atmosphere of, 21, 22.
- Coach-lines and horseback service, 174.
- Coast of Peru and Bolivia, 46.
- Coffee interest, San Paulo, headquarters of the, 260.
- Coffee-tree, the first planted in Brazil, 260.
- Colombia, United States of, 421 ; revolutions in, 447 ; army of, 448.
- Colombians, dress of the, 427 ; their conception of business, 455.
- Columbus and the Indian, statue of, 3, 64.
- Column of the 2d of May, 57.
- Concordia, 205, 206.
- Consuls and vice-consuls, 136.
- Convict-life, a glimpse of, 291.
- Corcovado peak, 217, 218, 219, 220.
- Coronel, the great coal region of Chili, 118.
- Corrientes, town of, 175.
- Cotopaxi by moonlight, 24.
- Country of hammocks, the, 351.
- Cousifo, Señora, 117 ; her immense possessions, 118.
- Curaçao, capital of, 422, 423.
- Daly Falls, 193, 195.
- Deck-washing, 355.
- Delta of the Orinoco, 393, 402.
- Demerara River, course of the, 380, 381 ; scenery along, 381.
- Domestic interiors, 262.
- Dom Pedro II., 239, 240, 241 ; interview with his Majesty, 252, 253 ; appearance, manners, and habits, 252, 253, 254 ; memorable sentiments of, 254 ; intellectual tastes of, 255 ; biographical sketch of, 255, 256.
- Donkeys, 17.
- Double palm-tree, 391.
- Dragon's Mouth, 393.
- Drunkenness, 99, 100.
- Duel, a, crushed in the bud, 200.
- Dutch architecture, 422, 423.
- Earthquakes, cause of, 40.
- Ecuadorian scenery, 43.
- El Cerro, 144.
- Elevated lakes, 80.
- El Respiroso, 403.
- Embroidered bed-linen in mud huts, 199, 273, 274.
- Emperor's View, 329.
- Encarnacion, 180.
- Encouragement to colonists, 172.
- Engenho, or sugar-mills, 341.
- Engineering, remarkable examples of, 300, 302, 409.
- English steamers, 211, 423, 429.
- Entertainment, an African, 281, 282, 283.
- Entre Rios, 269.
- Esmeralda, the, 61, 62.
- Essequibo, mouth of the, 379, 380.
- Exaggerated courtesy, 455, 456.
- Excavator, 6.
- Facatativa, Grand Plaza of, 439.
- Falkland Islands, 133, 134, 137, 138, 139 ; vicissitudes, 139, 140.
- Farm, a typical Paraguayan, 196.



- Feira, 312.  
 Female conductor, 105.  
 Fernando de Noronha, a penal colony, 342.  
 Fiesta, 100.  
 Financial disaster, the most gigantic of the nineteenth century, 461.  
 Finger of God, 251.  
 Fishing-raft, 309.  
 Forest habitants, wild and tame, 432.  
 Fray Bentos, town of, 206.  
 Fuegians, the, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126; difference between them and the Patagonians, 141.  
 Furna dos Morcegos, or Vampire Grotto, 330.  
 Furniture, singular arrangement of, 331.
- Galapagos Islands, 10, 11.  
 Gambling, 87, 404, 459, 460.  
 Gardens, Mr. E. S. Rand's, 350.  
 Gaucho, the, 178.  
 Gavea, the peak, 247.  
 Gendarmerie, 391.  
 Generals, paradise of, 448.  
 Georgetown, city of, 370; scene at the wharves, 371; variety of races, 371; how laid out, 372; Dutch architecture, 372; stores and private dwellings, 372, tramways, 372, 373; churches and clubs, 373; public buildings, 376; the Public Building, *par excellence*, 376; Roman Catholic Cathedral, 376, 377; British Guiana Museum, 377; Royal Agricultural and Commercial Society, 377; journals and magazines, 377; Philharmonic Hall, 377; Government House, 378; Promenade Gardens, 378; drives and promenades, 378; Botanical Gardens, 378, 379; climate, 379; Georgetown settlement, 379; convicts, 380.  
 Goitre, prevalence of, 441.  
 Gold-mining in British Guiana, 382.
- Gold-washing, 384.  
 Government work, 406.  
 Goya, town of, 162.  
 Gran Chaco, district of the Argentine Republic, 162.  
 Guaduas, town of, 437, 438.  
 Guano, 72.  
 Guayaquil, Gulf of, 11, 12; city of, 13.  
 Guayas, the river, 15.  
 Gulf of Paria, 393.
- Hamacs, mention of, by Columbus, 351.  
 Hammocks on board ship, 350, 351; Brazilian mode of using, 352; marital, 355.  
 Hastings, an English garrison-post, 368.  
 Hippolyte, a guide, 271.  
 Honda, town of, 430; streets and houses, 436.  
 Horsemen, Colombian, 437.  
 Horse-races at Lima, 51.  
 Hospital, the 2d of May, 58, 59.  
 Hotel bedrooms in Brazil, 291.  
 Huacho, town of, 49.  
 Humboldt, Alexander von, his association with Bonpland, 204, 205; his sun-dial, 412.
- Iguassu, Falls of the, 193.  
 "Illustrious American Regenerator," 404.  
 Imataca Mountains, 401.  
 Immigration to the Argentine Republic, 162.  
 Imported ice, 387.  
 Indian carnival, 99.  
 Indians, aboriginal, 433.  
 Inferno and Arcadia, alternate, 329.  
 Iglesias, General, 51.  
 Inn, a wayside, 273.  
 Inns, poor specimens, 438.  
 Insect pests, 19, 188, 189, 191, 192, 451, 453.  
 Iquique, port of, 102, 103.

- Iron knockers, 317.  
 Itacolumi, peak, 298.  
 Itaparica, cataracts of, 332.
- Jaguará, relics of an immense farm,  
 288, 289, 290.  
 Jamaica negroes, 3, 6, 461.  
 Jatoba, village of, 380; how people  
 live there, 381.  
 Javari, the monitor, 257, 258.  
 Juan Fernandez, 106.
- King of Rapids, 328, 329, 330.  
 Koninklijke, West-Indische Mail-dienst,  
 details about the, 383.
- La Brea, position of, 397; Pitch Lake  
 at, 398, 399.  
 Lafayette, village of, 270.  
 Lafone, Mr., his negotiations, 189.  
 La Guayra, town of, 405; appearance  
 from the ocean, 407; without in-  
 terest, 407; seaport of Caracas,  
 407.
- Lake Titicaca, 82.  
 La Paz, city of, 86, 87, 88; altitude of,  
 89; streets and houses, 90; Alame-  
 da, 91; market, 92; flower-women,  
 93; theatre, 94, 95; newspapers,  
 95, 96; bank, 96; imports, exports,  
 and mines, 96, 97.
- La Plata, city of, 157, 158.  
 Las Tablas, town of, 402.  
 Lava-like coast range, 48.  
 Lawlessness of Jatoba and Piranhas,  
 333.
- Liebig factory, 207, 208, 209, 210.  
 Life on a Paraguayan ranch, 198.  
 Lima, city of, 50, 51, 53; cathedral,  
 54; houses, 55, 56, 56; public build-  
 ings, 55, 56; market, 56, 57; Na-  
 tional Library, 57; public promo-  
 nade, 62; Panteon, 62, 63; gardens,  
 65; education, 67; climate, 69; di-  
 versions, 71.
- Llanos, 402.
- Local travel, 356.  
 Lopez, palace of, 164.  
 Lota, 117.
- Macareo River, the, 401.  
 Mackenna, Benjamin Vicuña, 109.  
 Macusi Indians, character of the,  
 382.  
 Macuto, village of, 403.  
 Magangué, annual mercantile fair at,  
 432.  
 Magdalena River, the, 425, 426, 427,  
 430, 431, 436.  
 Maiquetia, village of, 406.  
 Manáos, location of, 360; most con-  
 spicuous object of, 360; general  
 features of, 361; water-works, 361,  
 362; Botanical Museum of Amazo-  
 nas, 362; library, 362.
- Maracaybo, city and lake of, 424.  
 Margarita, Island of, 405.  
 Marianna, town of, 297.  
 Maté-sipping, 202, 203.  
 Meals in a hurry, 429.  
 Melancholy nomenclature, 127.  
 Messier Channel, 119, 120.  
 Mestizoes, 19, 20.  
 Mills at Morro Velho, 283.  
 Minas-Geraes, province of, 267.  
 Mine of Morro Velho, 278, 279, 280,  
 281, 284.
- Missiones, province of, 180.  
 Mollendo, a terminus, 78.  
 Mompos, village of, 430.  
 Monte Caseros, town of, 205.  
 Monte Cristo, Countess of, 118.  
 Montevideo, city of, 144, 145; cathe-  
 dral, 146; Plaza, 146, 147; Prado,  
 147; opera, 148.
- Morro Velho, village of, 276; the mine  
 of, 278, 279, 280, 281, 284.
- Mountains and volcanoes, 40, 83, 84,  
 120, 121; Organ, 248, 251.
- Mountain travel, 14, 74, 75, 98.
- Mules, 17, 22, 23, 292, 454.
- Muleteers and cart-drivers, 272.

- Native hospitality, 18.  
 Navy, the Brazilian, 256, 257, 258.  
 Negroes, proportion of, in Brazil, 297;  
     and creoles, 382.  
 Niagara of South America, the, 192.  
 Nictheroy, town of, 303.  
 Norte and Pampero, 151.  
 Nova Friburgo, 302.
- Obidos, port of, 358.  
 Ocana, city of, location, 433.  
 Ocular flirtation, 148.  
 Olinda, a dead-and-alive place, 340.  
 Orientation, 410.  
 Orinoco River, the, how it differs from  
     the Amazon, 401.  
 Orinoco Steamship Line, 400.  
 Oroya Railway, 59.  
 Oruba, Island of, 423.  
 Ostrich-feathers, 130, 181, 142.  
 Ouro Preto, town of, 293, 294, 295, 296.  
 Overland routes, 113.
- Pacasmayo, ruins near, 47.  
 Palmciras, health resort, 259.  
 Palms, avenue of Royal, 232.  
 Pampas, 158.  
 Panama Canal, 4, 5, 6, 7; small progress, 460; French settlements, 460, 461; deaths caused by yellow fever, 461; greatest financial disaster of the century, 461; was it worth building? 461, 462; would one billion dollars have produced satisfactory results? 462; probable course of traffic, 462.  
 Panama, city of, 7, 8; Isthmus, 8.  
 Pão d'Assucar, 322.  
 Pará, city of, location and character, 343; tramways and hackney-coaches, 344; market, 344, 345; Botanical Gardens, 345; private dwellings, 345; streets, 345, 346; business, 346; climate, 346; opera-house, 346, 347.  
 Paraguari, village of, 173.
- Paraguassu River, along the line of the, 313.  
 Paraguayan natives, 184, 185.  
 Paramaribo, city of, 384; canals, 385; churches and cemeteries, 385; police and fire-engines, 385, 386; dress and appearance of the women, 386; intense heat, 387; Government buildings, 387; public garden, 387; Colonial Council, 387; newspapers and circulating libraries, 388.  
 Paraná, port of, 162.  
 Paraná River, banks of the upper, 177.  
 Pass, the Raiz do Serra, 249.  
 Passport nuisance, the, 315.  
 Patagonia, 140, 141; future of, 142.  
 Paulo Affonso, catarracts of, 328, 329.  
 Paysandu, town of, 206.  
 Payta, town of, 45, 46.  
 Pedra do Sino, or bell-stone, 324, 325.  
 Penal colonics, 11, 129, 342, 379, 380, 388, 392.  
 Penedo, town of, 317; streets, 317; newspapers, 318; currency, 318; religious procession, 319, 320; theatre, 320.  
 Pernambuco, city of, 335, 336; business, 336; President's house, 337; School of Fine Arts, 337; hospital, 337; House of Deputies, 337, 338; cemetery, 338; market, 338; Commercial Association Building, 338; private residences, 339; reservoir and water-works, 339.  
 Personal baggage, 4  
 Peru and Chili, war between, 60.  
 Peruvian independence, anniversary of, 50; currency. 60, 61.  
 Pescaderias, opposite Arranca Plumas, 437.  
 Petropolis, town of, 248, 250, 251; imperial palace at, 254.  
 Piabanha River, the, along the, 268.  
 Piassabossu, village of, 316.  
 Pichincha, volcano of, 38, 39, 40, 41.  
 Piedade, village of, 251.

- Piranhas, town of, 323; poverty of the people, 324.
- Pirogues, 359.
- Pitch Lake of La Brea, 397, 398, 399.
- Pizarro, remains of, 54.
- Place des Palmistes, 391.
- Policemen in Santiago and New York, 112.
- Poncho, the, 20.
- Ponte Nova, town of, 298.
- Population, between Barranquilla and Yeguas, 432, 433.
- Port-of-Spain, city of, 394, 395: streets and houses of, 396; Government buildings, 396; Queen's Park, 396, 397; Botanical Garden and Queen's College, 397; Pitch Lake, 397.
- Posadas, town of, 179.
- Postponement, a single passenger occasions, 334.
- Prairie fires, 402.
- Princess Isabella, 256.
- Proposed tour, 267.
- Propria, town of, 321.
- Puerto Berrio, river-port, 434.
- Puerto Cabello, town of, 422.
- Punta Arenas, or Sandy Point, town of, 129, 130.
- Pyjamas, 387.
- Queluz, town of, 270, 271.
- Quito, city of, 24, 25; cathedral, 26; troops, 27; cemetery, 29; penitentiary, 30; Capitol, 31; President, 31, 32; bells and bugles, 33; religious paintings, 33; European ministers, 34; banks and currency, 35; native doctors, 36; outskirts, 37; education, 38.
- Racial varieties, 19, 20.
- Railway, to Panama, 4; only one in Ecuador, 16; between Arequipa and Puno, 78, 79, 80; between Valparaiso and Buenos Ayres, 114; longest straight reach of, in the world, 158; Fell system of, 302; expensive one, 408.
- Recruiting, unique method of, 150.
- Relics of Robinson Crusoe, 106.
- Religious parades, 12, 69, 70, 309, 310, 319, 320.
- Requiem, grand, for Ferdinand II. of Portugal, 284, 285.
- Résumé of travel, 462, 463.
- Revolutions, 447.
- Riachuelo, steam-frigate, the, 256, 257.
- Rich mines of Venezuela, 402.
- Rio das Velhas, down the, 285; primitive life on the banks of the, 288.
- Rio de Janeiro, harbor of, 213; city, 213-216; idleness and curiosity of the natives, 221, 222, 223; effect of the climate on whites, 224; summer residences of the wealthy, 224; yellow fever, 224, 225; currency, 225, 226; market, 226, 227; carnival, 227, 228, 229, 230; Botanical Gardens, 231, 232, 233; Acclimation Square, 233; Cascade Grotto, 233; Misericordia Hospital, 235, 236, 237; Academy of Fine Arts, 237; theatre, 237, 238; National Library, 242; National Museum, 242, 243; Astronomical Observatory, 244, 245; Historical, Geographical, and Ethnographical Institute of Brazil, 245.
- Rio de la Plata, the, 143, 152.
- Rio Negro, the, 360.
- Rio Vermelho, the, 308, 309.
- River huts, two kinds of, 359.
- River people, more than semi-civilized, 433.
- River villages, of one pattern, 434.
- Road to Quito, 21; between Honda and Facatativa, 454.
- Rocking-stones, 159, 160.
- Rodriguez, Dr. J. Barboza, 362.
- Rosario, city of, 160.
- Route, the Uspallata, 113, 114; choice of, 122.

- Royal Dutch West-India Mail, particulars of the, 383.  
 Rusby, Dr. H. H., 101.
- Sabara, town of, 286.  
 Saint Augustine, Cape, 342.  
 Saint Roque, Cape, 342.  
 Salgar, village of, 426.  
 San Cristoval, palace of, 252.  
 San Fernando, town of, 394, 397.  
 San Geraldo, town of, 300.  
 San Lorenzo, hamlet of, 183.  
 San Luiz, a very ordinary-looking town, 342.  
 San Martin, General, monument to the memory of, 154.  
 San Paulo, city of, 259, 260.  
 San Salvador, now called Watling Island, 1.  
 San Sebastian, village of, 297.  
 Santa Luzia, town of, 286, 291.  
 Santa Marta, town of, 424.  
 Santarem, town of, 358.  
 Santiago, city of, 109; Capitol, 110; graceful monument, 110; Botanical and Zoölogical Gardens, 111; Alameda, 111, 112; theatre, 112, 113.  
 San Tomé, village of, 201.  
 Santos, seaport, 265, 266.  
 Sarmiento, Mount, 128.  
 Scenery between Pará and Bragança, 347, 348, 349; at the mouth of the Xingu, 353, 354.  
 Sedan-chairs, 444.  
 Semaphores, 392.  
 Sefioritas, 13, 26, 65, 67, 68, 148, 149, 416.  
 Serpent's Mouth, 393.  
 Serra da Boa Vista, 302.  
 Serra do Mar, 266.  
 Sierra Nevada, 424, 425.  
 Silver statuette, 81.  
 Siphonia elastica, 361.  
 Smoking in Paraguay, 169.  
 Snobbery, amusing instance of, 135.  
 Soacha, village of, 451.  
 Soledad, village of, 402.  
 South American revolutions, 3, 4.  
 Springs of petroleum, 394.  
 Stamps, idiotic way of selling, 455.  
 Stanley, harbor of, 134; city of, 134, 135.  
 Steep stone staircases, 454.  
 Sugar-Loaf Peak, 281.  
 Surinam, coast at, 383.  
 Switzerland of Brazil, 251.
- Tacatoe, village of, 431.  
 Teneriffe, town of, 431.  
 Tequendama Falls, the, 450; location, 450; how to reach them, 451; descent of six hundred feet, 458.  
 Theresopolis, town of, 251.  
 Thorndike, Mr. J. M., 76, 77.  
 Through-express routes, absence of, in South America, 195, 200.  
 Thunder-shower, a terrific, 273.  
 Tierra del Fuego, 127, 129, 131, 132.  
 Tijuca, peak of, 246, 247.  
 Time and distance, how estimated by Brazilians, 296.  
 Tolima, great cone of, 439.  
 Tortuga, Island of, 405.  
 Traipu, town of, 322.  
 Travel, in the Rio Plate countries, 178; concluding summary of, 462, 463.  
 Trinidad, Island of, 394.  
 Tupi Indians, 187, 188.  
 Tussock-grass, 138.
- Uruguay River, the, 201, 202.  
 Uruguayana, town of, 205.  
 Uruguayan soldiers, 150.
- Vai-vem, what it is, 328.  
 Valencia, city of, 422.  
 Valparaiso, city of, 104; cosmopolitan aspect of, 105; sunset view of, 116.  
 Vampire Grotto, 330.  
 Vaqueiro, a, and his family, 327.  
 Venezuela, the Coney Island of, 406;

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>one of the richest countries in South America, 421.</p> <p>Venezuelan veneration for Simon Bolivar, 415.</p> <p>Vessels between Port-of-Spain and Bolivar, 400.</p> <p>Victoria Regia, 378, 379.</p> <p>Villeta, town of, 438.</p> <p>Vingt-et-un, 404.</p> <p>Vino del Mar, 107.</p> <p>Volcano of Pichincha, 38, 39, 40, 41.</p> <p>Voyage, an expensive, 9.</p> <p>Washington, George, statue of, in Caracas, 417.</p> | <p>Wellington Island, 119.</p> <p>Whyte's Hotel, 245, 246.</p> <p>Willemstad, 422, 423.</p> <p>Xingu River, the mouths of, 353, 356.</p> <p>Yahgans and Onas, savages, 132.</p> <p>Ycguaa, village of, 435.</p> <p>Yellow fever, 3, 224, 225.</p> <p>Yerba-maté, 202, 203.</p> <p>Zigzag, what it is, 409.</p> |
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THE END.



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